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HERALDS OF A PASSION

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PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

By

CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D.

Secretary, The Commission on Evangelism
Federal Council of Churches

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK AND LONDON

HERALDS OF A PASSION

BY

REV. CHARLES L. GOODELL, D.D.

SECRETARY, COMMISSION ON EVANGELISM
AND LIFE SERVICE OF THE
FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES
OF CHRIST IN AMERICA

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TO
MY TRUE FRIEND
JUDGE AMOS L. BEATY

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FOREWORD

I think it fair to my reader, my book and myself to guard at the outset against any possible misapprehension as to the form and purpose of my message. Lest any one should be misled by the word "Passion" in my title and its recurrence through many chapters, I hasten to say this book is no plea for emotionalism or sentimentalism of any sort. I am not interested in turning the steam on the whistle; my concern is that there shall be fire under the boiler. Nothing in this book can be construed as an appeal to fear, or self-love, or a spineless mysticism, or against criticism, high or low. If scholars have brought virgin gold to view, if criticism has cut an old truth into finer facets, no one will welcome that more than I. Each additional discovery makes the whole Christian world richer. It is a common treasure in which men of all shades of opinion should rejoice.

You may be wiser than I, and that is well, not because it is a treasure over which you may gloat, but because it supplies you with the means to be of greater service to your kind. He who knows most must, therefore, do most, "for to whom much is given of him also will much be required." I am following after you as fast as I can. "What I know not, teach thou me," said the good St. Augustine. Wesley cries, "Do not beat me down in order to quicken my pace for then I can not follow you

at all. There is one thing greater than truth, and that is love. You may die without the knowledge of many truths, and yet be carried into Abraham's bosom, but if you die without love, what will knowledge avail? Just as much as it avails the devil and his angels."

I am led to the choice of the stirring theme which I present because it seems to me after wide travel throughout the country and intimate associations with men in the churches and out of them, that the great need of the hour is a holy passion for the souls of men. If the angel of the churches was to bring once more a greeting and challenge to the Church of the Living God, it would be a repetition of the message to the Church at Laodicea. Once it was said that "the coat-of-arms of the twentieth century is an interrogation point rampant above three bishops dormant, and its motto 'Query'." We are not passed far into the twentieth century, but we have passed beyond that attitude of mind. The church and the country are in the throes of no great theological question—the names of Darwin, of Spencer and of Huxley no longer marshal the scientists and theologians to battle. The effect of the great war has discounted the position which was taken by many German critics. Even higher criticism itself has spent much of its forces; some of its contentions have been established and others have been proven to be of too little value longer to disturb and irritate the Church. The great fundamentals of the Christian life were never more generally accepted inside the Church than they are today, but the sad thing about it all is that the world does not seem to be enough interested in Christian things even to discuss them. Not long ago the question was pro-

pounded in literary circles, "Do you find religious unrest among your friends and what is the cause of it?" The answer returned was, "We know nothing about religious unrest; we are not disturbed at all, we sleep. We do not go to church Sunday morning because we are in bed. We do not take up religious questions because we are not interested in them." So it appears that the weapon which is being used against the Church and religion today is not the sword or the stiletto, but the sand bag. The neglect of these things which we once held dear is due not to conviction but to indifference. We do not make this as a sweeping charge. There are happy exceptions throughout the country. On the whole, no year has marked as large gains in the Christian Church as the present year, but it still remains true that compared with what might be accomplished there is such a dearth of zeal and such benumbing of thought and activity as to sadden the heart of every lover of righteousness.

This attitude of stolidity and indifference was the one thing which Jesus could not stand. Next to actual hypocrisy, He fulminated against it with all the power of a flaming soul. He wanted men to think things through and to do as they ought to do. He could not brook indifference in anything. The message to the Church at Laodicea was: "Ye are neither cold nor hot. I would you were either one thing or the other. I would rather you would stand out openly against me than to be cold and indifferent. You have plenty of money and think you need nothing. You do not understand. You are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." What a challenge that

was to the first orthodox church in town, with a tall steeple and a fine choir, a big congregation and a great preacher!

I wish to bring this simple message of my Master. When He ordained Peter, He asked him no question in creed or church reform. There was only one question, so often repeated that it burned itself into Peter's soul, "Lovest thou me?" Among the dilettanti, it is supposed to be bad form to be interested in anything. The spirit of wonder has died out. Nothing any more is grand, dominant and imperative. The glory of Wordsworth's early morning has faded into the light of common day. In some way we must get back our old enthusiasm; in some way we must find once more that passion which changed the face of the ages and sent the Church with a pentecostal flame to carry the good tidings everywhere. It is to that purpose that these pages address themselves.

C. L. G.

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Chapter I

THE PASSION OF JESUS

HERALDS OF A PASSION

CHAPTER I

THE PASSION OF JESUS

That word "passion" has gotten into bad company if, as Dr. Crothers says, "a noun is known by the company it keeps." The word itself is a pure word. It simply means love on fire. A master of English literature has said all high poetry has its source in passion. Of course that passion may take form in love, or jealousy, or hate, or any other strong passion that transports the mind out of and above itself. It was left for Christianity to give to that word its highest meaning. The passions of the human heart were crowded into the yearning of a life and the agony of the cross. The symbol of our faith is a cross. On that cross our Master died, and our chief business is to declare a love that even the cross could not halt. Everything great in life is a passion, and religion, if alive, must be impassioned, must be threaded through and through with a network of exquisite nerves. I am the more anxious to impress this,

because we are living in an age that aims to rob religion of its "inflammatory touch." There are those who look upon all signs of emotion and devotion with distress. They seek to set forth their faith in mental crystals, they keep a cold bath for every fervor, and when their epitaph is written, sad-eyed angels will carve in the marble, "They died of too much self-control." "Light enough, but no heat," was the way someone described ancient philosophy. That is a good description of much of the theorizing of today. It is heat the world needs quite as much as light. The path to sound thinking is not always through a big brain, sometimes it is through a warm heart.

> "The heart is wiser than the intellect
> And works with surer hands and swifter feet
> Toward wise conclusions."

A big brain and a big heart ought to go together. Neither is complete without the other.

It is a life on fire that kindles another. The fiercest enemy to be fought in our day is sheer apathy. We have been talking about religious unrest. As a matter of fact, there is too little of it—the people are asleep. What breaks the heart of the enthusiast is to fire red hot shells into a mud bank.

Have you ever meditated on the passion of our Lord? Is there a more pathetic story in literature than the rejection of Jesus? He came unto His own and His own received Him not.

He was poor and lowly. He was cast out as evil. He died upon the cross—died deserted, and men called Him mad. He was born among the cattle and He died among thieves. We marvel how the Jews could turn away from Him, but if the Lord of Glory came among us today, would we give Him any kindlier reception? He was eager; we are cold. He was enthusiastic; we are indifferent. He wept over Jerusalem; we seldom weep even for ourselves. The Church's thermometer has dropped; her step in many quarters is leaden and her spirit dull. We have lost the fine fervor of our early rapture. There are too few with blazing eye and burning heart. Some way we must win back that early enthusiasm. Do we not need the coming of that spirit that shall convict of sin and righteousness and judgment, so that our hearts shall burn and our tongues kindle? Time was when sin was an ugly thing; people were positive about moral things. There were two colors—things were very black or very white. There was a sharp line drawn between him who served God and him who served Him not. In our disposition to be tolerant, have we not lost the real sense of values? Our black and white seems to have faded into a general gray. The bad are not so bad as they might be; the good are not so good as they think they are. As George Eliot says, "Like an omnibus, we take on board anybody and anything which beckons as we pass. We en-

tertain God and the Devil on the same floor and on equal terms."

How often we read in the Scriptures that Jesus was moved with compassion. "When He saw the multitude, He was moved." Not simply touched, but swept as by a storm. He wept over Jerusalem, because He saw the people sinning, saw them missing the mark, saw the harvest of it all. Of course it would be trite and I shall be enrolled among those who ask silly and impertinent questions, but may I venture to ask if any of us ever really wept over Boston, or New York, or Chicago, or St. Louis, or any lesser city, or town where God gave us our place for service? It was a beautiful Jerusalem that Jesus looked upon; the temple like a mountain of snow, forty and six years in building; palaces for Herod and Caiaphas, a grand theater, and a great hippodrome; three historic towers on the north and east, and an acropolis,—a sight to stir the souls of men, and an unspeakable anguish to contemplate its catastrophe. Some of you have climbed the Mount of Olives and marked what yet remains of the walls the Saracen builded and the ruins of other days. Have you also climbed the hills around Boston or Pittsburgh? Have you gone to the Metropolitan or Woolworth tower and looked upon the riches of our great city, the clustered spires of cathedral and university where millions of people come and go, and have you

wept over those who go down those streets to shame and death—the flotsam and jetsam of a great city? Or have you cried as Blücher cried from the dome of St. Paul's, in London, "What a city for pillage!" And have you gone down to join the crowd in its quest after pelf to wrest something for yourself out of the general forage and plunder? I hardly dare venture to ask it, but if you were to open your desk and take out your diary, would there be in it any record of nights of anguish and of prayer for lost men such as they put down who wrote in the Gospels, the diary of the Son of God? "At the foot of the cross," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "there has been a perennial experience of relief and renovation. Ours is not a creed, it is a passion. Men in every age have died for it. In every land where its tale is told and with every new sun that dawns, drunkards may be found whom it has made sober, thieves whom it has taught to be honest, harlots whom it has lifted up to chastity, selfish men who, touched by its preaching, live by a great law of self-sacrifice. It is the root whence blossom great heroisms and charities. All human sorrows hide in His wounds. All human self-denials lean on His cross."

Well says Heine, "How great a drama is the passion of Christ. How glorious a figure is that of the Man-God. His words are a balm for all the wounds this world can inflict, and the blood

that was shed at Golgotha has become a healing stream for all that suffer. The white marble gods of the Greeks were spattered with His blood and they sickened with terror and can never more regain their health."

The simple record of three short years of Christ's life has done more to regenerate and soften mankind than all the disquisitions of philosophers and all the exhortations of moralists.

If proof is wanted of the vital forces that dwell in Christ, we find it in the impression He made upon the men about Him. They were only fishermen, sitters at the seat of custom—bits of common clay, but they caught the spirit and took their impulse from Christ. His spirit so wrought in them that when He himself had left the earth, they became heralds not of a creed but of a passion.

Jesus opened the gates into a new universe. He taught us that the cross on which the sinless one died for the sinful is the supreme interpretation of God. He turned His face to the world in the midst of His own suffering and cried, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." In His own person He brought a spiritual power and dynamic which broke up the old order of the pagan world and founded a system based upon an uncalculating and overwhelming love. He mastered men and events and broke into the leaden night with a blazing passion that was vol-

canic and irresistible. He broke up the order of His time to the breaking of His own heart. Well says Forsythe, "He was an austere man, a severe critic, a born fighter, of choleric wrath and fiery scorn, so that the people thought he was Elijah or the Baptist. Yet He was gentle to the last degree, especially to those ignorant and out of the way. Clear, calm, determined and sure of His mark, He was the next hour roused to such impulsive passion as if He were beside himself. But if He let himself go, He always knew where He was going. He poured out His soul unto God and unto death and He was the friend of publicans and sinners."

At the cleansing of the temple, He was so hot with imperious haste and mighty indignation that from that moment His enemies said, "You to the death," and they never let up in their persecution until they had Him nailed to the Cross. When His disciples saw His fiery indignation, we can imagine one as saying to the other, "Of what does this remind you?" and the other answers, "It reminds me of the Psalm in which it is written, 'The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up.' " The visual image of zeal as Coleridge calls it, is a boiling pot. The root of the word is in the Greek *zeo*—to boil. Could there be a more vivid word to describe the boiling over with heat of the passions and emotions of the Son of God? Is it any wonder that it is written, "As many as I love. I

rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore and repent." The one thing that Jesus could not endure was ease in Zion. The words to the church at Laodicea fairly blistering us, "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth."

What a phrase that is—"to be eaten up with zeal." All fear of what the people or the leaders might do unto Him is forgotten. All sense of reserve and lamb-like meekness devoured. For the first time we appreciate "the wrath of the Lamb" as we see what He did in His Father's house that day. With far-reaching emphasis Alexander White says, "His holy zeal sustained Him and impelled Him all through His life, and the same ruling passion was His greatest strength in His death." His disciples must have recalled it and said to one another even while they forsook him and fled, "The zeal of His Father's house hath eaten Him up." They must have said it to themselves as they stood afar off and saw His crucifixion consummated.

Now the Saviour said Himself that it was enough for the disciple to be as his Lord. We bear His name; we represent His life to the world; we are to personify His teachings. How can we do that if we ourselves are not ablaze with holy passion? It was a flame which was the

symbol of Pentecost. Those disciples, discouraged and ashamed, were to have every barrier melted away and to go forward with a blazing passion that nothing could stop, until, as tradition has it, Paul's zeal consumed his body and his head rolled from the block. The rest of the disciples had cruel mockings and scourgings and imprisonments, their devotion so consuming them that they had no heart left for anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. It was not a new thing for an absorbing passion to consume the lives of men. Love of power had just eaten up Julius Cæsar; love of praise had eaten up Tullius Cicero; love of liberty had eaten up Marcus Cato; love of pleasure had consumed Mark Antony. Was it any wonder that Paul, consumed by a greater passion than any of these, should say, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Put this over against any purely intellectual conception of Christianity, and how frigid all that appears. The one thing necessary for every soul is to catch his Master's passion. Small wonder that Whitefield's cenotaph has carved upon it a flaming heart, and that the grave of Adam Clark bears similar testimony to a passion which consumed a life in a blaze of flaming devotion.

The proposition which I wish to lay down as the prerequisite to all evangelistic endeavor is that no man can be the herald of his Lord's pas-

sion if he does not himself share it. No man can win for God unless he is willing to pay the price in blood and tears. I make my plea to the church and the ministry for a consuming zeal. "No heart will long be pure that is not passionate, no virtue safe that is not enthusiastic." Our splendid cathedrals are built according to the most approved plans of the architects, and our altars are set up in noble and stately art. I am ready to grant the virtue of apostolic succession to all who minister there, but the question which I ask with deep heart yearning is this one, Have the fires been kindled and are they blazing on the altar, or have they gone out and are men now shivering in doubt where once God's prophets led out His hosts in power? In many places the priests of Jehovah seem to be as impotent as the priests of Baal to call down the heavenly fires. They have poured the waters of doubt over the stones and the sacrifice and they stand forsaken where once there were cleft skies, and falling fires to consume sacrifice and altar and later lick up the last drop of the waters of doubt and demonstrate to all Israel that God and Baal do not keep company on the same Olympus. From crying "Thus saith the Lord," and saying with holy assurance "I know whom I have believed," they are shaking limp hands over a credo of faith and immortality which has lost its power, and are looking behind them with the hope that they may

be buttressed by scientific investigation rather than the glad assurance of a triumphant faith.

We preach many sermons about the rejection of Christ, and we blame the men of His century, but what is the condition with us? We bow before the conventional and are smug and comfortable. If we had Jesus with us today, would we not find Him a great inconvenience, and maybe send Him either to jail or to an asylum as a disturber of the peace? Such zeal as His was in the highest degree uncomfortable for the dilettanti of His time. Even those who represented the Church would not abide it, but the record of history is that in all its great ages humanity has bridged the gulf which threatened it by "walking over the body of some fanatic who made himself a highway for his race." Jesus was a man of intense feeling and He never held in His emotions. When He saw men robbing their poor neighbors at the seat of the money-changers, He overthrew their tables, and lashed with His tongue those who had prostituted their opportunities and imposed upon their neighbors. When He saw the city given over to indifference and men walking holy places with stolid heart, He wept.

We have a great deal to say in our conventions and stately assemblies about emotionalism. We are greatly fearful lest religion shall seem to be a matter of life instead of a matter of creed. As a matter of fact, there is no fear whatever in

our time that there will be too much emotion connected with religion. Even the great evangelistic meetings are not open to that charge. I have been in closest touch with them for the last generation, and I am bound to say that I have nowhere seen anything which approached emotionalism. I have seen tens of thousands of men coming up to shake hands with evangelists, but not one in a hundred had even a tear in his eye. The impelling motive in most cases was purely social or ethical, with no sense of such conviction of sin as would blanch the cheek and make men's knees knock together. He is a poor student of psychology who does not know that the emotions must lie at the base of all great thinking or doing. Herbert Spencer said, "In the genesis of a system of thought the emotional nature is a large factor, perhaps as large a factor as the intellectual." It is a sad tribute which Charles Darwin brings. After an experience which had dwarfed his emotional life, he says "At the age of thirty poetry of many kinds gave me great pleasure and music was a great delight. But now for many years I cannot endure to read a line of poetry and I find Shakespeare so intolerably dull that it nauseates me. I have lost my taste for pictures and music. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness, and may possibly be injurious to the intellect and more probably to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

In his essays on "Criticism" Matthew Arnold says, "The permanent virtue of religion is that it has lighted up morality, that it has applied the emotion and inspiration needful for carrying the sage along the way perfectly, for carrying the ordinary man along it at all." Dr. Sheridan quotes John Stuart Blackie: "The early church worked by a fervid moral contagion, not by the suasion of cool argument. The Christian method of conversion, not by logical arguments but by moral contagion and the effusion of the Holy Ghost has with the masses of mankind always proved itself the most effective."

Dr. John Watson will not be accused of lack of clearness in thought; he says: "Every great movement which has stirred the depth of life and changed the face of history has sprung from some profound sentiment and powerful emotion." Dr. Alexander Maclaren, one of the clearest thinkers of his time, is moved to say, "There is a kind of religious teachers who are always preaching down enthusiasm and preaching up what they call 'sober standards of feeling' in matters of religion. By which, in nine cases out of ten, they mean precisely such a tepid condition as is described in much less polite language when the Voice from Heaven says, 'Because thou art neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth.' I should have thought that the last piece of furniture which any Christian Church in the

nineteenth century needed was a refrigerator. A poker and a pair of bellows would be much more needful to them. Not to be all aflame is madness, if we believe our own creed."

"He shall baptize you with fire," and if it does anything it will kindle emotion. The great glory of the Gospel is to cleanse men's hearts by raising their temperature, making them pure because they are made warm, and that separates them from their evils.

William James ought to understand the psychology of religious life, and he says, in his "Varieties of Religious Experience": "I believe that feeling is the deeper source of religion, and that philosophic and theological formulas are secondary products like the translations of a text into another tongue." Dr. Jowett voices a great truth when he says: "If the church would be pure, the church must be passionate. Elevation of character depends upon warmth of affection. A fiery heart by the energy of its own heat creates a self-preserving atmosphere against the devil."

Among those liberal denominations which have been quite inclined to accept the dictum of President Eliot that the religion of the future will be intellectual and not emotional, that religious emotion is the result of defective culture and will cease when education and evolution have done their work, there is a mighty swing of the pendulum. They are holding evangelistic services

night after night. When the present writer was asked to give an address on evangelization before one of the important gatherings of one of the liberal churches, he asked with a smile, "Do you think you can stand my message?" The reply was, "We must have more vital religion." Of all the addresses which I have given, none were received with greater apparent fervor than the one delivered under such circumstances.

To feel the thrill of a great love and to be profoundly interested in men and things is not bad form, it is Christ-like. To warm up to a publican and to warm over a Pharisee is the kind of business which thrills the heart of God. He said there was one thing all men needed, and that was conviction. We have our foibles, our weaknesses, our indifferences, our by-plays and our avocations. The crying need of the world is a few first-class convictions. And what is a conviction? Is it not something that makes a convict of you; that is, something that fastens a man to one thing so that he is not at liberty to roam everywhere to no purpose? Then he can say, "This one thing I believe; this one thing I do." A Christian without conviction is powerless and is a contradiction of terms. A Christian that prefers plans of salvation to salvation itself, that raises definitions of the nature of Jesus above surrender to the joy-giving Saviour is a travesty on the Son of God. The seal on Adam Clark's

grave, to which I have referred, is a candle burned down to the socket. Underneath are the words "In living for others, I am burned away." Livingstone burned out his life that he might overthrow the slave trade of Africa. Aristotle said, "No great genius was ever without some admixture of madness." It was this joy in service, this uncalculating devotion which has proven itself mighty to change the hearts of men, and the age in which it has lived. It was not Erasmus, the polished, the learned, the vacillating, the mightiest intellect of his time, but it was rough, yearning, burning Martin Luther who made Germany. In his last sermon Joseph Parker said, "As long as the church of God is one of many institutions, she will have her little day. She will die and that will be all. But just as soon as she gets the spirit of Jesus until the world thinks she has gone stark mad, then we shall be on the high road to capture this planet for Jesus."

One fears that in some quarters the pulpit has lost its nerve and forgotten the evidence of history, that whenever Christianity has been most convincing she has been most victorious, and whenever she has been most apologetic, she has been most futile; and also that it is the schools within Christianity which are constructive and aggressive, and not the schools that are critical and eclectic which have chiefly affected their generation. If, as some think, our fathers were too

sure about everything, it would be an immense gain if some of their children were absolutely certain of anything. It would be a great disaster if the intellect of the Church should be so occupied in recasting the form of the Scriptures as to have no strength left for declaring the Gospel which they contain. Is it not time that the strength of the ministry were withdrawn from purely intellectual exercises, from purely intellectual investigations and destructive criticism and given to evangelism? Have we not had enough of recanting? Is it not time for some confessing? We are justified in disbelieving the things which have not been proven, only if we believe and practice upon the things which have been proven. There are some who seem to be ready to refuse to believe anything which our fathers believed, and are quite ready to accept anything if it is not in the Bible. A book which denies is supposed to be honest and thoughtful, and a book which affirms, it is taken for granted, must be narrow and prejudiced. Those who doubt everything which the Church has held for nineteen centuries give themselves amusing airs of superiority, and the people who hold the heart of the Christian creed are likely to be regarded with intellectual pity. There is one thing worse than the arrogance of wisdom and that is the arrogance of learning, for the learned man ought to be broad enough to know better. As a matter of fact, there is no more ability in doubt-

ing than in believing. If there is a bigotry of orthodoxy there is also a bigotry of heterodoxy, and the last appears to be the more insolent. Why should so many prefer the evidence of non-religious persons on faith to those who are its chief experimental witnesses? It does not follow that because Darwin knew about earth worms that he was an authority on the soul; or because Mr. Huxley was a most lucid teacher of natural science that he had any right to say the last word on miracles. Even in religion one must be scientific and depend not upon amateurs but upon experts. "In the high affairs of faith, are we not more likely to arrive at the truth by listening to the saints than by listening to persons whose admirable studies have been among the lower animals?" John Watson says there are only two provinces of absolutely sure knowledge—one is pure mathematics and the other is the experience of the soul. "If Paul had a right to say 'I,' and we allow him to be a conscious being, then he had a right to say 'I know.' And if it be granted that he could know anything, he had perfect right to finish his sentence, and say, 'I know whom I have believed,' and we can do no better than to accept the certainty of such experience."

Faith is the center of the financial world. From the man who sends his goods for money he has not seen to the man who accepts the last dictum of science, we move in this world by faith. Un-

belief blocks the wheels of all progress. Only faith can right a ruined world. Only faith can make men lay down their arms and pick up the ax and the shovel, and faith finds its highest exemplification in the matters of the soul.

Chapter II

THE TABLE-TALK OF JESUS

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THE TABLE-TALK OF JESUS

The table-talk of great men is always fascinating. It is supposed to be the measure of a man when he is among his friends and can speak unhindered by fear of misunderstanding or failure to appreciate. It is years since I read the table-talk of Martin Luther; from it I gained a new idea of the great throbbing heart and the human interest of that great leader of the Protestant Reformation. To another generation the table-talk of Hazlitt was full of literary surprises and nuggets of wisdom, the depository of much that would otherwise have been lost to the world, and the loss of which would have made the world poorer. The master reporter of table-talk is Boswell. It is Boswell who gave Samuel Johnson to the world. One hardly knows at times which to admire the most—the stern old philosopher or the loving scribe, who sets apples of gold in pictures of silver. We like to know what men thought it worth while to talk about to their friends,—what were the values that they held to be supreme. When there was no reason to trim one's sails to

social, political or ecclesiastical trade winds, how did they sail their crafts?

Perhaps there is no remark of Daniel Webster's more frequently quoted than the one he is said to have made at a table where distinguished friends had gathered. One asked, "What is the most important question you were ever called upon to consider?" His questioner may have thought of the great legal and political questions which had been submitted to the great lawyer. He may have had in mind some of the grave questions concerning our Republic, but Mr. Webster, running his eye down the table, asked, "Are there any outsiders here?" "No, sir, all are your friends." With deepest solemnity of manner the great man said, "The most important question that ever engaged my mind is that of my personal responsibility to Almighty God."

I am sure the world is agreed that of all the table-talk which has been caught by devout disciples from the lips of statesmen and philosophers and passed on to a listening and adoring multitude, none is so full of meaning or read with such rapt attention as that which fell from His lips who spoke as never man spake. We have some of His words reported to us by His friends. How we long for the thousands that must have dropped by the wayside, or at the morning or evening meal. What a sweet hyperbole is that of John, "And there are also many other things

which Jesus did, which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books which would be written." If the world today could find some new word which He thus spoke to His disciples, its presses would run night and day until every last citizen could have another message from His lips. Parables like those which now gladden the world must have fallen without stint from His blessed lips. A few of them have been preserved for us and make us rich indeed.

Jesus was a famous diner-out. His enemies charged upon him, that while John came as an ascetic, Jesus was "a glutton and a wine bibber." You do not think of it in that fashion, but close examination will impress one with the humor of Jesus. Who can read His parables, if he reads with discrimination, without a smile; and then how intense He was. "If your eye offend you, pluck it out"; "if your hand offend you, cut it off." Go drown yourself rather than say a word that shall offend one of these little ones. And what paradoxes were His! He that would save his life shall lose it. He that would lose his life shall save it. It was the heart of the man that was thrilling in all His table-talk. It was the love of His soul, the zeal that was burning and fairly consuming Him that manifests itself here. His whole life could be epitomized in the single sentence "He had a passion for saving the lost."

And at these wonderful dinner parties, this message thrills out.

The table-talks of Jesus are not an interlude to His passion, they are a part of it. They are introduced here to show that in the most intimate social relations in life one thought is ever uppermost. He never temporized; He never kept the yearning of His heart out of sight. Whether He talked with Pharisee, or Sadducee, or publican, or sinner, in public or in the privacy of their own home, before the interview was over He had told them in some form the one glorious fact that was epitomized in Him—"I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." The table-talks of Jesus are such talks as a father might give with his arm around the neck of a thoughtless or a sinning child. This was what He meant when He said, "Whoso hath seen me hath seen the Father."

Here are two dinner parties that we may first consider. After Matthew, the publican, was called from his disreputable profession, he did a rather brave thing. He gave a farewell dinner to his old friends in office to celebrate his going away, and he invited Jesus. I suppose he wanted the old comrades to see what sort of a man He was to whom he had given his allegiance, and it may be that he had hopes the Master's presence and love would do for them what it had done for him. One almost wonders at the courage of

Matthew to invite the friends of the old life to meet the One who had led him to the new. Matthew must have been satisfied that his old friends would feel at home with Him and he knew that whatever Jesus said would be said with a kindly heart, with no sense of aloofness, and least of all with any sense of the attitude of the Pharisee. What do you suppose the scribes and Pharisees, the members of the church, the high-toned leaders of Capernaum said when they heard of it? Do you wonder that they attacked His disciples and said, "Why eateth your Master with publicans and sinners? What does He have in common with them?" You would not expect in our time a lot of grafters and men of doubtful reputation to be especially eager to meet the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Greek Primate. In whatever talks Jesus had with Matthew before—and he must have had many of them—we do not know what approaches He made, or what Matthew said, but at last He came one day to the tax gatherers' office and said unto him, "Follow me." Matthew must have leaped with delight to think that all he had done that was selfish and evil was so thoroughly forgotten or forgiven that Jesus wanted him to be with Him, and when he heard that call he left all and followed Him. I suppose Matthew never forgot his old business and the stigma which went with it. I confess there is a tug at my heart as I see where this humble dis-

ciple, when he wrote the list of the apostles, put in his own name and did not forget to round it out by saying "And Matthew, the *publican.*" Much that He said there we have no record of, but with such a company and with such a host, we know almost as well as if it were written down, what He would have said. We know His stainless purity would humble them, but we know also His infinite yearning would make itself manifest, so that they would see He loved them so that He was willing to die for them. That was why publicans and sinners drew near to hear Him, that was why the common people heard Him gladly. He opened His heart to them. He told them of His love. You remember how Jesus answered the Pharisees who murmured because He had gone to Levi's house, "They that are whole need not the physician, but they that are sick. I came not to call the righteous but the sinners to repentance."

Then there was another dinner. This time He is invited to a Pharisee's house. It was after a busy day that Jesus had an evening engagement to dine with Simon, the Pharisee. That dinner has been heard of throughout the world, not because of the palace in which it was served and not because of the courses which crowded the table, but simply because of one broken-hearted woman who was a sinner and who intruded herself upon the feast. It looks as if she had met Him before and that

she had already some cause for gratitude. Can you not picture her—you who have seen her like in the great city? Do you not understand why she came there? Can you not see the pictures of the days of innocence, which floated before her eyes, maybe of a home of prayer; of an anxious father and mother from whom she had turned; of the promises made to them which she had broken; of the promises made to her which others had broken? And so the poor girl with broken heart and broken life steals in to the feast. Whether she had told Him her story before or not, we do not know. Whether she had heard that wonderful story of the lost boy, we cannot tell, but at any rate, in some way, hope stirs in her heart and a changed life stretches before her, pointed out by the tender love of the Man who sits there at the feast. Her attitude is not one of importunity, it is rather one of passionate gratitude for something already granted her. Maybe she is just leaving Capernaum to go back to her mother and begin a new life, and this is her last chance of showing her love. You picture the scene—the guests reclining on couches around the board, their feet resting on cushions, and then this poor woman throwing herself with passionate sobbing at the feet of the Master. The veil is off her face and the fastenings from her hair. If anything was necessary, these are the things which tell of her life. An alabaster box of oint-

ment she pours on His feet and with her glorious hair she wipes them and presses her lips on them with adoring devotion.

Of course everybody is disturbed. Simon is courteous and condescending to his guest. The neighbors are saying, "This prophet must have known about the woman. Why does He let her touch him?" Simon's thoughts are plainly stamped upon his face. And now listen,—"Simon, I have somewhat to say to thee." With some restraint and rather sadly, Simon says, "Rabbi, say on." And then comes the story of the big debtor and the small one and how the gracious creditor forgave them both, and the query which of the two loved the giver most. We hear Simon saying, "That does not interest me, but I presume the one to whom he forgave most." Now Simon, it is your turn. It may be the Master's hand crept down his seamless robe and rested upon the head of the penitent, "I would not have mentioned it, Simon, but when I came to your house, you did not even offer me water for my feet; but this woman has wet my feet with her tears and wiped them with her hair. You gave me no kiss of greeting, but she, from the time I came in, has not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil you did not anoint, but she hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore I say unto you, her sins which are many, are forgiven, for she loved much; but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth

little." Is there any story that shows more tenderly the yearning of the Master's heart? There are many who identify this woman with Mary Magdalen, and that fact is "imbedded in centuries of Christian art and literature," and the name will always persist as a synonym for a fallen but penitent woman. If it is true, is it not a beautiful and thrilling thing to see how the devotion of that once abandoned woman never failed by so much as a jot until the end? She was one of the few who saw Him die on Calvary, and regardless of the contumely and insult which might be heaped upon her, she followed His body to the grave and was the first at the sepulchre on the glorious Easter morning. With agonizing heart, she cries to him whom she took to be the gardener; "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where and I will take Him away," and with the same voice that at first spoke peace to her repentant soul, her Lord spoke the one word "Mary!" Nobody else ever said it that way; into no other voice could such pure and tender solicitude be pressed. In an instant she knew the glad truth that her Lord was risen, and she fell at His feet crying, "My Master, my Master!"

How anybody could think of that dinner in the house of Simon, the Pharisee, and what the Master said, and all that flowed out of it and still remain indifferent to those who long for the saving grace which comes from unstinted love must

surely pass human knowledge. It is a heart of stone that can remain stolid, when he thinks of what happened and how the joy of it never faded away, but was crowned with glory on the resurrection morning. Small wonder that when Renan was looking around for someone whom he could make responsible for a resurrection which he wished to deny, he should have cried, "Divine power of love, sacred moments in which the passion of an hallucinated woman gives to the world a resurrected God!" Is it strange that Renan's book and his theories were buried with him, while the whole Christian world stands in adoring wonder at Mary's side?

It was at another Pharisee's table that He smote the heart of the cold and proud by telling of those who give tithes of what amounts to nothing—the mint and anise and cummin—and neglect the mightier matters of the law. When His host complains that he had not performed the usual ablution, He showed the folly of those who were more anxious to have clean hands than clean hearts, who looked at the outside of the cup but paid no attention to the filth that was within.

It was at the table of Simon, the leper, that another Mary showed a love without bound or limit, born in homely fellowship, perfected at her brother's grave. Perhaps the cap of the alabaster box refused to open, and in her haste she broke

the box and poured the ointment, fit for a king, upon the head she loved.

It was when the utilitarian spirit flared out, as it has done in all the days since; it was when those who take no account of love and sacrifice and holy ideals but who weigh everything on the scales of self-interest and measure everything by worldly standards—it was when such people were taking all merit out of a noble act and making it only an impetuous movement of an ill-balanced mind, that Jesus lifted this little woman upon a pedestal so high that all the world will see her till the crack of doom! Can anybody have any question as to what Jesus thinks of uncalculating service? Can anybody ever think of offering Jesus anything but their best after this? There it stands; let it never be blotted out. Let it be written on the fleshly tablet of every devoted heart that is willing to pay the price that his Lord demands—"Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her." There is at least one pedestal in the temple of fame which God has set up that will never be vacant. With reverence let us muse upon the reason!

Those who are troubled by many things, who are examples of what Emerson said, "Things are in the saddle and they ride mankind," let them stand behind the Master at Martha's simple feast.

"Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus." Three different types. The anxious housekeeper, with a sense of responsibility, who brings things to pass, a good manager, a capable woman who has to be responsible for things. Here is one type of those who hide their own feelings and never like to see others express theirs. Sentiment does not appeal to her and she is quite inclined to take to task any whom she calls mystical, emotional, sentimental. Martha has her good points, may she never disappear from the family. The wheels of daily life would drive heavily without her. When her dear old hands are folded, more tears will be shed for her possibly than she has shed for others, but if Martha can only understand the gentle reproof of the Saviour, she will know that the sister whom she calls a dreamer, who indulges in holy contemplation, and nourishes a devout soul, is one of the pure in heart who see God and are thereby the more lovable. "She hath chosen the good part which shall not be taken from her." Let Martha and Mary twine their arms around each other. They will each be the stronger for the other's presence. Jesus says, "Don't fret, Martha, put the first things first, and all things shall work together for good."

As for Lazarus, for whom the feast is given, from him we hear nothing. Paterson Smith recalls the suggestion that he was the young ruler who once made the great refusal, whom Jesus

beholding loved and kissed him on the brow. Perhaps that is not true, but at any rate, Jesus loved him with the yearning of a great heart, and Martha and Mary knew that as much as He loved them, Lazarus was preeminent, for they named him to Jesus, "Him whom thou lovest." From that dinner table may the love which gives each heart its place around the family board be passed to every home!

Of all the Master's words at table, surely none were so precious as those He spoke at the last supper, when He was host himself. He and His disciples knew it was the last talk He would have with them before He faced the tragedy which they could neither appreciate nor understand. We are minded of a scene three hundred years before when the sacred ship had come back from Delos and the eleven had stricken off his chains that Socrates might drink the fatal hemlock, and his jailer was saying, "He was the gentlest and best that ever came here." But beautiful as was that scene against the clear blue of the Grecian sky and beautiful as was that cheery message of him who was going out upon a great adventure, this is an hour before which all other human farewells shine with a lessening ray.

Since there were no servants to do it, Jesus had washed His disciples' feet and said to them, "He that would be chief among you, let him be the

servant of all." Judas has gone out "and it was night."

What does he say as a pattern for all those hours when the disciples talk together? The one word which is in the air when words can be but few, the one word which rolls in infinite reiteration from His lips is the word which was the center of His life and of His kingdom—"Love." Here is a new command—"That ye love one another as I have loved you." Here is the measure of your discipleship—"Ye are my disciples if ye love one another. The measure of your love for me will be the measure of your union with me. If ye love me, ye will keep my commandments." And then He falls to talking about the same thing that Socrates talked about, only with an assurance and depth of meaning which Socrates never knew, and with good reason.

We are inclined to say with Philip of Spain, who, when asked if he had noticed the eclipse, said, "No, I am so busy with things down here that I have no time to look up." There are many who are restive at any word concerning the future life. Not so Jesus. He revelled in it. His last table-talk was pitched to the tune of it—"Let not your heart be troubled. I am going away from you. In my Father's house are many mansions. I am going to prepare a home for you and we are all of us going to be there. Here you will be

lonely and you will be troubled, but I shall be thinking of you and waiting for you."

If we could live on here without headache or heartache; if we could feel no want and know no poverty; if no bitter words were spoken, and no unkindly acts done; if nobody grew old, and love was never disappointed; if no red flag ever waved, and the sexton never plied his spade, what a world this would be! But Jesus said over the table at the last supper, "I am going to get a place like that ready for you."

Sam Johnson said he didn't like Wesley, for just as he got his legs under the table for a long talk, Wesley would run off to see some old woman who was in want. Here the days and nights of friendship are short. Here we cry, "All hail," and in the next instant, "Good-by. It is time to go." Jesus said that His was a land of perfect fellowship, and there was never to be any night with its darkness and separation. We say, "I shall always be thinking of you," but Jesus said more; He said, "I shall always be with you. You will not see me, but I will be there, closer than breathing, nearer than hands and feet. The Holy Spirit, one with me and the Father, will walk and talk with you. He will lead you into the paths of truth. He will be your comforter in trouble, your wisdom in ignorance, and will bring you safely through. Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

After that they sang a song—His song—but the message of it all was "death does not make any difference with love." We can say to those to whom our hearts are bound:

"Thee I loved always,
I love still but thee,
And thee will I love
Through eternity."

Death is only crossing a seam in the carpet, passing through an open door. Here and there and always, love never faileth. These are the messages which fell from His lips when He who spake as never man spake, talked with His friends and with the world out of His heart. Do you not feel the passion of them and do they not awake an answering passion in your own soul?

Chapter III

HERALDS OF A PASSION

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We cannot be heralds of our Lord's passion unless we enter into the fellowship of His suffering. He has left behind Him in the path He trod a message written in His blood and fastened with a nail to His cross—"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross daily and follow me." We long for His triumph and are fain to have some humble part in it, but the condition on which we gain it is found in the words, "If so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together." If we may attain unto that any price will be cheap. The apostle was so convinced of that that he cries, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed to us-ward." How can any of us dare to represent Christ to men if we do not know something of the thrill of His passion, if we do not yearn after the souls of men so that we can cry concerning our own flock, as John Knox cried for Scotland, "Give me—or I die!" This and no other is the passion which has transformed the world. Paul had caught it from his Master when

he exclaimed, "I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

It is a wonder that we can go through the sublime task which is laid upon us as heralds of a passion with a sense that it is an ordinary and common task. "I marvel," said the old Puritan, "how I can preach stolidly and coldly, how I can let men alone in their sins, and that I do not go to them and beseech them for the Lord's sake—however they take it and whatever pains or trouble it should cause me. When I come out of my pulpit, I am not accused of want of ornaments or elegance, nor of letting fall an unhandsome word, but my conscience asketh me 'How could you speak of life and death with such a heart? How couldst thou preach of heaven and hell in such a careless and sleepy manner? Truly this peal of the conscience doth ring in my ears, 'O Lord, do that on our own souls that thou wouldst use us to do on the souls of others.' " Are we not to get a verdict? Are we not sent out, in modern phrase, to actually sell goods? What boots it us that when we come down from the pulpit steps gracious ladies and cultured men thank us for the sermon, but do not surrender their souls to the will of their Lord? Is preaching a proclamation of a sublime and insistent truth, or is it only a lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument?

Morley says of Gladstone, who gained in his great Midlothian campaign, when over seventy, one of the greatest oratorical triumphs of history, that "he bore his hearers through long changes of strenuous periods as if he were now a hunter and now an eager bird of prey, now a charioteer of fiery steeds kept well in hand, and now and again we seemed to hear the pity or dark wrath of a prophet with the mighty rushing of wind and the fire running along the ground." Would that apply to much of our preaching today? As Dr. Jackson asks, "Are we not growing too quiet, too tame, too subdued? Are we not sacrificing to mere literary primness and prettiness and to a mistaken self-restraint? Our preaching," he says, "is too dry-eyed; there is no red blood visible under the skin. The commonplace is not vitalized; the thin wire of words is charged with no current that quickens and thrills." Men are often apparently eager for some theoretical truth but oblivious of the real purpose for which the truth is presented.

Dr. Bonar, after listening to a minister who was preaching with great gusto, said to him, "You love to preach, don't you?" "Yes, indeed, I do." "But," said Bonar, "do you love the men to whom you preach?" We do not have to choose between a fervid ignorance and a passionless culture. Thank God, we may have both a knowledge and a zeal, a well trained mind and a

warm heart. The man who knows the most ought to feel the most and do the most. The material which he gets together ought not to be a mass of dead fuel, he ought to touch it with the prophetic glow that shall set it ablaze. Only the divine fire wrought out in his own experience and conviction can do that. A recent writer to ministers has said, "The cold-blooded pedantry which affects to look down on all religious zeal as religious rant is being suffered to inflict the gravest injury upon the whole life and work of the church, and not least upon the life and work of the preacher." After all, nothing is so touching as an honest enthusiasm, and other things being equal, it is the man who is himself greatly moved and is not ashamed to let it be seen, who will greatly move others. Therefore, if a preacher has received from God a rich, strong, emotional nature, let him give no heed to the silly clatter of those who tell him he has no right to work on men's feelings—as if religion could do anything for a man whose feelings are not worked on! Let him give his zeal full play and he will find it mighty to the opening of many doors against which his most profound logic will beat itself in vain. In all true preaching spiritual passion is an essential element.

After all, it matters little how excellent the fuel if the fire be out. All that a man has of intellectual strength to the last ounce, he can put into

the work of preaching, but intellect alone can never make a preacher, and the man with no more heart than can be made out of brains is in the wrong place in the pulpit. Dr. Chalmers once compared the sermons of the Moderates to a fine winter's day: "They were short, clear and cold. Brevity is good, and clearness is better, but the coldness is fatal. Moonlight preaching ripens no harvest."

Dr. Jackson reminds us that whoever will go over the great names in the history of the Christian pulpit will discover that the passion to win men is the ultimate fountain of all preaching that is of the prophetic order. Of Rutherford a contemporary said, "Many a time I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ." John Knox was supported in his old age by attendants to his place in the pulpit, but when he arose to speak, the divine passion blazed in his soul, until, one of his friends said, "So mighty was he in his yearning that I thought he would break the pulpit into bits." Of Joseph Alleine it was said, "Infinite and insatiable greed for the conversion of souls, he preached with far-reaching voice, flashing eye and a soul on fire with love."

Is not St. Paul the best of all examples for the preacher? Hear him calling himself a servant of Jesus Christ, "separated unto the Gospel of God." He could say, "This one thing I do."

The divine imperative was upon his soul. "I must see Rome," he cried, because he was eager there to preach the gospel; and shouts with holy fervor, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation." The record shows that Paul was *constrained* by the word. His message burned like a fire in his bones. His passion to win men was a divine constraint which gave him no rest. By the space of three years, he told the Ephesian elders, "I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears." When his friends urged him not to go to Jerusalem, he cried, "I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus." Does anyone doubt that a passion like that had been kindled by the altar fire of Christ's own life?

What words are these from the hot heart of an English teacher of preachers! "Shall we repeat an old sermon? Yes, if you can recover the heat in which it was first made, but if your soul is no longer kindled by it, if the fire is gone out of it, and it is now but a poor dead cinder, then let it be put straightway in the place of cinders. People do not care whether your sermon is old or new; the only question is, 'Is it alive?' Alas for the minister who forces the simple folks to say, 'What he says is faultless enough, but it leaves me strangely cold.' So will it be if the truth which once was a glowing conviction at

which men warmed their hands becomes but a heap of ashes from which the last glint of fire has died out. That is the tragedy of more pulpits than one cares to think of."

The greatest thing in the world is love. That never faileth. It is the one thing which He asks of us. We cannot simulate it, if we wear a mask it will slip sometime. If love for man thrills our every act the world will take knowledge of us that we have been with Jesus.

Chapter IV

HOLY BOLDNESS

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The trouble with most Christian workers—ministers and laymen—is that they are afraid, and now as of old fear bringeth a snare. We are afraid of what people will say, for the moment a man does anything different from the ordinary, that moment he is the target for criticism. Some will call him too zealous, too personal and too insistent. It is only perfect love and perfect confidence and perfect abandon to the will of God that casteth out fear and that brings the personal victory. The New Testament has a great deal to say about boldness. We often quote the passage "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus." But why did they? The record says, "When they saw the boldness of Peter and John." So it seems that boldness was associated in the thought of the people with the life of Jesus. Again the apostle says that he declared the truth "with all boldness," and the effect of that truth was a thrilling one on himself as well as on those who heard. Conviction breeds conviction. Hear the apostle say that "In nothing we shall be ashamed, but that with all bold-

ness as always so now Christ shall be magnified in my body whether by life or by death." You cannot hold a man like that—no pent-up Utica contracts his powers.

So everywhere through the teachings of the apostles, we are challenged to a boldness that is not arrogance, or simply self-assertion, or dogmatism, but an authority in boldness that has its birth in a sense of the mighty consequences that are at issue—a sense of the importance and imminence of a decision that outreaches time and thought. No doubt there were friends who stood by and said to John the Baptist, "Be careful what you say to Herod." But John thundered the truth into the very teeth of the royal sinner though it cost him his own head. "Mind what you say to Felix," Paul's anxious companions might have said, but Paul reasoned of righteousness and of judgment to come until the knees of the proud ruler knocked together. "We boldly proclaim the word," says the apostle again and again. It was the same spirit in which he said concerning himself and all of us that we were to come *boldly* to the throne of Christ and find help in every time of need.

Thousands of ministers are cribbed, cabined and confined because they do not dare to make the great adventure. Their faith fails them—they will not put it to the test. If they could only remember, "if thou hast faith like a grain of

mustard seed thou shalt say to this mountain, remove hence to yonder place and it shall remove." So many men who will not leave the safe harbor and put with God to sea! They are conventional and smug and comfortable. They do not know the joy of a great emprize. In this matter I am speaking out of my own experience. I know the temptations which face every minister through the weakness of the flesh. Some of us are naturally timid and shrink from the great contests where there must be a decision—a victory or a defeat. We would rather avoid it if we can, but if we do, we shall only know the shallows of life.

For the comfort of some of my brethren, I do not mind saying that again and again in my early ministry, I was put to the test which almost overwhelmed me. More than once I have walked around a city block before I could get up courage to go to the door and talk to a man about his soul's interest. I shall never forget the struggle of my own soul when I was asked to stand on the steps of the City Hall in New York and to address an audience of many thousands of men in the open. As chairman of the Committee on Outdoor Service for the Evangelistic Committee of the city, it was suggested that it would greatly help our cause and secure for our work helpful publicity if we could arrange for a service on the steps of the City Hall. When I asked permission, I was passed on by the city officials from one department to

another, but at last permission was granted, and we were told that we should have all the police protection that was necessary. I was quite aware that in my audience were many who were more inclined to scoff than to pray. I knew there were anarchists and socialists by the hundred in front of me, who cared for none of these things. It was not an easy matter to screw my courage to the sticking point and to say with shut teeth, as Garrison said long before, "I will not equivocate and I will be heard," and say without fear in the face of all classes and conditions of men "There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby ye must be saved but the name of Jesus," or to say with Peter on the day of Pentecost, "This same Jesus ye have taken and by wicked hands have crucified."

It was not an easy thing for me, with a temperament that shrinks from notoriety, to stand on the seat of an automobile in Wall Street, under the windows of J. P. Morgan's office, and preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ to a surging crowd; to stand on the steps of the Custom House, the historic spot where the great political leaders, presidents and senators of the United States had stood, and to speak to thousands of men, who looked up into my face, concerning the one thing to which I had been called in the Christian ministry.

But out of every one of these experiences, which

were so trying to me that I could hardly gather courage to speak, there came such grace into my own heart that in a few minutes I forgot all about the crowd and only remembered my message and my Master. Scores came to me as I spoke at these places and told me how they had decided to go back to their old manner of life and to accept Jesus Christ as their Saviour. Some of them were back-sliders, some had been superintendents and local preachers and class leaders, but they had come into the city and had hidden themselves away. They had said, "I have worked hard for many years, now I will rest." In resting it soon happened that they lost their zeal, and soon their love for the Master had become cold and indifferent. I had the pleasure of knowing that in many cases they came back to their old love and united themselves for vital service with the Church of the Living God. And many who heard the Gospel for the first time—aliens by wilful choice and wicked life from the kingdom of God —came back to their Father's house and to His yearning love.

It was when I stood on the steps of the City Hall, bringing home to the members of the church, with all the force of which I was capable, the fact that they were chosen of God for the world's redemption and that they needed to throw themselves with uncalculating devotion into the work, that I repeated several times the two words which

stand at the head of this chapter, and urged that those who were followers of Jesus, who counted not His own life dear unto Himself, should themselves be able to proclaim with boldness His truths and to stop short of no sacrifice for Him. I delivered my soul with great earnestness of the message which it seemed to me God had laid upon my heart. It was some weeks after that when one of the most successful preachers in America laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "I owe you a debt I shall never be able to pay, and all on account of two words which you used, but which I believe were sent by the Holy Spirit. When I went home after hearing your message, those two words kept ringing in my ears, 'Holy boldness, holy boldness,' and I said to myself, 'You are a coward. You do not dare to venture. You will not do what you know you ought to do. You are afraid of that fine congregation that gathers at your morning service. You want to observe all the proprieties and have the most dignified and proper service. You would not dare to preach a message straight to their hearts and to urge them to give themselves to Jesus Christ on the spot. You would not dare to send your deacons among that congregation and ask them to urge men and women to be reconciled to God.' I thought about it and I prayed about it, and the more I thought and the more I prayed, the more the conviction laid hold upon me that I must make the great

adventure. In order to preserve my own soul alive, I must cast myself into the breach. I remembered how He said, 'If any man will save his life, he shall lose it, and if he will lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's, he shall find it.' On the next Sabbath morning I called my officials into the study and told them that I was greatly moved. I felt that something ought to be done and done at once; I feared that perhaps they would not like it and that the congregation might feel like resenting it, but I had in my heart the same feeling which Luther had when he said, 'Here I stand, God help me, I can do no other.' I told them all that was on my heart, and we had a time of great heart searching and agony before God. I asked them to spend the week in thought and in prayer, and on the next Sabbath morning as we gathered the atmosphere seemed to be surcharged with spiritual conviction. 'I want you,' I said, 'to help me take the message this morning and bring it to the thought and conscience of the people for immediate action.' ''

So, my friend said, when he had given his message as hot with yearning as he knew how to give it, he called the officials to the front, and, in the presence of the congregation, charged them to carry the message of the Master to their friends among the people. ''It was such an hour as we had never witnessed in the church. Strong men bowed their heads upon the pews before them

and many of my leaders were in tears. When I gave the invitation for men and women to stand for Christ and proclaim their choice of Him as their life leader, one and another and another responded until more than forty men and women came to the front, and clasping my hand, made a solemn promise to be true to God. I count that," said the preacher, "the greatest hour in my ministry hitherto, and, if I am ever tempted to be unfaithful, I hope I shall hear those words 'holy boldness' ringing in my ears, and that I may never prove recreant to the call of my Lord."

Chapter V

CULTURE

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CULTURE

A LOAD OR A LIFT

May my tongue falter and my pen forget its cunning before I say or write one word that hinders any man in his search for the deepest and broadest culture of which his nature is capable. True culture should increase our capacity, enlarge our ability and quicken our perceptions. When properly applied, it is the handmaid of religion as well as the husbandman of the mind. But is it possible that such a beneficent thing may be throttled in its purpose, so that it becomes a source of spiritual death instead of life? Here the appeal must be not to theory but to fact. Does anyone doubt that German Kultur came to be a blight upon the individual and the world? Germany was unequaled in her intellectual attainments of a certain kind, but the effect of it all on her scholars in the atrophy of spiritual vision and power will ever remain as an indictment of a godless culture that cannot be overlooked or explained away. Are we not right then in asking ourselves, "Is the culture which I have and to which I aspire strengthening my devotion to those

things which are pure and lovely and of good report? Are the most cultured men I know the most devoted to the highest interest of humanity and the most uncalculating and unselfish in the measure of their service?'' Surely there can be no doubt that the standard of unselfish service is the one by which, in the last analysis, the greatness of men will be determined. There has been no dissent to the sublime affirmation of the Galilean Teacher—''I am among you as he that serveth,'' and ''he that would be chief among you, let him be the servant of all.'' When you apply this standard, the record of culture is not always pleasant reading. Emerson made his literary bow to the world in his Harvard Phi Beta Kappa oration on the alienation of men of letters from the affairs of national life.

Like wealth and power of any sort, culture has its insidious temptations. First of all, it is compelled to be analytical and critical. It takes things to pieces. Its flowers lose their perfume in the study of calyx and sepal. There is no song in the nightingale's throat when the scalpel is searching for the source of its melody. It comes to the city of Man-Soul as most of our railroads come to town, through the purlieus of poverty and waste. Because it does not find beauty there, it is tempted to think the city has none. Because the city's soul is not in the street, it is quite inclined to believe that it has none. It loves to say it is

a searcher after truth for truth's sake, and is impatient with the pragmatic test.

What is truth for truth's sake? If you mean a truth that is sterile, that does not eventuate in life, then it is an impertinence in the sight of God and man to talk of that kind of truth. From the standpoint of a life spent in association with Greek and Roman philosophers, who freely encouraged suicide and lived lives whose abominations smelled to heaven, Pilate had good reason when he asked of the fettered Man before him "What is truth?" He found out, as any man of culture needs to find out—"For this cause was I born, that I might witness to the truth. *I am* the truth." The only truth that counts in the realm of morals and religion is felt truth—truth that is vital and imperative. A formal creed is only the skin of truth stuffed. It is as useless as a last year's bird nest on the boughs of time. It is only when truth becomes incarnate that the world bows its knee to it and accepts it. That was what happened when a brown-frocked monk was walking up the holy staircase at Rome, and when the heart of an Oxford don was strangely warmed in Aldersgate Street.

Another temptation to which culture is especially susceptible is pride. It is fair to say that those who most reveal it are those whose culture is really limited, but, alas, there are so many of that kind! It is always true that

knowledge may be proud that it knows so much, but wisdom will be humble that it knows so little. There was a never-to-be-forgotten day when a freshman in another college strolled into the museum at Harvard. It was the opening of a fairyland to him. Eager-eyed he was gazing at specimen after specimen and wishing that he knew more about them, when a sweet-faced man, whose smile would have made summer in the Arctic, was standing at his side. Captivated by the man, the freshman heard him say, "These are my pets. May I tell you about them?" He lifted a trilobite and told the ignorant boy how that fossil was old when Pharaoh builded the pyramids and Attic poets sang. With infinite patience he answered questions which must have seemed foolish. When the wonderful man was interrupted and called away, the freshman asked a guide, "Who is that man?" "Don't you know—that is Agassiz!"

It is always true that a little learning is a dangerous thing and most of us with all our culture have yet but little knowledge compared with what is before us, and yet we are proud. Edison has said, "No man knows one seven-billionth part of anything." There is an arrogance of ignorance which we greatly condemn, but there is an arrogance of culture which ought with greater justice to be condemned, because the cultured man ought to know better.

Culture is tempted to interest itself in the form of things. It needs to be reminded

"'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant."

It is more life and fuller which is the need of the hour. John Stuart Mill was the greatest thinking machine in England in the last century. At twelve years of age he knew more Greek than most of the professors in Oxford, and at fourteen the greatest mathematicians took off their hats to him. At the morning walk with his father, at the mature age of thirteen, they discussed the problem of Gibbon's "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire." When I was a boy in college, few names were more quoted in cultured circles than his, but I have seldom heard his name mentioned in the last twenty years. His latest historian says of him, "There was no fire under his boiler." His culture was aloof and academic. He had no thrill of human interest, no glow of conviction. Toward the world's needs, he was as heartless as a graven image. When asked how he would feel if the principles he advocated were universally accepted, he said, "I would not *feel.*" He was the consummate flower of the culture of his time, but it was the culture of the dilettanti.

Perhaps no two men of the same age better illustrate the difference between culture and service than Erasmus and Luther. Erasmus was the greatest scholar of his day. There were none to

challenge his supremacy. He thoroughly agreed with the principles of Martin Luther, but when Luther's friends asked him to come out in the open and stand with him he said, "Why should I lose my living or my head?" He realized all the abominations of the Church of Rome. He said that instead of saying their prayers the monks were eating gingerbread that they might take more kindly to their beer, but he left Luther to fight alone for God and men. If he had only stood with the little monk at the Diet of Worms he could have changed the thought of half the world and projected himself for the help of men through untold millenniums. Luther sighed over his deflection and might have chanted with Browning in his Lost Leader,

> "Just for a handful of silver he left us,
> Just for a riband to stick on his coat."

If you want to see culture as a load, read Froude's "Times of Erasmus and Luther." If you wish to see culture as a lift, there is Henry Drummond, the scholar; "Chinese" Gordon, the soldier,

> "Who always and everywhere
> Gave his help to the weak,
> His sympathy to the suffering,
> His substance to the poor,
> And his heart to God."

There is Phillips Brooks, the preacher, and Borden P. Bowne, the greatest philosopher that America has produced and one of the most faith-

ful, eager-hearted Christians I have ever known.

In Conferences and Assemblies and Synods throughout the country, I have had ministers by the score ask, "Why is it that with deeper, more scholarly culture and training, I am less effective in moving men to God?" The answer is not far to seek—your culture has become a load instead of a lift. While you have been busy with the delights of scholarship the fire has gone out upon the altar. Thus so many of the prophets of God stand shivering around the altars where the fires have failed and are as impotent as were the priests of Baal to call down the fires of God from the ascenting heavens.

Knowledge ought to be power. Culture, if it is to be a lift and not a load, must be transmuted into service for God and man. When the culture of the mind exceeds the culture of the soul, a man is educated beyond his capacity. He is doing too much business for his capital. It is a prostitution of talent when he who knows the most does the least. It might be well for the best of us with all our culture to lay our finger on our lips and listen to the greatest Teacher of all the ages, Son of Mary and Son of God, who says to His friends in words which the world will never allow to be discounted or to perish, "If any man will do my will, he shall *know* of the doctrine."

Chapter VI

THE PASSION OF THE PROPHETS

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THE PASSION OF THE PROPHETS

No one can look at Sargent's picture of the Prophets in the Boston Public Library without feeling a tug at his soul. What glorious men they were—laymen all of them—gatherers of sycamore fruit, cup bearers to the king, but whatever else they did, one great absorbing passion for the Israel of God was on their souls. They were not only forth-tellers of the truth, but they lived it out. There was Israel turning from God, giving herself up to idols, and they were sore distressed. See stern old Elijah, the greatest of them all, for whom to this day every child of Abraham sets a chair at his solemn feast, the man whom they say locked up by his prayers the cisterns of the heavens and carried the keys of them for three long years in his pocket! How shall he let Israel and its king go on to their destruction? A king is seeking him but he will not temporize his message, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Elijah answered, "Not I, but you and your father's house have wrought the overthrow of this people." And he told him that in Naboth's vineyard, where of all places on God's green earth the king

would least desire to meet the prophet of Jehovah. See him on Carmel calling back Israel to her old-time faith. He will not temporize or equivocate, stern old prophet of righteousness. He will not let things drift. It is a time of decision. "Choose ye this day whom you will serve; if God be God, serve Him, and if Baal, serve him." More of the Saviour's challenge—decide something, don't drift! And then that a race to Jezreel—a king in a chariot bested by a prophet on foot, and the prophet oversped by the rain drops of the mercy of God! Small wonder that when John the Baptist came, they said it was Elijah, and when Jesus came they said it was the spirit of Elijah and the thunderous voice of John the Baptist rolled into one.

And here is Isaiah, perhaps the most gifted of all the prophets, a man of great natural endowments, intensified and consecrated to the loftiest ends by his self-surrender to God. He had the intellectual grasp of a great statesman and the fervid imagination of a great poet. He was a seer who could see. How his yearning soul portrayed the love of God and His righteous indignation! What irony, what ridicule, what challenge to heights of spiritual experience! How utterly all his gifts were mastered as he sought to win Israel back to God. His were the words that Jesus loved to quote, and no prophetic words are oftener on the lips of preachers today than the

words of this marvelous prophet. He is the great evangelist, the proclaimer of the good things. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth come ye to the waters, buy wine and milk without money and without price." And those Messianic prophecies —"He was wounded for our transgressions; the chastisement of our peace was laid upon him, and by his stripes are we healed." May my soul stand in holy wonder before such a flaming heart and fiery tongue until I myself have caught the blaze of it!

Of Jeremiah it was an English preacher who said, "However many Isaiahs there may have been, I am glad there was only one Jeremiah." He seems to think that one weeping prophet and one set of jeremiads was enough, but would it not tend toward the multiplication of good shepherds who would give their lives for the sheep if there were many who could come to say "O that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people."

What shall I say more for the time would fail me to tell Daniel and Nahum and Amos, gatherer of sycamore fruit, and Jonah, and Habakkuk, whose prayer, Webster said, was the most sublime thing in literature, and all the long list of the prophets down to Malachi, who with a challenge which burns in our soul, cries, "Will a man rob God," and all the yearning of his soul condensed

into one glorious prophecy at which the heart of God's people will bound for joy until they see the prophet himself in the land of his fruition, "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another and the Lord harkened and heard it, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord and that thought upon His name, and they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels and I will spare them as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

Chapter VII

THE PASSION OF GREAT EVANGELISTS

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THE PASSION OF THE GREAT EVANGELISTS

Where shall we begin the story of evangelism? Who were the great evangelists? We can only touch upon one here and there, for their number is legion. Prophets, apostles, the church fathers, the reformers themselves were all what they were because of the great evangel which trembled upon their lips. Perhaps we cannot do better than to mention first that wonderful evangelist, John Bunyan. How we love him! How we have marched with him to the city of the great King, the new Jerusalem! He has led us all the way into the green pastures by the delectable mountains, past the slough of despond, and all the wonderful path until we come in sight of the City of the Saved. All this he crowded into a narrow cell in Bedford Jail. It was there he heard sweet angels singing lauds for him, and because of what happened there, he would be willing to go back and stay "until the moss grows over my eyebrows rather than in anywise to deny my Lord." Look at his wonderful characters and the names they bear—Mr. Great Heart, Christian, Faithful, and Mr. Valiant-for-Truth. How many souls has John

Bunyan led out of the City of Destruction? He could not have led others if he had not gone that way himself. It is out of his own great experience that he is speaking, and no man can lead others unless he himself is led of God. John Bunyan had known the sinful life, but with what fulness and depth he came to know his Saviour is found in the sweet story of Grace Abounding. May we all stand at last with Mr. Valiant-for-Truth and see the heavens filled with the chariots of God and hear the trumpets sound for us on the farther shore.

Next we turn for a moment to the man who traveled more miles to bring the gospel to the lost, as Birrell says, "than any man who ever bestrode a beast"; a man whose devotion was marvelous from the days when he was a student in Lincoln College in Oxford, but who says that all that availed him nothing until that day which Christendom will never allow to pass out of its sight, when his heart was "strangely warmed" and he went out to do for England more than was done by the armies and navies of England in the whole length of his life. What courage and what toil! Ease and he had parted company, and as for money, he lived upon a pittance and gave away more than $200,000. Abused and maligned in his time, he could say, "I leave my reputation where I leave my soul—in the hands of God." He said to his brother Charles, "When I devoted

to God my ease, my time, my labor, did I exempt my reputation." So he traveled 225,000 miles and preached 2,400 sermons, and, amid misrepresentation and abuse, never knowing the delights of love at home, subject to incessant attacks of the mob, the pulpit and the press, he did not abate a jot of heart or hope until he had reached the age of eighty-eight and ceased at once to labor and to live. Canon Farrar says, "Overwhelming evidence exists to show that the church and people of England in his day were dull, vapid and soulless and the preaching was careless, the land steeped in immorality. To Wesley was granted the task for which he was set apart by enviable consecration—the task which even an archangel might have envied him, of awakening a mighty revival of religious life in those dead pulpits in that slumbering church and moribund society. His was the religious sincerity which not only formed the Wesley Community but, working through the heart of the very church which had despised him, he flashed fire into her whitening embers. It was he who discovered that lost secret of Christianity—the compulsion of human souls. He was the voice that cried over the valley of dry bones, 'Come from the four winds, oh spirit, and breathe upon the slain that they may live.' " In Westminster Abbey, that great temple of silence and reconciliation, one may read three of his great sayings: one full of holy knowledge, "I look

on all the world as my parish''; another full of triumphant confidence, ''God buries His workmen but His work goes on''; the third, his cry in age and feebleness extreme, the best of all is, ''God is with us.''

In the long list of great evangelists, no name stands out clearer in the light of an absorbing passion than that of Whitefield. To him two continents acknowledge their debt and keep green the traditions of his marvelous power. Most of the leaders and charmers of men have come to their service from under the low lintels of the poor, and Whitefield was no exception. Uniting with Wesley to form the Holy Club at Oxford, he was at first morbid in his spiritual earnestness. He wore patched clothing, ate coarse food, prayed under the trees far into the winter nights in such agony of soul that the sweat ran down his face. At last he laid hold on God by simple faith. He had traveled his own via dolorosa and through pain he came to peace; thereby he was enabled to help others who journey alone in the cypress path.

Ordained at twenty-two, he began to preach immediately with tremendous effect. Probably no man since the days of Paul excelled him in sacred eloquence. Said John Newton, ''If you ask me who is the second preacher in the world, I do not know; but if you ask me who is the first, there can be but one answer.''

Franklin went to hear him plead for his orphan

school in Georgia, but resolved he would give nothing. After listening a little, he decided to give his coppers, then his silver and then his gold, and emptied his pockets into it when the plate was passed. Hopkinson left his money at home purposely, but was moved to borrow of his neighbors. Garrick said he could repeat the word "Mesopotamia" so that it moved him to tears.

But after all has been said about his eloquence, his power with men depended most upon the passion of his soul which absorbed every lesser ambition and used every God-given power to lead men to the personal choice of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. He was a kindred spirit with Jonathan Edwards in this regard and together they led the Great Awakening of our young Republic. No man was more untiring in devotion than he. At one time he writes, "Lord when thou seest me in danger of nestling down put a thorn in tender pity into my nest," and again, "I am determined to go on until I drop, to die fighting though it be on my stumps."

When nations forget their dependence upon Him and personal allegiance is lightly held and the individual conscience is benumbed, when form triumphs over spirit, and worship degenerates into heartless ceremonials, God sends his messengers of flame. So came the old prophets to Israel; so came Savonarola to Italy; Luther to Germany; Knox to Scotland; Wesley to England,

Edwards and Whitefield to America. In such manner God in all ages has called back His people from apostasy.

When Whitefield preached in Boston, the city was at white heat. Twenty thousand heard him in Philadelphia, and thirty thousand crowded Boston Common to listen to him. Mr. Cooper, pastor in Boston, said, "Under Whitefield's preaching more people came to me in one week in deep concern about their souls than in the whole twenty-four years of my ministry." Mr. Prince, another pastor, said in substance the same thing. Mr. Webb said about 1,000 in deep conviction came to him in three months. The pastors unite in saying the same spirit prevailed for more than a year and a half after Whitefield had gone.

Speaking of his passion, Dr. Parsons said of him, in a sermon preached on the day of his death: "We were convinced that he believed the message he brought to be of the last importance." On the marble cenotaph above his dust at Newburyport these words are carved: "As a soldier of the Cross, humble, devout, ardent, he put on the whole armor of God, preferring the honor of Christ to his own interest, repose, reputation or life." In thirty-four years he crossed the Atlantic thirteen times and preached 18,000 sermons. For his seal he had a lambent flame and under it the motto, "Let us seek heaven."

In his time, Whitefield, like Wesley, was ac-

cused of almost every crime. As Dr. Squintum, he was caricatured by Foot, the actor, from one end of Great Britain to the other, even after he was in his grave. He was called the clerical pick-pocket, and accused of appropriating his great collections to himself, but those accusations only live in history to fasten obloquy upon those who made them. In Cowper's words,

> "He loved the world that hated him. The tear
> That dropped upon his Bible was sincere.
> Assailed by scandal and the tongue of strife
> His only answer was a blameless life."

The record of his last hours at Newburyport is thrilling beyond words to tell. He is preaching his last sermon. His subject is "Faith and Works." With far carrying tones he cries, "Works, Works, a man get to heaven by Works! I would as soon think of climbing to the moon on a rope of sand!" But his voice begins to fail, "I go," he said, "to my everlasting rest. My sun has risen, shone, and is setting. Nay, it is about to rise and shine forever. I have not lived in vain, and though I could live to preach Christ a thousand years, I die to be with Him, which to me is far better." He was to preach that night, but he felt he could not. He took his candle to go up to bed, but midway on the outside stairs he paused with his candle in his hand. Answering the importunity of the people, he spoke with the passion of his blessed Lord until the candle burned down to

its socket and went out. Would that a picture of that scene at Newburyport might hang in every preacher's study in America! He went up to his room and to an agonizing night, then

> "Just as the sun in all his state
> Illumined the eastern skies
> He passed through glory's morning gate
> And walked in Paradise."

Whitefield was no organizer like Wesley. He was the voice of one crying in the wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord," and America owes him a debt which it does not fully appreciate and which it can never repay.

Time would fail me to tell of Fox and Tennant and Brainerd; of Finney, losing his strength that he might gain his power; of Moody saying, "There shall be one man completely consecrated to show the world what God can do with a soul entirely given up to His service; and scores of men, some of whom have finished their evangel in victory, and others who still move the people up to God, both in the pulpit and out of it. They are the heralds of a passion which stopped not at the Cross, and they shall share here and hereafter the glory and benediction of their Lord."

Chapter VIII

THE TEACHER'S PASSION

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THE TEACHER'S PASSION

There is one miracle of grace by which a wandering soul comes back to God. There is another by which a soul itself touched with infinite love feels an absorbing passion to go after another who, like itself, had gone astray. There is no place where one who has felt this high commission can hope to win greater trophies than in the Sunday School. Birrell says of John Wesley that "he was out of breath pursuing souls." If only the same panting desire might be born in the heart of every Sunday School teacher!

Thompson pictures, in "The Hound of Heaven," God out after the soul; pursuing it up and down the universe. The hunted one flees, as men so constantly flee, from the highest and seeks refuge in every human thing that could be called at all good, but the point of the poem is that the good must never hide men from the best. So the soul is never allowed to rest in lower things; just as the soul would nestle in some new covert, she is turned from it by the imperious *best of all* that claims her for its own.

Now in the teacher's life there are many oppor-

tunities to advance the good, to develop intellectual taste, to encourage the scholar's thirst for learning, but none of these must stand in the way of the one thing for which the teacher is called to his high eminence. Nor literature, nor ideals of any sort can take the place of the one ideal—the perfect life in Christ Jesus. So the Sunday School of itself is not an end; teaching of itself is not an end. The result of the Sunday School is the production of life and character, and the end of teaching is that Christ may be formed in each scholar, the hope of glory.

In order to teach such lessons, it goes without saying that one must have experience in the thing he teaches, so that no one may turn upon him and say, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself or did another tell it thee of me?" Has he first hand information? Does he speak out of a rich and full experience, which has been wrought in him by holy ventures and has entered through the travail of his soul into the substance of his life? To a heart which has such an experience, what a challenge presents itself! Twenty-seven millions of young people in this country who are not in the Sunday School and almost as many millions more already within its reach!

Of old one crusade followed another. That the sepulchre of Jesus might be won from the Saracen, Peter the Hermit cried "God wills it," and hundreds of thousands of men marched on the

first crusade. Fifty years later a million and a quarter set out for Jerusalem, no one of whom saw the Holy Land. So one crusade followed another, and little enough resulted from them. Perhaps the saddest of all crusades was the Children's Crusade in 1212. An army of thirty thousand French children, unarmed, led by a boy named Stephen, set out for the Holy Land by way of Marseilles, and a similar army of German children marched over the Alps and came to the Mediterranean. They thought the sea would divide for them and they would pass over to the Holy Land in safety. Most of them perished on the march, or were lost at sea, or were sold into slavery.

Now the time has come for a crusade for the children. A challenge of unspeakable importance rests upon the heart of the church. Shall we be able to win these millions to the service of the Master? You may rear buildings, but the torch of the incendiary may consume them or the tempest may overthrow them, but when we put our touch upon the plastic soul of youth, it will remain there when the wax has changed to adamant. We must not bungle our work. We see men and women who were the subject of malpractice in their youth by careless or ignorant servant or physician. They will walk the path of life to the grave and every step they will go with pain. Life's functions instead of being a joy have become an

agony. Sad as is that picture, it is not for a moment to be compared with the work of one who bungles in the forming and transforming of the soul, who brings only human diagnosis and remedy in the place of the wisdom and power of God. Every teacher must realize that her students are looking not simply into her face but into her soul, that the thing she is is greater than the science she teaches. Garfield said if he could sit on one end of a log and have Mark Hopkins, President of Williams College, on the other, it would be all the college he required.

Here as nowhere else comes the gospel of the personal touch. I cannot bear to think that the soul of a child should be either mishandled or neglected. That thrilling story of human experience, "Twice Born Men," was called in England "Broken Earthenware." I do not want the fair vase of life broken. Thank God it sometimes happens that a broken vase may be mended by His grace so that it can hold the water of life, but let me protect and surround the vase so that it may not be shattered. It is a sad comment on the passion and the efficiency of our teaching force that one out of every five who come to the Sunday School is won to Christ in the School, one after they leave the School, and three are not won at all. It is time we taught our children that they are never too young to surrender their hearts to Jesus Christ. It is time our teachers felt that

their work has been in the most important part failure, unless by personal experience their members are coming to know Him whom to know aright is life eternal.

Chapter IX

THE PASSION OF THE CHURCH

CHAPTER IX

THE PASSION OF THE CHURCH

If one were asked what should be the passion of the church, there could be but one answer from progressive or conservative, and that would be "to serve the world." The Master's thrilling challenge would rise to our lips, "Ye are the light of the world, ye are the salt of the earth." The church ought not to be divided into two camps when it comes to the application of this great principle. At heart, we believe, the Church is really one, though it has often happened that, as in the old story, men looking at different sides of the same shield have called it silver or gold and have fallen to blows over their differences, when if each had taken the viewpoint of the other, their differences would have disappeared. May we venture an irenic word with the hope that it may serve in the end to make matters a little clearer and to unite for a common purpose forces which have seemed at times to be arrayed against each other?

A little careful thought will show that there is no antagonism between a personal and a social gospel. It is no doubt true that men have been

slow to realize that in addition to the burden which rests upon them from a sense of personal wrong-doing, they are also face to face with corporate iniquities and national selfishness and organized brute force, and that somebody is to blame for it. "We are all diseased and with our surfeiting and wanton waste have brought ourselves into a burning fever, and we must bleed for it." It is doubtless true that a conscience awakened to responsibility in social guilt will soon focus itself upon the more immediate circle of life about its possessor and bring to sight the hideous consequences of his own self-seeking, unfairness, indulgence and distrust. But it is also true that in most cases, the conscience does not become awakened to a sense of social guilt until it has become sensitive by a personal touch with Him who is the illumination of the soul. We do not come to love God through love to men, but we come to love men through love to God, and then the two are seen to be in essence one.

The great task which the church has is to bring men first to loyalty to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord; from that will flow the second loyalty to God's world, to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with Him, and with that will go the passion to spend and to be spent for those for whom Christ thought it not beneath Him to go himself to the cross, and who said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take

up his cross daily and follow me." There is a third loyalty to which our attention is called, namely, loyalty to the Church, to prayer, the study of the Bible, the worship of God's house, the fellowship which comes with a life of love. No one will accuse Henry Sloane Coffin of Union Theological Seminary with not having the modern viewpoint. He says: "Religion is not primarily something useful, but something fruitful. It is not a means of improving mankind alongside of other means, such as education, art, politics and morality; it is the parent of them all—their fountain of life. It is not one among several factors cultivating the soil of humanity, it is the source of its fertility. We are busy today directing the flow of Christian motives into many trenches to irrigate tracts of life which hitherto have been desert. And the church must stand then, through its ministry, not simply as a mere instructor imparting facts; the pulpit stands for the application of truth to create character. The minister preaches not to make men wise about books, or scientific discoveries, but to give them the power and grace of an endless life. The final test in preaching does not then lie in the fact imparted, but in the use of any fact to create an ennobled life." Dr. Crooker has well said, "When the teacher has set a fact in the mind, like a brick in the wall, he has practically finished his work, but the preacher must plant that fact in the soil of the soul to grow as the seed

of a new life." It is true that the great need of the time is a social conscience, but what is a social conscience? Is it something concerned only with hours and wages and profits and conveniences? We certainly need a corporate conscience, so that we will not permit corporations to do what individuals have no right to do. But the social conscience that we need is one that shall concern itself primarily with those social duties and obligations out of which grow a noble life—a conscience about prayer and worship and Christian nurture, and not a social conscience that only concerns itself in a fair division of *things*. The stability of society is not dependent primarily on industrial conditions but on religious duties and spiritual ideals.

Dr. Roberts truly says, "There are such things as social or collective sins, but conscience does not deal with them on that plane. Sin is an intensely individual thing and the man who has had a controversy with his conscience knows that it is the ambassador within him, not of a certain social order, but of the moral order of the whole universe. It is not the mere reverberation in a man's soul of a social order evolved by way of a natural selection; conscience is native, elemental, primitive. It is impossible to get behind the beginning of it. The thing which invests wrong with wrongness, and right with rightness and speaks in the

imperative mood is an indigenous thing, antecedent to the most primitive society."

Roger Babson affirms: "Religion is both the anchor and the rudder of prosperity. The real security of the nation is not its militia, but its religion. The real protectors of our homes are not the policemen but rather the preachers. Only as religion saves the world, can we save ourselves. A religious spirit makes better employers, better workers, and a better public spirit with which to deal. Furthermore, without such a religious spirit, all legislative, coöperative and other plans are of no avail. Religion is to the world what a spring is to a watch, and the sooner it is generally recognized the more people will be healthy, happy and prosperous." This man of business makes bold to say that the three things which the business world, the world of labor and of capital need are not the nostrums of socialism but spiritual power, faith and prayer. We hear, and properly, a very great deal about the material form in which Christianity should express itself, but are we not in danger of putting so much emphasis on works that we forget the source of conduct? If we are to have fruit, must we not realize that fruitage depends upon rootage? What will the hand do if the heart ceases to beat? If we have no wealth of soul to give, of what use will mechanics be?

One of the most illuminating of modern writers has said, "The most urgent demand is not for

service, but for spirituality. A soul fed from on high will certainly bow down and lift the lowly, but a generation that has lost faith in God and ceased to love Jesus will not serve humanity." The gospel of Jesus was nothing more nor less than the gospel of the inner life. His whole inaugural, the declaration of His purpose in the world could be condensed into a single sentence, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." The beatitudes are not blessings upon belief, they even go deeper than conduct and service; they go down to the roots of life. What are His parables—nothing more nor less than pictures of life; the leaven, the mustard seed, the wise virgin, the used talents, the good Samaritan. The abundance of the soul life is the thing which He came to bring, and so far as Jesus Himself was concerned, it was not His teachings—though they were the most sublime ever uttered—but the spirit of His life. When He examined Peter for his ordination, He did not ask him questions of creed or ethics, or doctrines of any sort; the only question which He asked, and that He repeated again and again, was "Lovest thou me?" It was the things that Jesus stood for that won the disciples at the first, or in any other age of the world's history. It was a life. It was He who said, "I am the life." The world has had many great teachers, but who goes to a life of self-denial along a path so hot as to blister their feet because

of these teachings? What was it that sent Father Damien to the leper, Paton to the South Sea Islands, Morrison to China, Livingstone to Africa, Grenfell to Labrador? Nothing but a personal love for a personal Saviour. May we always remember that we must give *ourselves* to the needy and to the oppressed. A Unitarian has written, "There is more danger that the source of personal piety will dry up than that children will starve or go naked."

There is deep wisdom in the words of Paterson Smith in his "People's Life of Christ": "Men are teaching laws of economics and principles of utilitarianism and ethical persuasions on the duty of doing good, but they are leaving out Christ; and they are not succeeding and they know it. Our political and industrial and social leaders feel their impotence, their lack of some great spiritual impulse to make their projects work. It is religion that is needed. It is not enough to tell us to do right. We want a pressing motive and a power."

There is only one challenge I wish to give—"Is thy heart as my heart? If it be, give me thy hand." There is room for almost infinite differences of opinion but there can never be any difference in the matter of a whole-hearted devotion to the Kingdom of God. The dying Scott said to Lockhart, his son-in-law, "Give yourself royally." Paul, speaking of Jesus Christ, says in a verse

that is matchless and stupendous, "Christ gave *himself*." Dying millionaires have given away their millions only when Death, the grim archer, had sent his arrow to their hearts and the rigors of death had loosed their grasp upon their treasure. But Jesus spent His *life* in giving himself. If, after having spent a life in ease and self-indulgence, in toying with our tasks and in shirking all we could, we should come up to the heavenly gate, over which is written, "These are they who came out of great tribulation," would we have the effrontery to pass in? Would we not ask for some lesser gate where we might hide our selfish and diminished head? But Heaven has no such gate. Its twelve gates are all alike, one motto is over them and one word is the password at each. When a rich man died a neighbor asked, "How much did he leave," and the village wag replied, "He left every cent." All you can hold in your cold dead hand is what you have given away! Well says Bishop Quayle, "The angel at the gate of life will make inquiry of every comer, 'Did you spend all your estate?'" When Ian MacLaren's "Doctor of the Old School" was dying, he faintly murmured, "I am tired to death!" He had used up every ounce of his strength and ability to help those to whom he ministered as a good physician.

There is Whitefield utilizing the last bit of his strength, stopping on the stairs on the way to his chamber to preach a last message to the crowd at

Newburyport, and then going upstairs to die. There is Wesley, riding more miles for the Master than any man who ever bestrode a beast, giving all he had of money and energy and time, and at the last leaving, as his biographer says, "a good library, a well-worn clergyman's gown, a much abused reputation and so—the Methodist Church." Paul used that gigantic word of his Lord, "He emptied Himself" to the last drop of His blood, and as for Paul himself, hear his own modest epitome of his service—"In stripes above measure, in prisons more frequent, in deaths oft. Of the Jews five times received I forty stripes save one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day I have been in the deep. In journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness."

Let us put that up against the spirit of our own devotion that it may be a challenge that shall nerve us in times when the fire burns low and the path of dalliance seems to be strewn with flowers.

Which shall we choose to be, an Ananias or a Paul,—an Ananias keeping back part of the price and dying of shame, or to empty ourselves for all

time and be filled of God's grace for all eternity? The apostle says, "What things were gain I counted lost for Christ." He takes no credit to himself, but he says, "Though I preached the gospel I have nothing to glory of, for necessity is laid upon me. Yea, woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." Having seen the vision, he must be true to it, and the one thing that glorified his life down to the time when he said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith," was the blessed fact that he "was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Do we not need to have something of his burden? We are not to misunderstand this. We shall know something of what he said, that though he was cast down, he was not forsaken; though he was poor, he was making many rich; though he was in tears, yet was he also in bounding joy. The very measure of his anxiety and longing became, on the other hand, the measure of his delight and victory when the desire of his heart was accomplished. So we would hear him saying, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart, for I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh." It is the same spirit which a father knows when he would rather have lost his life than that his own son should be killed, the same spirit which a mother feels when she will gladly wear herself out for the sake of her child, and will

not leave him even at the prison door or the scaffold's step. It is for this spirit that we yearn. When the world sees it, it will be no longer faithless but believing.

Chapter X

THE PASSION FOR SERVICE

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It goes without saying that whosoever will follow his Master must live a life of service. "I am among you as he that serveth," said the Master, and washing His disciples' feet, He set the pace for helpful, gracious ministries of every sort. What we need is a vast number of charter members for the Society of the Towel and the Basin. When an imperious mother asked of Jesus that one of her sons should be on His right hand and the other on His left in His Kingdom, she was speaking from the standpoint of the same selfishness and greed which we are facing today. We find men who want preëminence even in the ministry. There are plenty of us who would like to be major prophets, but who among us wants to be classed as a minor prophet? Who envies the man who is known as James, *the less?* It was very significant that when some time ago, reporters asked men in the streets of New York who was the greatest man in America, different men were named because a different valuation was placed upon the effect of their lives, but the basis on which each of them was named was not of position,

of office, of power, or of money, but only on the basis of service. Whatever difference there might be in the estimate of their achievements, there was no difference as to the cause of true greatness. It has always been so—the history of the world shows plainly that it has counted as its greatest men those who have most truly served. Every institution and every organization is measured by its service to mankind. When a nation proves itself unfitted for a task, it must pass away, and the same thing is true of the Church. What a fulfilment of this declaration we have seen in the last few years!

> "Lord, where are kings and empires now
> Of old that went and came?"

He hath put down the mighty from their seats and exalted those of low degree. We have seen many of the thrones of Europe emptied, discarded crowns by the dozen have fallen into the scrap heap. Why all this? Because they were useless, because God said, "I am tired of kings—I suffer them no more." There is no more any divine right of kings. The motto of the Prince of Wales —"I serve"—is the only motto fit to be engraved over any throne.

After traveling through the country and being in touch with schools and colleges, as well as with the men of the street, after reading modern literature in the magazines and weekly papers, one is impressed with the fact that there is a sort

of materialistic epicureanism which is seeking to make its way in high places. There is a drying up of the great source of life, of the old sense of the outreach of humanity, of destiny outlasting the stars, and a high calling that is not ended with dollars and position. As a recent writer in one of our leading magazines has said, "Robbed of eternity, we mean to make time pay to the utmost. Hence this nervous, feverish activity. Our anxiety is an unconfessed manifestation of our immense sense of loss. We have but a few minutes in which to rob the house of life, let us seize all the articles in sight. Death, the householder, is even now waiting to take us into custody." As we look back at our old Puritan ancestors, we pity them for their narrow quarters, and all the hardships which they must have endured from lack of the conveniences which have become necessities to us. We live so much more comfortably and easily. In the dread winters which they passed, they must fell the trees and chop the wood and throw it into the great fireplace where most of the heat disappeared up the chimney. To light their homes, they had the tallow dips, which they prepared with much labor. Now if we want heat or light, we press a button. Conveniences of every kind await our nod. Handicapped as our fathers were, we often wonder was their life worth living. But as a matter of fact, they seem to have been rather happier than we are. The wilful

poverty of our spiritual lives must vastly impress us as we contrast that with the holy joy which is reflected in the story of their lives, which they have handed down to us.

At a recent church convention, the question arose on what issue to put special emphasis. Some thought it should be on social regeneration, some that it should be on legal enactments to outlaw sin, and others that it should be the application of religion to business, but it was finally decided that the crying need of the hour was first to get some religion that could be applied, to have some ideals that were good enough to regenerate the world when they were applied.

A recent article in one of our leading magazines makes bold to say that the destiny of man was once talked of as a spiritual mystery, connoting endless endeavor and opportunity. Terror and splendor attended the Word. Now the highest dream of high destiny is a porcelain bathtub, or some safe shelter behind a wire screen where we shall be impervious to the attack of germs. We have need of a profounder faith, a more poignant fear than this age knows.

One of our New York papers asked this question, "What is the matter with our mode of life?" and these were the answers given by the men whom the reporters stopped on Broadway: "We are drifting away from the faith of our forefathers. There are 65,000,000 heathen in Amer-

ica. That alone answers the question." Another said, "People are fighting for the material things of this world, instead of the spiritual." And the next man said, "We are drifting away from the teachings of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. We need to be transformed instead of reformed. We are in the grip of a materialistic philosophy."

I think we are all agreed that the need of the hour is the restatement of the great verities which always have been and always will be supreme in the lives of men. We want the same upholding strength which the patriarchs knew and by virtue of which they went out to a land which they knew not, because they heard the call of God. We never needed more than we need now the consolations which uplift the soul in the midst of catastrophe and loss. They tell us that our churches are empty, but our asylums and our morgues are full. There is nothing that will so steady men in the midst of strain and calamity to play the game, to fight the good fight to the end, as to realize the besetting and forefending God. If we have lost our faith, our hope in immortality, how did we lose it? Must we not go back to the place where we had it last and see if we cannot find it? "If we have been robbed of incalculable hopes and aspirations, who robbed us? Do we not owe it to ourselves and to our children to bring the robbers to trial and to take from them that which

they have filched from us, making us and our children bankrupt indeed?"

One of our liberal papers some time ago had two editorials, the heading of which seemed like an affront to our whole Christian life. The first question asked was, "Can democracy tolerate the Church?" At first one was inclined to be indignant at the iconoclast who could even frame such a question, but it all resolves itself into a question of fact. If the church is the friend of the people, if the church is helpful in those things which are lovely and of good report, if the principles which it advocates make life safer, property more secure, and conserve the highest interest of society, there can be no question but that democracy must be the greatest ally which the church has, and the church the greatest organization to consummate a true democracy. The other question was, "Can Christianity tolerate the church?" The answer to that must lie in the question, "What is the church in its essential spirit and what is it seeking to become?" Christianity cannot tolerate the church unless the church is Christian, that is unless it has the principles of Christ in its life, unless it puts the first things first and enthrones spiritual values above all others and gives itself uncalculatingly and unstintingly to those things to which the Master gave Himself. It must cease to discriminate between the rich and the poor, or even between the ignorant and the learned, or

between those socially at the top or socially at the bottom. Jesus was no respecter of persons. He has one gospel for the Pharisee and the Publican —one gospel for Dives and for Lazarus.

Customs hoary with age have passed away because they were useless, because they did not benefit mankind. Once slavery flourished in every land. That was service under compulsion. It was right dominated by might, and God said, "It must go." The same is true of organization and methods of business and everything else that does not serve humanity. Their doom is written in the nature of things. Customs which curse and not bless cannot long survive, for they bear their doom in their own deeds.

We invite to our clubs and to our secret societies men who occupy a similar social plane, or who are congenial, or men of common tastes. If we want to make a club of the church, we can do the same thing there, but such a church will go down to ruin. A church must serve all classes and conditions of men, and he who has caught the spirit of his Master will go with a bounding love and a heart on fire to give service to those who need it most. It needs to be everywhere proclaimed that while the first duty of a man is to get his own soul right with God, he cannot grow in grace or even preserve his own sense of acceptance with God unless he throws himself with absolute aban-

don into the same work for which his Master lived and died.

> "God does with us as we with torches do
> Not light them for themselves;
> For if our virtues go not forth of us
> 'Twere all the same as if we had them not."

The church need have no fear of anarchy or socialism or sabotage or skepticism of any sort, if it will give itself to service.

But it is not enough, as we have said, to care for the lesser needs of our human life. "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesses." We are to lead men to a larger life. Here is our greatest service. We must seek for better conditions for men, but we must realize that first and last and all the time our object is to make better men.

I know scores of fathers and mothers who are in anguish not because their sons are not well paid, not because they do not live in good houses and under the best of sanitary conditions, but their hearts are breaking because their children are reaping the wages of unrighteousness, because in the midst of all their plenty they have turned from God to serve the world, the flesh and the devil. No one can read the daily papers without staggering under the fact that men of social prominence and many of our leaders, both among workers and capitalists, are men of ungodly lives who use the advantages of better conditions of

labor and better returns of capital to weigh their souls down to hell with the additional temptations which these successes have given them.

The church is to be the regenerator of the world —to throw itself into the breach, and since it stands supremely for spiritual things, it is to put these things at the very front. How can a pastor sleep nights or enjoy the comforts of life until he is conscious that he is doing the utmost within his power to put life under the ribs of this death? How can any member of the church go to his place of worship, receive the holy sacrament, which marks afresh the sacrifice of his Lord and recalls his own holy promise to be true to Him, without realizing that by daylight and by dark he must sound forth the call of his Master by his lips and by his life? When the passion of such a service shall possess the heart of the church, the world will throw off its indifference and the church will come to its own by the preëminence of its life and the power of its sacrifice.

Chapter XI

HOW TO NOURISH THE SACRED FIRE

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"Follow me," said Jesus, "and I will make you fishers of men." A man cannot become such of his own self. He is not equal to a task so supernal. As we have been saying all along, nothing but the touch of the Master's passion can create or conserve the soul's spiritual life.

Boreham remarks on the transformation which took place in the life of Thomas Chalmers. He was the brilliant pastor of a little church in Kilmany, a marvelous preacher when he was only twenty-three. He was a good pastor and won their unstinted admiration and love. But they could not understand why when they came to the kirk on the Sabbath day he fulminated at that little company against the heinous wickedness of theft, of murder, and of adultery. After they had spent a hard week's work in field and stable, why should they be berated by their minister as if they had spent the week in open shame? "This," says Chalmers' biographer, "continued from 1803 to 1811, but then something happened. Chalmers ceased to thunder against the grosser crimes and against the iniquities of Napoleon, but every day

he had something fresh to say about the love of God, about the cross of Christ, and about the way of salvation." "He would bend over the pulpit and press us to take the gift," says one of his hearers, "as if he had it that moment in his hand and would not be satisfied until every one of us had got possession of it. And then when the sermon was over and he rose to pronounce the benediction, he would break out afresh with some new entreaty, unwilling to let us go until he had made one more effort to persuade us to accept it."

He says that in 1811 he was converted. When he was called away to a great city parish this was what he said to his humble parishioners: "For the first eight years of my twelve with you, I thundered away against crimes of every sort, but the interesting fact is that during the whole of that period I never once heard of any reformation being wrought among you. It was not until the free offer of forgiveness through the blood of Christ was urged upon you that I ever heard of those subordinate reformations which I made the ultimate object of my earlier ministry. You have taught me that to preach Jesus Christ is the only effective way of preaching morality, and the lesson which I have learned in your humble cottages, I shall carry into a wider field."

Bunyan said the same thing long before the days of Chalmers. He says: "I went for the space of two years crying out against men's sins and

their fearful state because of them. After which, the Lord came in upon my own soul with peace and comfort through Christ. He gave me many sweet discoveries of blessed grace through Him. Wherefore now I altered in my preaching and did much labor to hold forth Christ in all His offices, relations and benefits unto the world. After this God led me into something of the mystery of the union with Christ. Wherefore that I discovered and showed it to them also." Ah, if we could only measure to the heights of that personal experience of which it is written "What we have seen and felt with confidence we tell."

Theories may be cold, but reality is full of passion. When one has an experience of his own, then he hastens to bring others into the same blessed knowledge, and when once others are brought in his own confidence is thereby multiplied. What a miracle of grace to be able to win a soul to God and what infinite comfort to the soul who wins another! Nothing can take the place of it. Mr. Valiant-for-Truth cries out, when the summons to go hence seized him, "My sword I give to him who shall succeed me in my pilgrimage; my courage and skill to him who can get them; my marks and scars I carry with me to be my witness that I have fought His battles who will now be my rewarder." When a man has victories hung up in the high halls of memory, how his faith increases! He won them himself

at the point of a Damascus blade, which is the word of God, and he is fain to say with David, "There is none like it; give it to me."

It is a sad thing in the life of the individual when the child spirit dies; when he ceases to wonder and adore. How supremely true it is in the life of him who proclaims the message that he will lose its power when the wonder and marvel of it fades out of his soul! A man need have no troubles over the miracles of the first century, when he sees them reproduced in his own life at the touch of the pierced Hand. If one can feel the compelling glow of those adoring words,

> "When I survey the wondrous cross
> On which the Prince of glory died
> My richest gain I count but loss
> And pour contempt on all my pride."

he will be able to say

> "Jesus, I love thee, thou art to me
> Dearer than ever mortal can be."

As well think of restraining the ardor of the bridegroom as to lay restraining hands upon his devotion. His love is as fire shut up in his bones. That will transform the pulpit and kindle a blaze which will draw men from every walk in life to see it burn.

We must make more personal the message which we bring to men. Dr. Jefferson will not be accused of failing to emphasize the social note or of being unduly moved by his emotions, but in his

Yale Lectures, he says, "Many a man is preaching to a dwindling congregation because his sermons have lost the personal note. He chills by his vague generalities, or enrages by his wholesale denunciation. This is not the age in which the preacher can afford to lose the personal touch. Many forces conspire to blur the edges of individuality and melt men into a common mass." Even organized philanthropy has a tendency to lose the individual. It is the lack of this personal touch which is multiplying our problems and deepening the blackness of human tragedy. Thousands of men and women all over the world have lost their grip upon the high things of life because no one but God feels for them. There is no one on earth who cares for their souls. Men are lost to the church as soon as they are submerged in the crowd. Dr. Jefferson adds, "In fact, the preacher is in danger of losing himself."

It is a matter of history that on one occasion when Julia Ward Howe invited Charles Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at her house, he replied, "I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived my interest in individuals." Recording in her diary that night the Senator's surly remark, Mrs. Howe wrote after it, "God Almighty, by latest accounts, had not got so far as this."

The great secret of power is the personal touch. God Himself put on a soul and a body when He

came to us. They were arms of flesh and blood, like ours, which stretched wide upon the cross, and which when taken down and folded over the lifeless bosom invisibly folded a saved world in their embrace.

What a beautiful testimonial that was to the matchless personality of Henry Drummond, that when an artisan was dying, his wife knocked at Drummond's door and said, "My husband is deeing', sir. He's no' able to speak to you, and he's no' able to hear you, and I dinna ken as he can see you; but I would like him to hae a breath o' you aboot him afore he dees." No books can ever nourish a believing heart as will the goodness and patience and truth which is reflected in individual lives.

Here then is the conclusion of the whole matter. Jesus said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." By vital contact with Him who is the way, the truth, and the life, we must keep our souls alive. The inner light must not fail; our passion for the souls of men must never cease. But if, alas, our passion for the souls of men has in any sense failed, we must get it back. We must have our trysting place with God and meeting Him there, He who heareth in secret will reward us openly, and we shall have power with men. However great our natural abilities, they are only the channels through which the tides of holy passion and power

must run. Let us not mistake the channel for the power, and let us be careful that no act of ours shall sever our connection with the source of power. The secret of the Lord is with those who fear Him. In fellowship with Him we shall catch His love—a love which stopped not at the cross. We cannot do better than to utter the prayer of the old hymn which for generations has aroused the church to a waiting pentecost.

"Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all our sins consume,
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call,
Spirit of burning come.

"Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul,
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole."

The Master's call is upon us. It is hot with haste. Rise up; let us go!

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

Queries in Personality

BY

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WHAT ARE YOU WORTH? II

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TO

MY CHILDREN

MY CROWN AND JOY

PREFACE

Personality is at the front. It is only through consecrated individuals that social ideals will be achieved. We need to face ourselves and to carefully inquire as to our assets and liabilities. To be forewarned is to be forearmed if we will have it so. Wide experience has convinced us that the heart of our young people rings true. Behind seeming frivolity and thoughtlessness there are underlying convictions that are gathering momentum and are expressing themselves in great movements toward moral rectitude and religious devotion. The unrest of the student mind is evidence of a forward movement. Anything is better than stagnation and indifference. Each man must settle life's great questions for himself. Faith cannot be inherited, it must be achieved. We may gain confidence through the victorious struggles of other men, but we must fight our own battles and win our own victories. Experience keeps a school in which the tuition is high, but most of us will learn in no other. My purpose in this book is to show that our task is not to make a living but to grow a character. It is not what we have but what we are that counts.

The chapters of this book are the substance of addresses that have been delivered to tens of thousands of college and university students throughout America. They have also been given before young people's conferences and conventions of various churches. Great crowds of clerks and business men have listened to them at noon theater meetings, held in our large cities under the auspices of the federated churches during Lenten services where the people gathered each day during a week or more. It is in answer to repeated requests that these addresses be put in permanent form where they could be accessible for study and reading that they are here presented.

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New York City.

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WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

I

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

A man's name is the one thing that is supposed to set him apart from all other men and establish his personal place and right. The first question in any case of identification is—"What is your name?" The name you bear has a history behind it. How came you by it? You answer, "My father or my mother gave it to me." Perhaps it perpetuates the name of some great man or some generous friend, so that every time your name is spoken it is a challenge to devotion or loyalty to those who conferred it upon you.

If one turns to the Bible in his quest for names and their significance, he will find that for the most part they were the declaration of the faith of men who feared God and received their children as from His hand and made in their names a holy dedication to Him who had given them the life in which they rejoiced. So Hannah names Samuel and so Elijah is named; and so came the Name which is above every name. "His name shall be called Jesus for He shall save His people

from their sins." With kindred faith the old Puritans, as they hung the crane and set up the family altar, named the children as they came after the heroes of the Old Testament and the virtues of the New. It is a fine thing when a boy or a girl really likes his or her name. It was pronounced at their baptism, it was spoken when they pledged loyalty to God's church. It is the name they must bear through the years; it is the name their children will bear; it is the name which will be written on their tomb. May it also be written in the Lamb's Book of Life!

It would be interesting to know how our ancestors received their names at the beginning. In some cases men were named after their trade; so we have our Smiths, and Carpenters, and Masons, and many others whose names declare the vocation of their forebears. Others took their names because they were the sons of well-known fathers—so we have our Johnsons, Williamsons, and a score of other similar names. Others were named after the place where they were born—so we have the Dutch *van* and the German *von,* indicating the town or family from which the youth came. Indians frequently named their children from something connected with their own experience or that of the child in its early surroundings, —so we have Black Hawk, and Sitting-Bull, and Rain-in-the-Face, from some incident about the day of the child's nativity.

In Palestine I asked my dragoman the name of our muleteer. He said, "It is Abuscandra."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

He answered: "It means the father of Alexander."

I said: "That is funny. In America we name our children after their fathers. It seems you name your fathers after their children."

Then I fell to thinking what a desirable thing it would be if every father had to bear the name of his child, so that every time his name was spoken, men would estimate his worth by the character of the children he had trained up for life. In that case the father would be anxious to see that the child lived a worthy life, so that it would be no disgrace for the father to bear the name of his offspring.

We like to call our sons after famous men. If you see the initials J. W., it is more than an even guess that the man's name is John Wesley; or D. W., it is Daniel Webster; or G. W., it is probably George Washington. It is because these men did something to honor their names that we are glad to perpetuate them and in some way to link our children with their virtues and attainments. We realize that the Bible was right when it said, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." We shall see a little later in what sense a name is really good.

These chapters are to be queries in personality,

and so at the outset I bring the stirring thought of yourself as apart from all others, a personality that is to last forever. May I remind you that Christianity alone develops pure personality. The religion of Zoroaster is a religion of dualism. Man is devoid of infinite personality and is only a pawn between Ormuzd and Ahriman, the gods of good and evil. Brahmanism is a polytheism—a religion of countless reincarnations. Man's personality is of no more value than that of a cow, a horse or a monkey. Buddhism is also a polytheism with no recognition of personality either of God or man. Mohammedanism is the religion of bodily desire. Christianity alone postulates the unending personality of both God and man. That is revealed in the incarnation. Jesus is the revealer of human personality. The soldiers stripped Him of His garments and gambled to see see who should have them. They took away His liberty, His reputation and His life, but Him they could not touch. Matthew and John declare that they left His name with His accusation upon the cross.

The responsibilities of life go with your personality. You may be burdened because of the sins of other people, but you are not responsible for them. You cannot be held responsible even for the disposition with which you were born, but you will be held responsible for the disposition which you carry to your grave. It was with these

facts in view that Mr. Valiant-for-Truth said: "My sword I leave to him who shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me to be my witness that I have fought His battles who will now be my Rewarder."

What others do to you is comparatively of little importance. Having your own name, you have your own responsibility and it is to that that one must address himself. God broke the mold when He made you. Your enemies may think He ought to have broken it before He made you, but He didn't. He made one of you and never duplicated the making. He will never make another. There was something that He intended you to do in the world, else there was no reason for your birth.

As you think of the tasks other men have accomplished, you realize how infinitely poor the world would have been if they had not each injected their personality into the particular age in which they lived and exerted the gifts that made them what they were.

Suppose Savonarola had refused to play his part, had been content to drift with the crowd and enjoy the emoluments of a sensuous life? Suppose Luther had turned away overwhelmed by the forces that were against him and had refused to play his part? Suppose that instead of standing out to say: "Here I stand, I can do no other, God help me," he had bowed his knee to Tetzel as he

sold his fraudulent pardons, which were nothing more than flash notes on the Bank of Humbug, and let the people be duped to their shame and death? What would have happened to Scotland but for sturdy old John Knox, or to England without Cromwell and Wesley? What would have transpired in America without a Washington or a Lincoln?

Face to face with these queries I wish to say—that it is just as important for you to be true to your task as it was for any one of the men whom I have named to measure up to the responsibilities which God laid upon them. Every man is in position to limit the work of Almighty God in the life of the world. God Himself cannot do without you what he could do with you. George Eliot makes Stradivarius say:

"The masters only know whose work is good:
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill
I give them instruments to play upon,
God choosing me to help Him."
"What! were God
At fault for violins, thou absent?"
"Yes;
He were at fault for Stradivari's work . . .
My work is mine,
And, heresy or not, if my hand slacked
I should rob God—since He is fullest good—
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say, not God Himself can make man's best
Without best men to help Him."

God does not grow wheat on a million acres without men to scatter the seed. God does not enrich the land and gladden the heart with apple and peach and orange except men plant and cultivate the trees. He sends His sunlight and His showers but men must work hand in hand with Him if the harvests of the fields are to bless the nations. There is the philosophy of life. You are a personality, an immortal soul, that is to live on when worlds have gone to rack and ruin. There was a time when you were not; there will never be a time when you will cease to be. You are one of those upon whom God depends to make a new world wherein dwell the righteous. If you falter in your efforts and mar the work of God; if you refuse to do the best you can, you become a traitor to the best, a deserter from the ranks of God's army.

As you have your own name, so you have your own task; and as you have your own task, so you will have your own judgment. You must stand or fall for yourself. You are John Brown or William Smith. You and your name will go on forever. As one of the punishments for crime, we attempt to destroy a man's personality. When we send him to jail, he is no longer John Smith or William Jones, he is No. 10 or No. 50 in the catalogue of the nameless. But God puts down his name for all eternity. It may slip out of the tax book or the directory, the gnawing tooth of time

may obliterate it in the churchyard, but on the Lamb's Book of Life, the names of the faithful are written and its pages are preserved forever. In the sad catalogue of the evil and the lost, the names that are smitten by the curse of God will bear that shame forever. You and your name belong together and will remain so when rivers have ceased to run and stars are wrapped in the dust of their own undoing.

Some men have dealt so wickedly that in order to hide their turpitude they change their names, because they are ashamed longer to carry the name which was given them at the cradle, but one day they stand at judgment at some human court and the secrets of their lives are laid bare. All the aliases are swept away and the man goes back once more to bear the name which he abused. So each must at last face his own record.

What has been the record thus far in your own case? Is your name a good one, or an indifferent one? Is it a name that whenever it is pronounced men will be glad because you have lived, or does the speaking of it simply name one more in the roll-call of the incompetents? Men have desired to write their names high on the scrolls of fame. Among the feats of George Washington's youth, it is recorded that he climbed what seemed to be an impossible height and put his name above all others. Certain it is that he wrote his name so high that nothing has been able to obliterate it,

and cut it so deep in the hearts of men that the passing centuries have not effaced it. Franklin wrote to him from Paris, when it seemed impossible to prevent an open rupture between France and America, "Let us use your name. It will be worth more to us in this juncture than an army."

It is you and no other whose acts honor or dishonor the name you bear. While others may sometimes affect your reputation, they cannot touch your character; that is in your own hands. Do not sully your name. Do not let it be spoken with a blush. It is the same name your father bore, it is the name your children will bear, and for the sake of those to whom you are to pass it on, keep your name unsullied and fulfill the personality which God gave you. Let your name be the synonym for high and noble service and add your mite, whatever it may be, to the world's uplift. Build over against the place where you stand, and build yourself into the life of your time for the sake of Him who gave you your chance.

There is a story told of one of England's statesmen that always thrills me. Before he went to the House of Lords each day, his son noticed that he passed through the great picture gallery of the palace and seemed to halt before the pictures there, stopping each day at the same place. The son said:

"Why do you go to Parliament by way of the picture gallery?"

"Come with me, my son, and I will tell you the reason."

As they entered the room where hung the pictures of his progenitors, the father said:

"This is the portrait of the one from whom we get our name. He was the founder of our family. For three centuries and more that name has been honored because of the place which he gave us in this land. I halt in front of it and say: 'I will be true to the name you gave me, and will pass it on unsullied.' This is the portrait of the man who added most of luster and dignity and service to our name. He did more than any one else to place our name high in the annals of the nation, and as I look into his face, I say, 'I will remember your devotion, your high daring, and your patriotism, and I will seek to follow in your footsteps.' This, as you know, is the picture of my father. I recall, each day as I stand here, the words which fell from his lips. I can hear him saying once more, 'My son, to thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day thou canst not then be false to any man.' To him, I say, 'I will remember to keep my own soul steadfast before God.' And this is the portrait of my mother. Again and again, she opened to me the blessed Book of Life. Again and again she told me how my own efforts would be unavailing unless I had a power greater than my own to uphold me and a wisdom greater than my own little ken to guide me, so

here I halt to say, 'I will be true to my mother's faith and my mother's God.' "

Could such a man be otherwise than well-equipped to honestly face any question or temptation which might be presented to him? With such thoughts thrilling his soul who could be untrue to the name he bore?

But there are some who say, "Alas, alas, I have played fast and loose with opportunity. In the folly of youth, when the hot blood of passion mounted to my cheek, or the call of ambition sounded in my ears, I have done the things of which I am now ashamed. I would do anything in the world if I could only blot them out, but I know what the poet meant when he said:

> " 'The moving finger writes
> And having writ moves on.
> Nor all your eloquence nor wit
> Can lure it back to cancel half a line
> Nor all your tears blot out one word of it.'

There it stands. In the face of it I feel utterly undone. Is there any hope for one so circumstanced?"

My dear friend, there is a record in the Old Book to which I would like to draw your attention for your comfort and uplift. It is the record of a wrestling match between a man and an angel. The man had borne himself so well in the contest that the angel says, "What is thy name?"

Strange to say, of all questions that the angel could have asked, that one was the very worst. Hanging his head, we may believe, for the shame that was in his heart, he faintly answers, "Jacob!" Jacob! ah, ha! How came he by that name? What was its significance? Jacob meant supplanter and every time his name was spoken his acts and his character were made known. He was the man who from the beginning had lied and cheated. He was the man who had stolen his brother's birthright, who had tried to supplant him in the affection of his father; he had stolen the blessing which belonged to another.

Hear once more the question and answer—"What is thy name?" "Jacob,—the supplanter!" And then listen to the enfolding mercy which accords him forgiveness for the past because of present valor: "Thy name shall no more be called Jacob, but Israel,—prince,—for like a prince thou hast prevailed." Right glad am I that many another man has come to bear a changed name. Old things have passed away and all things have become new. We have had our Bunyans and our Hadleys, men who had sounded the gamut of sin but had come at last into the fellowship of the true and pure, and the name which had been the synonym for debauchery and shame became the synonym of a peerless devotion, the record of a self-denying service, which the world will never allow to perish. Let there be no blot upon the escutch-

eon, let there be no bitter past to make the tears of shame flow through all the years. Guard thyself and seek the help of God, as you realize that one can sow wild oats enough in fifteen minutes to keep him reaping fifty years, and "as a man soweth, so shall he reap, and whatsoever he soweth that shall he also reap"—keep your name and your heart with all diligence, for out of the heart are the issues of life. Thus your name will go forward into the years the synonym for noble service in the place where God shall put you.

II

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

If I were to ask that question from man to man, most of you would answer, "I live in America." On that I congratulate you. When on my return from foreign travel I find myself in sight of Bedloe's Island and the stately Lady who there illuminates the world, I am fain to repeat softly to myself the fine lines of Henry Van Dyke:

"It's home again and home again,
America for me.
My heart is turning home again
And there I long to be.
In the blessed land of 'room enough,'
Beyond the ocean's bars,
Where the air is full of sunlight,
And the flag is full of stars."

An English friend of mine tells me that I ought not to be especially proud of my citizenship in America—I couldn't help it; I was born here, and have simply kept on living here, while in his case, he was born in Britain and loved America so much from what he had read of her that he improved his first opportunity to change his citizenship. He is, therefore, he thinks, entitled to special credit.

But I want to know something more about you

than simply in what country you live. There are many people in this country of ours; there are red men and brown men and yellow men and black men, as well as white men. There are political reds and anarchists and atheists, as well as good citizens and unselfish servants of their age, so that I do not know anything in particular about your real personality when you tell me that you live in America.

If I were to ask you in what city you live, you might tell me Chicago, or St. Louis, or Kansas City, or Pittsburgh, or New York. Still again, I would not have found out very much about you by simply knowing in what city you live, for there are all sorts and conditions of men in each one of the cities I have named. If I were to go further and ask you on what street you live, and you should tell me Fifth Avenue, or Park Avenue, or the Bowery, or Lexington Avenue, I might be able to form some opinion as to what your income might be so that you could afford to live in New York on the street you named, but still I should not know much about you.

Fifth Avenue used to be the street on which many of the cultivated and wealthy of New York City lived, but you cannot presume on that reputation to judge the character of any man who lives there. I knew two men living on Fifth Avenue—one was the President of the Y. M. C. A. and the other was the president of a brewery. I knew two

men on the Bowery—one of them was the greatest mission worker of that time, the other was the proprietor of a faro bank. So it is not the country, the city or the street which really makes the man.

Men may love the town or city in which they have lived. Carlyle never forgot Ecclefechan, and Queen Mary said, "Open my heart when I am dead and you will find Calais written upon it." Some of us were born in some remote country town, but to this day the sun never shines quite so brightly anywhere else; the grass is never as green, nor the flowers as sweet, nor the song of the birds so thrilling; but out of that same little town, men have gone to shame and sorrow and death, as well as to high places of opportunity and power.

So I must know something more about you than where you were born if I am to properly estimate the place where you really live. Let me illustrate:

Here are half a dozen men coming to New York from Chicago, or Washington, or Denver, or Scrub Oak, or Podunk. They have a week or a month off; they have money enough in their pockets; they can go wherever they wish to go, and they can do whatever they wish to do. If you want to know where those men really live, now is your time to find out. With no obstacles before them, no restraints or friends or community influence to withstand, you will see just what their temper is, just what the caliber of their life is,

and with what they will be satisfied. There is a man who steers straight for a liquor joint; that is the one thing that appeals to him. He has heard that in New York there is a good chance to satisfy his appetite and that he will proceed to do. Here is a man who is a gourmand. He has heard that food is cooked in New York as nowhere else. His mouth has watered for months as he thought of a lobster Newburgh served at the Ritz or Plaza. Here is another who goes straight to the house of the strange woman.

Here is another who has a silver mine or an oil well to sell. He will go to lower Broadway or to Wall Street, where he can find promoters who will help him make a fortune. Here is another who longs for intellectual food. He will go where scholars talk, where men who have given a lifetime to the mastery of a single subject will speak, —experts in philosophy, or experts with the scalpel.

Here is one who is a lover of music. To sit in at an oratorio or a symphony or an opera is for him the seventh heaven of happiness and delight. Another is a lover of art; he has heard that the Metropolitan Museum holds more masterpieces than are to be found under any other roof on the wide expanse of the earth. He has thought of the unspeakable delight of being able to stand in the presence of immortal art. He will realize his dream. As Dr. Brown of Yale has so well

said, "All you need to know about any man's life is: Where does he feel at home?" When you have found that out, you know where he lives. Life will not bear false witness. It is the heart which speaks, and speaks truly.

Where would you like to live if you could? Where would you feel most at home? In a saloon, or a broker's office, or a music hall, or a picture gallery, or a restaurant? Where would you most truly *live?* Now, before we can answer that question, we must ask, "What is it to live?" The scientist will answer, "To be in correspondence with your surroundings is to live." The ear is meant for sound; if it is normal it hears and registers that which is brought to it on the waves of ether. It lives in the field of sound. The eye is meant for light, for the beauties of color, for the rainbow and the green fields and the arching skies. If you cannot see these, so far as your eyes are concerned, you are dead. There is a man whose soul does not appreciate music. General Grant said that he only knew two tunes—one was Yankee Doodle, and the other was not. You would not expect him to revel in a sonata or a nocturne. You would not ask him to lead an orchestra. Amid all the beauties of nature, Wordsworth knew a man of whom he could say:

> "A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him
> And it was nothing more."

You remember the oft quoted words of Turner, when a bystander remarked: "I do not see any sunsets like yours," "Don't you wish you could?" And William Blake, the poet, walking one morning as the sun came out of the east at Brighton, was asked, by a London shopkeeper on the beach, "What do you see when the sun comes out of the water like that? I see a yellow disk which looks to me like a golden guinea. What do you see?" Blake replied something after this fashion: "I see an innumerable company of angels and they cry, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, heaven and earth are filled with Thy glory. Glory be to thee, O God, most high.'" Don't you wish you could hear a symphony like that whenever you greet the morning sun?

It is quite evident that if I am to know where you really live I shall have to know what are the things to which you respond. What is it which moves you? If, as the phrase of the street goes, "I were to hit you where you live" what must I do or say that will touch you in the vital spot? In our fair city there are so many men who measure life entirely by the standards of the world of trade. "Things are in the saddle and they ride mankind." Men are after a reputation for business alertness, and would rather be charged with immorality than to be called obtuse in matters of business. That man lives in his counting room. He does not live in his fine residence on Fifth

Avenue, or in Montclair, or the Oranges. He may sleep there, but he *lives* behind the counter. He is sorry when he has to shut the door at night and he is glad when it springs open in the morning. His obligations to men, his duties to the sick and the unfortunate and the poor, his obligations to himself in the training and development of the powers of soul and mind and body—all that is an unknown world to him.

Here is a man who lives in a dance hall or a hotel parlor. He likes society, he is one of the "dear four hundred." He is a lineal descendant of Chesterfield, and if he lives long enough, he will probably say with Chesterfield at the end: "I have run the silly round of pleasures and have done with them all. I have exhausted all the evils of Pandora's box without finding Hope at the bottom."

Here is another who lives at a banqueting hall. He is never happy unless there is something wonderful to eat, and especially to drink. His appetite will never rise up in judgment against him on the ground of any self-denial to which it has been subjected. Pleasures of the appetite, things which minister to it, which strike some gastronomic joy and incite afresh his pneumogastric nerve—all this is a joy long to be remembered. The old Romans had such men two thousand years ago, and Lucullus rummaged the earth and sea to find for them some new delight.

But here is another man who sees visions and dreams dreams. He does not live in the cellar; he does not live in the kitchen; he lives in the upper story, where God's sunlight shines and God's fresh breezes blow. Oliver Wendell Holmes has divided men into three classes: First, one-story men, who deal with facts and fashions. We call them scholars. Second, two-story men, who deal with theories and ideas. We call them philosophers. Third, three-story men, who live in the realm of splendid dreams and glorious visions and high ideals. They are the prophets. They are the men who live in the top-story of their nature. Whenever such a man sees another, instead of thinking of the evil that is in him, he thinks of the good that is there. Whenever he sees a man handicapped intellectually or by birth or crippled in his fancies or his purpose, he thinks of him as the weak brother for whom Christ died. His own property he holds not as his by right, but only as a steward who must some day give account of his stewardship. He finds his own life in the life of the spirit. Religion to him is not a theory, it is a life. He cries out to all the world, "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," and as a tribute which has been wrought out in his life, he is fain to cry out, "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the soul is restless until it rests in Thee. In Thee we live and move and have our being."

The query which I am answering was the query which John's disciples made of Jesus. Where do you live? Jesus said, "Come and see." There is no record as to what they found. It simply says: "They saw where He dwelt and abode with Him that day, for it was about the tenth hour." Our imagination is busy trying to picture where they found His resting place. He said not long before: "The birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." So perhaps they found a resting place in the shadow of a rock, or a trysting place under the nebbuck thorn which men would later twist to put upon His brow.

Perhaps it was some green wadi where He had lain for a night, pressing down the green grasses to find a resting place, over which the birds, "small almoners of His," as once He said, gave forth their evening and their morning song of thankfulness to God. We know that He who made houses for other people had none of His own, that "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." When He was walking with men and wanted a coin to illustrate a great point, He had to ask some one for a penny, for He had none about His clothes, and when He came to die, His executioners parted His poor garments among them, and He had nothing to leave His kindred save the love He bore them.

Following in His steps most of the men who

have moved the world to God have been poor. When Wesley was asked an accounting of his silver that the excise man might collect the tax, he said, "I have two silver spoons in London and two in Bristol, and I shall buy no more while the poor want bread." When he came to die, his historian says of him, "He left a good library, a well worn clergyman's gown, a much abused reputation and the Methodist Church."

Look at Jesus and see where He *lived.* He was constantly saying, the life is more than meat, the body is more than raiment. It is very plain to see that His life was not a matter of food and place. To the disciples, He said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," and He constantly affirmed, "I am among you as one who serveth." It was in that service that He found His life.

I have quoted the query of John's disciples in the early ministry of Jesus. The day before they put that query their teacher and leader, John, as he saw Jesus, exclaimed with overwhelming faith and assurance: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." It is perhaps eighteen months later and John sends his disciples to ask Jesus another question, propounded we may well believe by John's aching and breaking heart. He had affirmed his belief in Jesus as the Lamb of God, the world's Redeemer, the Hope of the race, but of that faith and prophesy nothing that he could rest upon in comfort had transpired.

He was himself in prison in the fortress of Machærus clinging like a lichen upon the cliffs above the Dead Sea. His nights were broken with the sound of revelry and debauchery that floated in at the prison door, which only a little later would turn upon its hinges to admit the executioner who would sever his aching head from his emaciated body and parade it before Herod to satisfy an angry woman's whim.

This is the heart-breaking question which John tells his disciples to ask of Jesus—"Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" Between the lines he is saying, "Was I mistaken when I called you the Lamb of God? I have been looking to see something that would support my faith, but Israel is just as lax and the Roman government is just as cruel as before you came. There is no organized effort anywhere that looks toward social betterment or the changing of the nation. Tell me then if I was mistaken." How that must have smitten the heart of God's chosen Son, His own Herald, the Elijah of the New Kingdom, who had gone through the wilderness crying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord. Make his path straight!" His own forerunner and herald doubting Him, feeling that his own life may have been after all a mistake. Could anything cut deeper into the heart of Jesus than that message of John's? In the face of it, Jesus does not send back an angry denial nor even a categorical an-

swer. We may paraphrase the message of the Evangelist into something like this:

Jesus said to John's disciples, "You stand here a few minutes and watch." And so with the disciples ready to carry back a message to their master, Jesus touched a lame man and he bounded on his way. He touched a blind man and he went away seeing. He touched a leper and he was cleansed, and He spoke comfortingly unto the poor who were waiting for His consolation. Then, turning to the disciples of John, He said: "Go back and tell your master what you have seen; the lame walk, the blind see, the lepers are cleansed, the poor have the gospel preached unto them. Tell him that and John will understand."

Ah, yes, this is life indeed. It is the only life to live and no one begins to live until he feels the thrill of it in his own soul. If you ask for Jesus' dwelling place, He hailed from Nazareth, and when I walked through the little town, I thought of the immortality that he had given it. Jesus of Nazareth! One of the evangelists recalls that they even nailed that statement to His cross. But it was not the fact that He had His domicile in Nazareth that counted. So little and insignificant was the town that the query came to be a byword—Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? It is a life that transforms a home or a town. It is not the place but the thing you do that tells where you live. Paul was glad to call himself "a citizen of

Tarsus, a citizen of no mean city," but there were people of all sorts in Tarsus, as there are in all cities, but Paul lived a life that glorified the name of the town from whence he came.

When Oliver Goldsmith was so poor that he could scarcely get bread to put in his mouth, he occupied a room below the level of the street. On one occasion he was taunted about his miserable domicile; some brute said to him, "You lodge in a basement!" Instantly came the stinging retort, "Your soul lodges in a basement!" When the old Greek was taunted by his lack of interest in his country, they asked, "Care you not for your country?" "I care ardently for my country," said the old hero as he lifted his finger toward heaven. When Livingstone came to die, his soul passed up as the scarred old body fell upon its knees in a little tent in the heart of Africa; and there they found him when morning broke, dead, in the wilds of a great continent, but his life had been lived in regal surroundings. They buried his heart under the mavula tree, there in the wilds of Africa, where his heart had always been. Faithful servants, who had shared with him his danger, bore his scarred body back to England and there, identified by the broken arm which a lion's teeth had shattered, they laid it to rest amid the world's noblest in Westminster Abbey, the world's temple of silence and reconciliation. The life he lived was a thing apart from the simple tent he in-

habited. An ungodly reporter, sent by the New York *Herald* to find Livingstone dead or alive, was smitten to the heart and converted on the spot by a life so pure and noble as to strike his skepticism dumb.

If you do not like the city you live in, or the street, or the house, you may find it difficult to move to another city on account of your business, or other ties, but, thank God, if you are not satisfied with the life you are living, there is abundant help and opportunity for you to move out and move up. I saw in England some little round-shouldered men in one of the great factory towns. When I asked why they were so deformed, the answer was "as children they worked in the attic of a factory. They grew round-shouldered because the roof was so low they could not stand erect." Do not duplicate that deformity in your soul. Do not dwarf and limit your powers. Get up into the pure air and adopt the thrilling words of Holmes:

> "Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
> As the swift seasons roll!
> Leave thy low vaulted past!
> Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
> Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
> Till thou at last art free,
> Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"

You cannot live a great life in selfish narrow boundaries. You must have an adequate founda-

tion if you are to build a building that is worth the test of time and of eternity. You can fasten an eagle in a farmer's yard, but he will not be at home. He was meant for the upper air; with his eye on the sun, to sail through the yielding ether over the white mountain tops in a stormless sky.

You sit there with your life in your hand. What will you do with it? If you choose, you can burn it up as a burnt offering on the altar of lust and self. If you choose, you can fret it away with petty cares that only narrow and corrode the soul. If you were an engineer on a railway train I know what you would do with your life if the exigency required it. If a bridge was down, or a bowlder was on the track or any obstacle faced you at a quick turn, you would stand there at the throttle thinking only of the scores of lives for which you were responsible, and, if necessary, you would stay by your engine until it crushed the life out of you, hoping thus to save those who had entrusted their lives to you.

I know what you would do if you were a fireman. If you knew that in the top-story of a house on fire, there was a sleeping baby or a sick mother, you would fight your way from the broken window, crawl through the thick smoke, take the sufferer with you, if possible pass her over to your pal on the ladder, even though you sank back into the smoke and flame yourself. If you were the captain of a steamer in mid-ocean and the awful cry of

"Fire!" rang through the ship, I know what you would do. You would stand on the bridge and order the boats away. You would look after the women and little children and put your officers in charge of the boats as they rowed away. You would see all your passengers safe and so far as possible the crew itself, and you would stand there on the bridge the last man to leave, and if your path were checked by the hot breath of the flame, you would stand there until the ship responded no longer to the wheel and then with the surge of the ship into the briny deep, or on the hot breath of the flame, your soul would pass out of the tenement of clay! The only way for you to live would be to die, and if the great test of life required it, you would not be found wanting.

You are not an engineer, or a fireman or a sailor, but

> "The bravest of men may find stern work to do,
> In the day of the Lord at hand."

By the tests which I have given you, you can measure your life and decide where you really live, and you can settle the question whether you will still be bound to a low and selfish life, or whether you will live in God's high places and make for yourself a habitation that shall be good enough to last forever.

III

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

That is a rather impertinent question to ask, especially of a lady. I have heard of an evasive reply by a woman who was so unfortunate as to be haled to court. The Judge asked: "What is your age?" and she replied, "I am twenty-seven."

"Madam, did you not appear before this court two years ago and did you not then give your age as twenty-seven?"

"I did, your Honor."

"How do you explain that?"

"I wish to say, I am not the kind of a woman who says one thing to-day and another thing to-morrow."

I ask you, "How old you are?" and you answer by the almanac. I think we shall discover before we are through that an answer of that sort is after all a very partial and indifferent one. It used to be said that "a woman is as old as she looks and a man is as old as he feels," but now they are saying that both men and women are as old as their arteries.

What a fleeting thing life is! How in one short sentence you can give the epitome of the whole: "Striving twenties; thriving thirties; fiery for-

ties; faithful fifties; sober sixties; solemn seventies; aching eighties; the sod, God!" With a mournful cadence in his voice and a far away look in his eyes, Mark Twain said on his seventieth birthday: "You are passing down the River of Life, like a majestic Hudson. When you arrive at Pier No. 70, you may step aboard your waiting ship with a reconciled spirit and lay your course toward the setting sun with a contented heart." But you are at the morning of life. Most of you are singing with Browning in "Pippa Passes":

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."

To Timothy Paul said, "Let no man despise thy youth." I suppose there is no immediate danger that anybody will despise you because you are young; all men will envy you. The most solemn gray-beard you know would give his fortune if he could only be back where you are. What Paul meant was, "Let your youth be of such a kind that no man can despise it." Some young men say, "A short life and a merry one"—that is the maxim of a fool. Over against that adopt this maxim—"A long life and a *good* one."

It would be interesting to recount the triumphs of youth. If "all the world loves a lover," so all the world loves a youth. There is all the romance of the unknown future; there is all the challenge which earth can give—"when the bloom is on the peach and the dew is on the grass." The youth of many men was rich with the promise of achievement. In other cases a careless youth was followed by a useless old age. In some cases a selfish youth prostituted talents which might have blessed the world, and made them tributary to selfish gain at the cost of human happiness. So Napoleon, marvelous in his youth, lived to his own overthrow by the selfishness which took no account of the aching hearts or ruined hopes of others so that he himself gained his desires. It was such a man who vaulted from the broken heart of Josephine into the emperor's seat. Byron, who "awoke one morning to find himself famous," could not master his own wilful and wicked purposes and he died at thirty-seven moaning:

> "My days are in the yellow leaf;
> The worm, the canker, and the grief
> Are mine alone."

There is another page on which is written the lives of men who lived to bless the world by unselfish service, who lived in the atmosphere of perpetual youth, and after their three score years and ten, like Oliver Wendell Holmes, they were sing-

ing sweet songs of hope and cheer and daily entering into new experiences of fellowship and power. So, after all, years do not count. "We live in thoughts and in heart throbs, not in figures on a dial. He lives longest who lives the best."

Let me take you back to a scene in the land of Tut-ankh-amen. Pharaoh is seated on his throne; his prime minister, Joseph, brings in his old shepherd father to introduce him to the king. As in duty bound, in a land where age was respected, Pharaoh says to the patriarch Jacob: "How old art thou?" In the picturesque language of the Orient, he replies: "The days of the years of my pilgrimage are one hundred and thirty years. Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been and have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my fathers in the days of their pilgrimage." But the king bows his head to receive the blessing of a shepherd. So the virtues of age outrank all kingly titles.

There is one phrase which will multiply upon your lips as you get older. You already begin to use it and it will become more and more vital in your vocabulary the older you grow; that phrase is, "I remember." We look over the years that are passed. You remember the days when you were little boys or little girls. You treasure the recollection of the happy days when you were care-free and heart-whole and the shafts of malice and jealousy had never touched you. You recall

as girls the dolls you played with and the dresses you wore. As boys, you remember the old swimming hole, your fishing and hunting, or the joys of the baseball field and the tennis court. And when more years are added to your life, those memories will be multiplied until each thing that seemed insignificant as it passed will assume added beauty by way of contrast with present burdens, or because of the deep results that flowed out of them.

I believe in ghosts—not in the kind that croon and mutter in the churchyard, nor in those that have so little business in the other world that they come back to this to manipulate ouija boards or tip tables at fifty cents a head. The ghosts men really face are those which stare at them out of the past by day and by night, saying as Nathan said to David, "Thou didst it; thou didst it;" or they speak comfortably over those memories which make life sweet.

So memory becomes a lash or a benediction. It is sweet to remember when we made good choice and stored our minds for future service. It is sweet to recall how we stood in the midst of temptation and how our prayers to God were answered that we might stand in the day which tried men's souls; but if we yielded to passion and desire, what a lash memory becomes. What comfort is it to Samson, when the Philistines are putting out his eyes, to remember the kisses and blandish-

ments of Delilah? How can one comfort himself in the recollection of the pleasant taste of the poison when he is writhing in the agonies which it has induced?

Now this old man in Egypt, to whom I have referred, came a little later to the end of a long journey. Looking back over a vista stretching away to life's morning, he uses this word of which I have spoken. He says, "I remember." What does he remember? What was there on the verge of the grave, within sight of the end, that came back to him? Recollection is a voluntary thing. We call up at will those things which we desire out of a past, but there is another element in memory which is not voluntary. It is the last thing we would like to have appear; we would give anything if it were put as far from us as the east is from the west and would never come back to stare us out of countenance. Here the old man says with delight, "I remember," and memory sets the joy bells ringing in his soul. "I remember Luz!" What was Luz? We know it by name of Bethel; it was the place where God appeared unto him. He never really began to live until that day. All that had gone before was of so little accounting that he did not feel it worth while to name it. He begins where his life began: "I remember Luz." With his head upon a pillow of stone, he saw the heavens open and the feet of God's angels passing to and fro between earth and paradise.

His eyes had known the wash of briny tears; his sins had found him out, and he bore a heavy burden, but here they dropped from his shoulders, face to face with a vision of the mercy of God. After the passing of all those years, within sight of the end, that holy memory out of the long ago burns like a star in the night and he said: "I remember God!"

But his path had also been a way of pain. I would be the last to remind you of the shadows which come apace. Some men are troubled over a world wherein are to be found sorrow and disappointment and pain and death. Some men are disturbed because we must earn our bread in the sweat of our brow, but work is really not a curse but a blessing. To find one's work and do it, is to enter a realm of enjoyment than which nothing can be sweeter and more uplifting. By the same token we rise by the things that are under our feet. We mount upon our trials and upon our burdens and what might have been a stumbling block becomes a stepping stone. So this man had not found life a path of roses; it had been again and again a *via dolorosa,* a road of suffering and of grief.

Years ago as I passed down from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, I saw the white dome of a Moslem tomb, the spot over which it stood was said to be a sacred spot, and this is the way the man who was dying in Egypt referred to it: He who had

said, "I remember God," also said, "I remember Rachel! As for me, Rachel died by me in the land of Canaan, and I buried her there in the way of Ephrath, the same is Bethlehem." It was Rachel, his wife, who was the mother of Joseph. It was Rachel who had been the joy of his heart, and though he laid her to rest long, weary years before, her memory had never faded out of his thought. Happy the man who has two great lights to shine upon him from youth to old age—God and love!

The measure of life after all, is to be found in the treasures of love which one gains. That is what enlarges life and makes it truly beautiful; that is the measure of living. Methuselah lived to be nine hundred and sixty-nine years of age, but his whole life's story is told in nine short lines. They are little more than a record of births and deaths. He hung so long upon the bough, it would seem almost as if God had forgotten him. Enoch, his father, did not live as long as his son by more than six hundred years, but there is a single line which shows that his life was far longer than his son's—"And Enoch walked with God, and was not, for God took him." The New Testament says that he was translated that he should not see death. Walking with God here, he went to walk with Him forever. So the length of life is determined by the purpose to which we put it. Many of the world's greatest men died before they were

forty and they far outstrip others, who lived to be fourscore, in their achievements for the world and in the growth and development of their own souls.

The question then is not so much, how *long* shall I live, but *how* shall I live. "If for the sake of thy pleasure, thou doest an evil thing, the pleasure passes but the evil remains to torment thy soul. If for the sake of good thou doest a painful thing, the pain soon passes but the good remains to give thee unending comfort." Grim old Thomas Carlyle, walking in God's acre in Ecclefechan, said, "The longer I live, and I now stand on the brink of eternity, the more there comes back to me that sentence which I read as a child: 'What is the chief end of man? To serve God here and to enjoy Him forever.'" What have you to show for the years that are gone? What is the length of your life measured by the depths of your experience and the breadth of your service?

That is an interesting story which Dr. Crane tells of an old man who fainted in the Pennsylvania Railroad station in New York. They carried him to the booth of the Travelers' Aid. He was utterly exhausted and starving. He said he was sixty-five years of age and had no friends, and only fifty cents in the world. He wanted to go back to Serbia to die, but he said all his money had been stolen. As he was ill, they took him to Bellevue Hospital. For twenty-six days he grew weaker, but he kept his own counsel

and finally died without revealing who he was or who were his friends. They prepared him for the potter's field, but some one suggested that they search his old, soiled clothing that they had removed from him when he came. It proved to be a gold mine. Cash, jewelry, bonds and deeds were crammed into his pockets and sewed into his clothing.

What did his life amount to after all? Was he rich? Nay, he died like a pauper and he *was* a pauper. He suffered privation, like many of us, not because he had nothing to enjoy, but because he was too dead to really enjoy things. He was the type of many a wretch who has nothing but money. Now real riches is capacity to enjoy. The man who enjoys a library is not the one who orders a thousand books, half of them in red binding and half of them in green, without a care or knowledge as to what the books contain. The humblest man who loves nature and appreciates her marvelous beauties enjoys far more than the owner the park which the millionaire's money has purchased. Life is to know and feel. Life present and life to come in its deepest significance is to know God and His Love. So " 'Tis life whereof our nerves are scant." 'Tis more life and fuller for which we cry, a life not measured by the flight of years, but measured by the triumphs of service over selfishness; the laying up of treasure, not for one's own use, but to enrich the world.

IV

WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?

If I were to go to the classified telephone directory I could find out how many of you are storekeepers or manufacturers. I could look at your union cards and find out whether you are printers or plumbers or tailors or carpenters. If I were to go down these aisles and question you personally, I suppose, with few exceptions, you would name to me some occupation or profession as the field of your activity. In my questioning I would like to go below the surface of things. I would like to find out what is your *real* business.

How occupations multiply! One man is a lawyer, another is a lace maker; one is a physician, another is a plumber; one is a broker, another is a barber; one is a teacher, another is a tailor. How do you suppose men ever took up these different occupations? I hear some one say, "Because it was necessary." "Necessary for what, and for whom?" Well, first comes the question of aptitude. One man is an artist; form and color appeal to him. Here is another man who is color-blind. Here is one man who is a musician, but here is another, like General Grant, who said

he only knew two tunes. Dean Stanley said the only music that he really liked was a base drum solo.

It is important then for a man to do the work for which he is fitted. A man who is color-blind is not fitted to be an engineer on a train where he might confuse the signals for danger and for safety. General Grant or Dean Stanley could not lead an orchestra; they would not know when it was in tune. The fact of fitness is also applicable in other directions. Here is a man who is a clerk, but his heart is in God's great out-of-doors; he is a lover of flowers. He ought to have been a botanist or a florist; he is out of his element, poring over books. His heart is not in it. Every day he kicks himself around the block and goes, like a quarry slave, scourged to a task in which he has no joy.

Another occasion for the diversity of business is human need. If all were plumbers, then there were no masons or carpenters. The barber is not supposed to get as much of a salary or have as large financial holdings as a broker, but it may be the barber is quite as important for the well-being of the community as the broker. We are to serve humanity. Hence somebody must fish off the coast of Newfoundland, and men must work and women must weep while the harbor bar is moaning. You would not like to sweep the streets or to drive an ash cart, but somebody must do it or speedily the

city will not be a safe place in which to live. You sit in the gilded salon of an ocean liner, or stretch in your steamer chair on deck, and congratulate yourself on your good fortune and revel in the invigorating breeze; but somebody down below, stripped to the waist, is shoveling coal into the roaring mouth of the furnace which furnishes steam to drive the great *Leviathan* across the sea. While we enjoy the even heat of our homes and gain it by pressing a button, somebody far underneath the surface of the earth is digging coal to make it possible.

Let us remember, then, we are members one of another.

> "Honor and fame from no condition arise;
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

We boast ourselves upon our occupation's being higher than that of some one else.

> "When Adam dolve and Eve span,
> Who was then the gentleman?"

The man who shaves notes may look down upon the man who shaves faces, but the barber may be the better man of the two. In England the nobility has been inclined to look down upon tradespeople, but many of them were in the ranks of traders and artisans until they had sold beer enough or tea enough to be knighted.

"A king may make a belted knight
But an honest man's above his might."

Bobby Burns was right when he said, "We are brothers for a' that and a' that." It is not even safe to boast of one's family tree or climb it too confidently or too far. Mark Twain told us that men occasionally find a limb at right angles to the trunk with a noose on the end of the limb.

We are then to realize that one great reason why there is such a diversity of occupations is that we are members one of another. We must divide the world's tasks among us. We cannot all have exactly the one we would like, or if we have one that pleases us we must remember that we cannot expend our energy and time in it wholly upon ourselves. We are not here to be ministered unto but to minister. The motto of the Prince of Wales is "I serve," and a far greater than he left His message to His disciples, "I am among you as one that serveth."

One of our enterprising newspapers sent out a questionnaire in which people were asked to state who was the greatest man in the world. Of course opinions greatly varied and men widely differing were named for this preëminent position, but one thing was of special interest—the claim upon greatness made for each of them was the same; they had been of most service to the world in their day and generation.

But let us go a step further. What is your *business?* We have two words that differ very widely in meaning, although there is only one letter changed in the spelling. We speak of a man's *vocation.* What do we mean? Well, one's vocation is his calling. Called of whom? At the risk of being called a heretic, I will answer, "Called of God." Wise men are discussing the question whether a poet is as much called of God as a preacher. I shall not be inveigled into that discussion, but if we may take our aptitude as from God, the desires and appetencies and abilities as given us of God, it would not be difficult to maintain that each man may thus have a calling. That is, the thing for which he was especially fitted by nature, and so bids fair to offer greatest return for his work in service to the world.

We have another word which some have thought was almost synonomous with the first—that word is *avocation.* The word really means to call away and the dictionary will give you the words "distraction, minor occupation," as a definition. Now with these two words before us, it is important to discover which is your vocation and which your avocation. If vocation is your real calling and avocation simply an interference with your vocation, then I have something to say which has great reach of meaning in it.

The Bible has a great deal to say about callings. It says that God called David from the sheepfold,

that He called Isaiah and Jeremiah and Amos to be prophets. So when Jesus came, He walked the shingly beach of Galilee and said to Peter and James and John, "Leave your nets and follow me." But they were plying their calling—they were fishermen. Jesus said, "Follow me and I will make you fishers of men instead of fishermen." He thus indicated to them that their fishing was only an avocation, that He had come to induct them into their vocation; He had called them to be His followers.

Now we are down to fundamentals. Augustine had said: "Thou hast made us for Thyself, and the soul is restless till it rests in Thee." The old catechism asked "What is the chief end of man?" and the answer was "To serve God here and to enjoy Him forever." Measured by the values which are supreme, standing for what is really fundamental in life, nothing that you do for a simple living can be called your real vocation. The business of life is not to make a fortune to leave, but to grow a character that you can take with you and that is good enough to last forever.

You know how to become a lawyer, or a physician, or a musician, or a sculptor. You practice law, or you practice with a scalpel, or on the piano or with the chisel. You give yourself to these things, and the measure of your devotion is the measure of your success. No man can be an adept at the piano unless he practices. One of

the great masters said if he did not practice every day, he saw the difference; if he went two days without practicing, his friends saw the difference; if he went a week without practicing, the public saw the difference. It was a great tribute to his art and to the judgment of the people that before Paderewski would come back from his political life to take up the instrument of which he was the master, he spent a whole year in most exacting toil to the limit of his time and ability that he might once more become the master which he was in earlier days; and he achieved by his devotion the task which he had set himself.

If it is true that there is one great over-arching fact, namely, that it is every man's business to serve God, this fact to which I have called your attention is of thrilling significance. It is your business to improve upon the talents which God has given you and for which He will hold you to strict account. When you go to your office, or your bank, or your store, or your factory, never forget that the work in the office or store or factory will soon be over. Somebody else's name will be over the door and you will have graduated from that avocation and passed into your permanent occupation.

Our real citizenship is not here, but in another land, under other conditions. It is quite taboo to talk about it, but Socrates was wise enough to say that every man ought to think about it and to plan

for it, and to be eager to contemplate it. One cannot figure the infinitesimal mathematical value which threescore years and ten holds to eternity. Let us have ordinary sense then as we face the future in a land where years go uncounted. Shakespeare makes Cardinal Woolsey say: "Had I but served my God with half the zeal I served my king, He would not in mine age have left me naked to mine enemies." And many a man can say, "Had I but served God and humanity with the zeal with which I served myself in the store and factory, I should have had infinite treasure to show for it, where now I am but a pauper."

Men know that to succeed, even in this world, men must pay the price in toil and sweat. No man becomes a scholar in his sleep. These are the times when the nerve of endeavor for all great things seems with many to have been cut. There is a jaded skepticism which bankrupts holy purposes and leaves men sodden with selfish ease. Horton of England paints a picture of what men call "Modern Progress" something like this: He says the Spirit of Modern Progress one day called upon a Human Being and said to him:

"I perceive that you are discontented with your life. You long for things beyond your power. Tell me now what it is that will make you happy and I will give it to you."

The Human Being stopped a moment to reflect and answered:

"If you have such wonderful power at your command, then make my life more comfortable, for I am weary of it."

"You ask for what is easy," and thereupon he gave the Human Being beautiful cities with streets that were sometimes clean, police departments that were occasionally efficient. He gave him handsome houses with modern plumbing and a thousand other things that made life comfortable.

"Now," said the Spirit, "do you wish for anything more? You have but to ask, and I will give it to you."

"I wish that my business life were more comfortable."

"That is easy," answered the Spirit, and thereupon he gave him the telephone and telegraph and railroads and steamships.

The Human Being then asked that his pleasures might be made more comfortable and the Spirit gave him fine theaters and operas, yachts and automobiles and the movies. He asked: "Are you happy now?" But the Human Being replied:

"There is my religion. Make that easier."

"That is simplicity itself," answered the Spirit and thereupon he gave him magnificent churches, trained choirs, cultivated ministers and fifteen-minute sermonettes.

"Are you satisfied now," said the Spirit, "or is there something yet lacking to your happiness?"

"My conscience troubles me," said the man. "Make that more comfortable."

"That is easiest of all," said the Spirit, and thereupon he did away with a personal devil, and gave the Human Being an easy-going summer and a hell that was just warm enough for a winter resort. "Are you satisfied now?"

"Well, really, you have made my religion so comfortable and my conscience so easy that I shall hardly need to think about either of them." He buried himself in the Sunday newspaper, but as he looked over the edge of it, he noticed that the Spirit was preparing to fly out at the window. "Where are you going?"

"I am going to see my father," said the Spirit. "He is dying."

"And who is your father?"

"The Spirit of Nobility," replied the Spirit of Modern Progress, "and from what I have seen here, he is on his last legs!" That is worthy of serious thought.

As nothing worth while in ordinary occupations can be accomplished without stress and devotion, so nothing in the chief business of life can be gained except at the price of unselfish and unending service. We must put the first things first. We must realize that only one thing counts, that, giving attention to that, all other things take their place and receive their real value thereby. No values are so important as moral values. If one

does not like his business, he can change to another business, but no man can move out of the structure which he has reared for himself. He must live in that forever.

A friend of mine tells of a Congressman of means who had in his home a young lady who had been helper and friend of his wife and to whom the family were greatly attached. She became engaged to a young builder in Washington, and his wife suggested to the Congressman that it would be a fine thing for them to give the young man an opportunity to put up a structure which people could watch and admire, and it might bring him much business. The Congressman went to an architect and secured drawings and specifications for such a house as he was willing to put up. He then called the builder and spread his plans before him. He said: "I want you to put up for me the very best house that can be built on these specifications. I am trusting you implicitly and I want you to make a fine job."

The builder had now married the young woman to whom he had been engaged, and his life work seemed well begun; but he had hardly commenced the building when the thought suggested itself that by putting in a cheaper foundation, he could charge for the best, pocket the difference and no one would be the wiser. When that thought takes possession every honest thought goes out of the mind. What he had begun in the foundation, he

carried on throughout the whole building. The timber which was out of sight was inferior timber, and poorly seasoned. With paint and putty on the outside he made things look fair and good. At length the house was finished and taking his wife with him, he went to the Congressman's home and laid lown the keys upon the table. The Congressman and his wife were standing together and as he took up the keys, he said:

"Have you made me the best house that could be built on these specifications?" With the blood of his shame almost bursting through his cheeks, the man answered, "I have." Then the Congressman said: "My wife and I are deeply interested in you. We want you to succeed and we want to help you. We have decided to give to you and your wife this home for your own. It is yours without incumbrance," and he passed the keys over to the astonished couple.

They moved into the new house. It was not long before the inferior foundations had settled and the front door would not shut. All the doors were soon warped from their places, and a little later the plaster began to crack and the rain began to seep through the roof and discolor the ceiling. One stormy day, with the rain dripping down upon the parlor floor, the husband burst into tears and said to his wife, "What a different house I would have built if I had known we were always to *live* in it!"

It almost staggers one to think that in the great building which we call life the testing time will come. Hay and stubble, unworthy acts, unholy thoughts and purposes, will all interfere with and at last overwhelm the integrity of the structure. We have only one business after all and that is to grow a life that is good enough to last forever. All other incidents and accidents and every avocation must be so directed as to contribute to that great structure which life rears, so that when the winds descend and the floods come, it will stand for it is founded on the rock.

V

WHO ARE YOUR FRIENDS?

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful." "I had a friend," was the reply.

The first question we want to have very clearly in mind then is this—*Who is* my friend? Not the man who takes advantage of my weakness to lay temptations before me at the point where I can least successfully resist; not the man who flatters me and cuts the nerve of eager endeavor; not the man who assures me that I am perfect in all my ways; not the man who is a "hail-fellow, well met," for the spending of my money and the overthrow of my character. He is my truest friend who helps me to live up to the best that is in me, who is constantly challenging me to something nobler and higher than that to which I have attained, who is setting an example before me that will not allow me to rest upon my laurels but fills me with a holy discontent with any achievements already made to the end that I may go forward to the very noblest thing of which my life is capable. He must set before me a higher example of per-

sonal living; must set open the doors of a larger life; must make me ashamed of my selfish ambitions and challenge me by his unfolding of the noblest and best.

To come in touch with a noble soul is to feel an energizing power which words cannot describe. Under the thrill of some great address or in the presence of some glorious symphony, we have caught the ideal of a holy fellowship. Every man who has had a college course is certain that nothing in that course affected him so much as the character of the men with whom he came into fellowship and whom he counted among his friends; some professor who would be to him what Arnold of Rugby was to his students, or what Mark Hopkins was to President Garfield.

We are stimulated to do our best by those who believe in us, who expect great things of us and who will not be satisfied with anything less than our very best. It has often happened that the good has been the enemy of the best, that men have contented themselves with being mediocre when they might have been superb.

How the pages of history reveal the influence of friends! There is the classic story of Damon and Pythias; and another of matchless beauty, that of David and Jonathan. It was Melanchthon who buttressed Luther and gave him cheer when his heart was like to fail; it was Hallam who challenged the soul of Tennyson; it was Mary Lamb who made

Charles Lamb what he was, and Elizabeth Browning who lived in the matchless poems of her comrade and husband, Robert Browning.

It is true that we must keep our friendships in repair; for, after all, friendship is the master passion of life. All loves hide in its bosom, all possibilities are held in its open hand. A man's life is measured by his friendships. If our friendships are few, our influence is by so much circumscribed. The power to give and the power to get are each measured by our capacity for friendship.

If all these things are so, then, if I am to judge of one's character, among the first questions I must ask is this one—Who are your friends? If I can find out that, I shall know what the attractions and gravitations of your soul are. I shall know the things to which you respond; I shall know what your ideals are; what you long to be yourself. It is a trite saying that "men are known (and women too) by the company they keep."

We use the word "fellowship." What does it mean? Kinship. "If your heart is as my heart, give me your hand," cries the old Israelite. We measure those whom we want to know by the company they keep. If they have among their friends the sordid and the selfish, the corrupt and the vicious, we know it cannot be otherwise than that they themselves will be tainted thereby. One cannot take pitch into his bosom and not be defiled; one cannot fellowship with those who delight in

selfish and sensual things without losing the fine edge of his devotion for the things which are pure, lovely and of good report. The fact that you choose bad companions is proof of itself that you are in sympathy with the low and vulgar. If you do not wish to be of the earth, earthy; if you do not wish to play the part of the moral coward or the rowdy, then do not associate with them. If you sail with pirates, you must expect the pirate's doom. The judge will give little value to your protestations of innocence. He will answer, "You entered this company from choice. With all avenues open to you, you chose this way; that shows that it was the life which appealed to you." A man whose ambitions and desires are lower than yours, who shocks you until you grow stolid by his selfish and immoral desires, will constantly drag you down.

Here, then, are some of the impressive messages which hide in the word "friendship."

First of all, let us remember there is a universal cry for it. The cry of agony which comes from the lips of the broken-hearted is "No one cares. I have no friends." Perhaps it is their own fault, for the good Book declares, "He that would have friends must show himself friendly." But it is a bitter hour in any man's life when he allows himself to lose a friend. Some little act, some careless word! Carlton's little poem has deep significance:

"Boys flying kites haul in their white-winged birds.
You can't do that way when you're flying words.
Thoughts unexpressed may sometimes fall back dead,
But God himself can't kill them when they're said."

The great time to make friends is in one's youth. We are in the formative period of life when we can adapt ourselves to circumstances. The impressions which are made upon us are lasting. We are hero-worshippers and idealists. Things which are noble and great appeal to us. Now is the time for us to make life-long friends. Others will come in the passing years but only these grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength. "Old wood to burn, old shoes to wear, old friends to love."

Friendships of school and college days are, next to the dividends of home, the greatest enrichment that can come to the life of a young man or woman. After long experience, I do not hesitate to say that the friendships of college are the greatest things we draw from it. The men with whom you associate are going to be men of influence and power in the life of the church, the state and society. If you have chosen wisely, they will help you bear your burdens and open to you doors of opportunity and usefulness. You will draw dividends all your life in strengthened character, in heartening sympathy, in moral and intellectual challenge.

"The friends thou hast and their adoption tried
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel."

As to your choice of friends, this ought to be said: No one is perfect. If he was, he would be exceedingly lonely in a world like ours. As I have said, the one thing to insist upon is purpose and character. Not what your friend has attained, but what way is he facing; not has he done anything that was wrong, but does he *desire* to do the things which are good. If so, because of his real purpose, he will do you good and not evil, he will challenge you to the best. Will he be kind to you when you need kindness, and will he be firm with you when you need firmness? Will he be stern with you when you turn away from the best that is in you? Will he even wound your spirit that he may save your soul alive?

But friendship is not something whose records are all on the credit side. The question is not a single one—What will my friend and my friendship do for me? There is a complement and supplement to that, "What can *I* do through friendship for my friends?" First of all, I must be kind to them. We often show a side of our nature to our friends that we would never show to our enemies, and we are sometimes most exhausting and ill-tempered to those within our own family circle and the circle of our truest friends.

If one had to choose for his friends between the

prodigal son and the elder brother, most people would rather risk the prodigal than the Pharisee. If you are going to be a friend to a man, you must deal with absolute honesty. You must betray no secret nor stab him in the dark. All that he confides to you must be kept in a sealed package and you must not tamper with the wax. He does not need to lock his property or his thoughts or stand guard over either. You must give up your rights rather than win them through dishonesty. You must eat honest bread. Never trample on the feelings of your friend. If you have to rebuke him, do it as a mother or a dear brother would do it, and deal with him as you would like him to deal with you.

Keep your friendships in repair and don't hide your interest. If you love him, tell him so. If he helps you, let him know you appreciate it. There are some men who never can be good friends, for they expect too much and give too little. They are suspicious and small-minded. They are always on the look-out for motives. If there is anything they do not like, they grow cold and distant. If you do not hear from them for a little time, you have to write and find out what the trouble is. Their friends cannot have confidence in them because they have never made the great surrender.

Do not make a friend of anybody until you are willing to pay the price, and when you have accepted them, stand by them to the end. The only

friendship which amounts to much is the friendship which requires no explanation. If you hadn't seen your friend for ten days you could begin where you left off. If it had been years since you heard from him, you could write to him with as much confidence as though you had heard from him the day before. That is the kind of friendship that enriches life. That is the kind which saves men from the grave of the broken-hearted. That is the friendship which crowns life and becomes that thing which we properly name friendship—"the master passion." It is a friendship of that sort which sanctifies all the relationships of life. That is the spirit which makes a true father or mother or son or daughter or husband or wife.

If you will study the character of Jesus the Carpenter of Nazareth, you will discover what made Him the greatest friend the world ever saw. One of our leading writers has said, "Jesus of Nazareth was a private person in search of a friend, and that was the basis of the religion which He founded. Men have been so anxious to declare His divinity that they have sometimes forgotten that which ought to give us heart and cheer—that He was very man as well as very God. When shall we ever come to see Him as He really was and to love Him for His comradeship?" The translators of the Bible have seemed to struggle and fairly wreck the Greek idiom to preserve something

stately, instead of yielding to that which was tenderly human. For instance, when He comes back to His disciples at the sea after His resurrection, the translator of the King James version quotes Him as saying, "Children, have you any meat?" but Moffat comes nearer to the truth by saying, "Lads, have you caught anything?" but what He really did was to use an idiom which has been in vogue for untold millenniums, shouted over the waves of Galilee and the Mediterranean, over Narragansett Bay and Tim Pond, "Boys, what luck!" That was exactly what Jesus said and that was the spirit which every fisherman then and now could appreciate.

All He had to show for His ministry in the world when He hung upon the cross was a few friends, both men and women. They were none of them perfect. Of His chosen disciples some denied Him and all fled. There were faults—grievous ones—in every one of them, but Jesus loved them not simply because of what they were but because of what they might become. He saw the saint behind the draping of flesh; He saw the diamond glittering through the dust. He said to them, "Ye are my *friends* if ye do whatsoever I command you."

In one family there were three as wide apart in temperament as three could well be, and yet the Book says of them that "Jesus loved Martha and Mary and their brother Lazarus." Martha, the painstaking and thrifty, Mary, the meditative and

mystic, and Lazarus, the younger brother. Some have identified him with the young man whom Jesus loved but who went away sorrowful after the great refusal. I do not know what basis there could be for that, but whatever limitations he had, the Book says, "Jesus loved him."

It was His friendship for men that fastened the world to Him. He gave Himself so royally that no man who came to know Him truly could deny Him. In His presence one grew ashamed of his selfishness. Matthew closed his books at the receipt of the customs and followed Him; and Zaccheus, when he saw Him, threw up his hands and said, "If I have cheated any man I give him back fourfold." Men left their friends to follow Him and even the thief hanging on the cross fell in love with Him, and He went home to heaven carrying the thief in His arms.

With the emphasis of far-reaching understanding, Dr. Macauley writes:

"If one were to lead me into a great cathedral tower and point to a mass of metal suspended out of reach and bid me sound the note to which that bell was tuned, in one sense I would be powerless, I could not reach it. In another sense the means was at my hand. I could sound a flute below, note after note, until at the utterance of the right appeal some faint response was murmured; catching the tone responsive I but need to prolong my note upon the flute until the great bell begins to speak, vibrating in every molecule and sending its

appeal far out athwart the land responsive to the silver flute note that awoke it to the secret of its sounding life. The deepest thing about that bell which no hand of mine could reach was the note to which it was tuned to respond."

It is not otherwise that heart answereth to heart at the voice of a common love. Hearts that are in tune awake to new melodies when called upon by the resistless urge of that fellowship to which God himself has tuned them.

VI

WHAT DO YOU READ?

Before you answer this question I would like to ask, "*Why* do you read?" and then I want to ask, "*How* do you read?"

Many a mother proudly affirms of her son, "He is a great reader"; but why and how is he reading? Coarse feeding makes coarse flesh, and coarse reading or reading badly done plays havoc with the mind. I want to know why I am reading before I can tell what kind of reading will accomplish the purpose I have in mind.

1. Bacon said, "Reading maketh a full man." So I want to store my mind with information. I do not pretend to dispute the masters. They will all tell you I suppose that if you wish to write upon any theme the best thing is to write before you read what anybody else has written. Then your work will be your own. Your product ought to come from your own thinking and not another's. The spider weaves his web out of his own body and you must do the same with the fabric you produce.

I think that must be true because so many wise men say it. Therefore, I hope the confession I

am about to make will not be used against me by my enemies or cause the intellectually alert to blaspheme, but I shall have to admit that when I had an article to write, or a book on the stocks, my first thought was always, "What have older and wiser men than I said upon this subject and what did *they* do before they wrote." I thought of course that these men were following their own advice and that I should find my spring unadulterated and virgin. When I struck a gem I said, "How glorious to mine a jewel like that," and when I quoted it old Karshook said to me, "That gem has done business for a millennium and it is perfectly all right to use it. Nobody has found a flaw in it." So I studied the writings of other men. I tried to run down the famous proverbs, the pithy puns and scintillating gems of speech which have been numbered among my literary treasures for years. I ran a thought back from one century to another and one country to another, until I began to wonder if a single sentence could be used by any one that had not been used before. I thought a modern must have coined the phrase "going to the dogs," but I found the moderns stole it from Aristophanes.

So I have been thinking less of the spider as my literary example and more about the bee and the bird and the ant. I notice the gay bumble-bee, thrusting his furry old head into the lily and apple blossom and bearing off some sweet morsel from

every opening flower to work it over for his own honey. I notice the birds, pickers up of unconsidered trifles to make their nests, and the ants adding little by little to their store from every available source. Then I learned that for me it was better to fill up with nectar from living flowers, take time enough to make it honey, and then unload. I could "write with fury and correct with phlegm" having once begun.

2. I want to read for interest. The world is made up of a number of things. I would like to know something about as many as I can. I want to solve through my reading some of life's mysteries. I want to sit down too before life's conundrums as I do before the man who takes rabbits out of his hat and throws a coin out of the window to take it the next instant out of his shoe; who pulls a hundred yards of ribbon and a flag and a set of china out of a thimble. I do not know how he does it and I don't care to know; I just like to see him do it. That is why I like to read Mark Twain or George Ade. It is all so clever.

3. Then I like to read as a literary critic or as an old Scotch sermon-taster. A beautiful sentence pleases me as much as a beautiful flower does a botanist, or a beautiful picture an artist, or a beautiful carving an architect or a sculptor, or a beautiful gem a lover of precious stones.

Words are things—yea, more, they have life. They laugh and cry; they thrust and parry; they

flash like lightning; they roll like thunder among the mountains; they make me catch my breath and send cold chills down my back. Then when I am tired, they rest me. I know what Longfellow meant when he said:

"Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

"Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice
And lend to the rime of the poet
The beauty of thy voice;

"And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."

4. I love to read stories, but the stories that please me best are life-stories. Life is stranger than fiction. Nothing is so thrilling as life. I love to read such twice-told tales as "From the Log Cabin to the White House," "From the Sod House to the Governor's Chair," "From the Tanner's Shop to the Head of the Army," "From the Telegraph Key to the Castle of Skibo." I like to watch the struggle and go through the motions myself. After every such application I get up an hour or two earlier, and sit up an hour or two later

and go through a new set of intellectual and moral calisthenics. I go to the wood-house with my ax and sweat off a few pounds, or I take a ten-cent copy of "Marcus Aurelius," or "Common Faults in Writing English," and see how many minutes I can save to enrich my mind while I am riding down town on a strap, or waiting for the barber. I begin new economies, I buy an apple and eat it in the office instead of a porterhouse steak at the Union League Club.

It does me good to read such books as "Damaged Souls," by Gamaliel Bradford. I like to know on what banana peel others slipped so that I can be on the watch as I turn the next street corner. There is nothing like life!

> "A poem hangs on every bush
> Where comes the poet's eye,
> The street begins to masquerade
> When Shakespeare passes by."

How wonderful life becomes as the epitome of poetry, and drama and tragedy, so plain that the wayfaring man though a fool need not err. The commonest life, like Moses' bush, becomes aflame!

5. Then I want to read for inspiration. There are times when virtue has gone out of one; when one feels absolutely empty and more than that—when one feels absolutely stolid. You do not want to talk or to be talked to, or at; you have the all-gone feeling for which the doctors prescribe mo-

lasses and sulphur or bitters in the spring—that "spring feeling." "What you want is a tonic," the doctor says. That is just it—a tonic. That is why I read. A few pages of Martineau, a sentence or two from Carlyle, or Victor Hugo, or Emerson will usually start me; or a page of *The New Republic* to make me mad,—almost any page of it will do that,—just something to make the wheels go round. Then when my appetite comes back, I want a square meal, something that will fortify me against another attack of the intellectual blues, something that has interest and soul nourishment enough in it so that I can go forty days in the wilderness without getting under a juniper tree.

6. When I cannot sleep I do not resort to bromides, to aspirin or sulphonal or other sedatives. I turn for a panacea and specific to literature. A sermon is supposed to be the best soporific, but since I have no one to preach to me, and to preach to myself is too heavy a task, I turn to poetry. After I have turned over my pillow until both sides are hot, this is what happens:

My alter-ego whispers to me in the dark something like this:

"You forgot to answer two pressing letters."

I reply, with slow inhalation,

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day."

"Why don't you get up and answer them?"

I exhale with deliberation,

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea."

"Have you got that report ready for to-morrow?"

"The plowman homeward plods his weary way."

"Have you got money enough for the rent?"

"And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

Then he begins to hedge a little, "Maybe to-morrow will do."

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight."

"It isn't worth fretting about anyway."

"And all the air a solemn stillness holds."

"Let it set, let it set, don't fret!"

"Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight."

"Don't fret, don't fret!"

"And drowsy tinklings lull the distant fold."

. . . . . .

The next I realize the sun is shining into the room and Martha, whose name is Mary, says, "What a wonderful sleep you have had. Did you know you snored?" (What a libel!)

"What did you take last night?"

"Only a spoonful of 'An Elegy in a Country

Church-yard.' It worked like a charm. No bootlegger to pay for that and no reaction."

But *how* shall I read? As the bee rifles the flower? Stay only long enough to get a mouthful of honey? What is the author saying? Is that what he meant to say? Am I skimming the surface of his thought? Don't read at all if it isn't worth reading well. Life is too short. Read only the saints, but give the author, saint or sinner, a fair chance to have his say. Be certain you are not missing any gem. Look around enough to be sure that you will not have to be ashamed when somebody shows you that you picked up only a nickel where there was a five-caret diamond in sight.

Long ago Disraeli said, "We are now in want of an art to teach *how* books are to be read rather than to read them." Long before Disraeli spoke, Milton had written

> "Who reads
> Incessantly and to his reading brings not
> A spirit and judgment equal or superior
> Uncertain and unsettled still remains
> Deep-versed in books but shallow in himself."

One must therefore understand how to read if he is to get real good out of his reading. One must discriminate. Not all books on the same subject are of equal value; not all writings by the same author are equally instructive. Not all chap-

ters in the same book have the same power of fact or statement or inspiration. Therefore, Bacon said, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested." So it happens that a few books well studied and thoroughly digested nourish the understanding more than hundreds but "gargled in the mouth."

One learns how to read by reading. You go to college not simply to amass facts, to study particular books, though that seems to be the immediate purpose. What you really do is to learn *how* to study, that is, how to read, how to apply yourself to the task in hand, how to select and assimilate the facts and theories that are presented. I have a friend well known on both sides of the Atlantic. He is an omnivorous reader. One wonders how he can read so many books and master them. That is a faculty which he has developed by constant use. He averages more than a book a day throughout the year. By long practice he is able to pick out at a glance the salient points in a paragraph and because of his application he fastens these things in his mind. He will give a better review of a book after three hours' reading than most men can after three days spent on the same book.

It is this faculty so developed which makes a whole library bear tribute and puts its treasures where they can be selected and utilized. A man

who does not know how to read looks helplessly at the finest library. He does not know where to find the things he wants. Here is infinite treasure but it is locked and he has no key. Money may buy a great library but the man who simply buys it does not really own it. That library belongs to the man who knows how to use it; who possesses the key which unlocks its treasures and lays them at his feet. There is a sense of victory in one's heart when he enters a library, feeling that he is on speaking terms with the great minds whose riches are stored there. He knows what he wants. He questions those who are best prepared to answer and he goes away enriched above measure by the contributions which he asked for and has received.

Reading pays best dividends not in the choice sentences read nor in the facts accumulated but in the incentive it gives the reader to think for himself. The book that makes me think is far better than the one which pleases the fancy or provokes a laugh. When some one asked Socrates why he, who was no orator, undertook to train others to speak, he replied, "On the principle that a whetstone which cannot cut at all is able to put an edge upon the knife."

Many books require no thought from those who read them, as they required very little from those who wrote them. It is a harm rather than a help to read a book that requires no mental effort. If the mind loafs how can it receive wages? Robert-

son's words are well worth quoting. "Multifarious reading weakens the mind more than doing nothing; for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking, and is an excuse for the mind to lie dormant while thought is poured in and runs through a clear stream over unproductive gravel on which not even mosses grow. It is the idlest of all idleness and leaves more of impotency than any other."

Reading with care, the great thoughts of great thinkers pass into the warp and woof of our intellectual being. Or, to change the figure, it puts iron into the blood and develops an intellectual backbone which can be gained in no other way.

It is simply wasting one's time, and worse than wasting it, to read many of the novels which crowd the book shelves and have some of them a place among the best sellers. In some cases, the work is well done but it wasn't worth doing. Some of them doubtless hold the mirror up to nature, but why should we be obliged to look at such nauseating, sordid, disappointing things all the time? Alas, we are forced to see them every day as we walk Main Street and must they be served up to us morning, noon and night? Can't we ever get away from them? Must the mirror always be set so that the same selfish and unwholesome life is staring at us even when we sit down in the quiet of the home to rest and read?

Of course we know "Babbitt" and his friends.

He was past-master of publicity for himself, a signal illustration of the modern beatitude, "Blessed is he who blows his own horn, for it shall be well blown"; but do we have to hear its strident tones at the dinner table? The nauseating story of broken hearts and ruined homes and divorce courts and suicides and the morgue is sadly and bitterly true, but do we have to wade knee deep in that filth and must every author start a new school of realism in which the last clinic is more brutal and bloody than the one before?

There was a time when ministers thought they had to wallow through the slums of the city and show in the pulpit all the abominations of the underworld. It finally dawned upon most of them that they were debauching their own young people only in lesser degree than those who had passed through those experiences.

One rises from the reading of the uncanny pages of "purpose" novels and sex exploitation not only with a bad taste in one's mouth but also with the feeling that he ought to get into the house by some back way, where he would not meet the children, until he had had a chance to fumigate himself and cleanse his mind by an intellectual bath of carbolic and peroxide.

As soon as one gets a taste of a book he can tell what its effect is going to be upon himself. Why should he go on and make a meal of poisonous food? It takes too long to get the effect of it out

of one's constitution. Do not trifle with your intellectual life. Nourish it with clear waters and healthful food. Do not give a book a place on your library table when you would throw the author out of the window if he dared to say to your family the things which he has written.

I have left until the last the specific answer to the question, *What* shall I read? Thus far I have laid down principles by which the reader might be able to choose his own books. Truth to tell, no man can make out a list of books that will exactly suit the mind of any other man. I have made out many lists of books for Young Men's Christian Associations and Sunday Schools and college classes, each one differing from the other as the needs of the group to which they were addressed also differed. In the lists of the best ten books made out by men of more or less reputation and published in our magazines, it will be noticed that no two are alike and that each list contains some book or books that the average connoisseur in literature would say that no man in his senses would think of recommending when compared with others which they omitted.

The reason for such recommendation is doubtless to be found in the fact that the particular book came to the reader in such a way and at such a time as to set him to thinking for himself and there flowed out of his thinking such beneficial results that he thinks kindly of the book which was

in some sense the primary cause of his intellectual or moral gain.*

In addition to the principles already named by which you will choose your books, allow me to call to your attention in a sentence the things you need to learn from books. You ought to know as much as possible about yourself, about your body, its needs and powers and limitations, how to use it and not abuse it, how to care for it, so that the machine may not be crippled or destroyed by ignorance or dalliance on your part. You want to know more about your mind, its laws, its capacities, the best method to make and keep it at its

* As a matter of suggestion and of historic interest here follows a list of the books which Theodore Roosevelt took with him to Africa. Because of their binding he called them his "Pigskin Library":

Bible; Apocrypha; Borrow, "Bible in Spain," "Zingali," "Lavengro," "Wild Wales," "The Romany Rye"; Shakespeare; Spenser, "Faërie Queene"; Marlowe; Mahan, "Sea Power"; Macaulay, History, Essays, Poems; Homer, Iliad, Odyssey; La Chanson de Roland; Nibelungenlied; Carlyle, "Frederick the Great"; Shelley, Poems; Bacon, Essays; Lowell, Literary Essays, "Bigelow Papers"; Emerson, Poems; Longfellow; Tennyson; Poe, Tales, Poems; Keats; Milton, "Paradise Lost" (Books I and II); Dante, "Inferno" (Carlyle's translation); Holmes, "Autocrat," "Over the Teacups"; Bret Harte, Poems, "Tales of the Argonauts," "Luck of Roaring Camp"; Browning, Selections; Crothers, "Gentle Reader"; Mark Twain, "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Euripides (Murray's translation), "Hippolytus," "Bacchæ"; *The Federalist:* Gregorovius, "Rome"; Scott, "Legend of Montrose," "Guy Mannering," "Waverley," "Rob Roy," "Antiquary"; Cooper, "Pilot," "Two Admirals"; Froissart; Percy's Reliques; Thackeray, "Vanity Fair" and "Pendennis"; Dickens, "Mutual Friend," "Pickwick."

best. There are laws of psychology, the knowledge of which will pay great dividends.

If you have decided what your life work is to be you will desire to know as much as possible about your business or profession. The more you know about it, the more intelligently will you address yourself to its prosecution.

You are to face great questions of social and national life. You must therefore know the history of your own land and people. You must know the past in order to understand the present and the future of this great country. You ought to know not only the events but also the literature of America. The sneer of the England of Johnson's time, "Who reads an American book," was silenced by Washington Irving. Now we have a literature unsurpassed by any nation. You will want to know its masters.

A new era is dawning. America cannot isolate herself, she must take her place in the world's work. She is in position to do more for the world than any other nation. You will need to know the deep significance of the world events that are happening to-day and be able to give an intelligent reason for the faith that is in you.

The greatest factor in the life of the individual and the race is the religious factor. It has always been mighty to make or to mar the interests of mankind. You cannot do your best for men until you are conscious of God's help in your own life.

You will come to understand that God has purposes for the race which are being wrought out through the passing centuries. "All history is mystery until read as His story." God fitted the world to be the dwelling place of man. Through long training God is fitting men to understand His purposes and to try to work them out.

There is one Book above all books that you will need to saturate your mind with if you are to play your part in the world of men. The Bible is supreme in literature. You had better be ignorant of the masters in any department of literature than to be ignorant of the Bible. It will find you in your needs as no other book can. It has inspiration unmatched. It knows the needs of men and the great men of the ages lay their tribute at its feet. Take the quotations from the Bible out of our literature and the best will be gone. As a manual of literature there is nothing to compare with it. No man can really be called uneducated who knows the letter and spirit of the Bible. Its style is matchless and it is the most popular book in the world, measured by its circulation. It has a power all its own and which Jesus explained by saying, "The words I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life."

One last thought stirs my heart. What is to be the end of your reading? If it is a selfish culture you will be condemned of God and men and of your own soul. Culture is power, but if the man

who knows the most does the least he becomes an impertinence and a wastrel. What will your culture be—a load or a lift? Will it be so selfish as to handicap you in the tasks of life? Will you boast of your attainment and be cold to the needs of others? Or will your culture give you greater power for good and will you use it for Him who set the pattern for us all and of whom the ages say, "He came not to be ministered unto but to minister"?

VII

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

Governor William Claflin of Massachusetts, who was a parishioner of mine and a Representative in Congress, was on the Committee of Reception when Li Hung Chang, the great Chinese Premier, visited Washington during the presidency of General Grant. He told me that the first question which the Premier asked of the men who were introduced to him was "What are you worth?" Now that would seem almost as impertinent as to ask a lady of uncertain age how old she is. But Li Hung Chang was reputed to be the richest man in China and he evidently wanted to know whether the men whom he met were in the same class with himself. Being an Oriental and very anxious to find out, he thought there was no better way than to ask, and so he propounded his query with no sense of impropriety. If you will excuse me, I would like to ask the same question—What are you worth?

I am quite aware that in making an estimate of your value the question will turn upon the standard of value which we adopt. You have doubtless

received letters from efficiency experts who have prepared a questionnaire by which you would be able to rate your own efficiency. They ask you if you know your points of weakness and of strength; if you are easily discouraged or if you have great confidence in yourself; if you are possessed by sins of indulgence or indifference, or can decide things instantly and act promptly. Do you know in what service you are best and where you are most deficient? When you have answered these questions and given yourself such percentages as you think are honest, you can add up the result and find out whether you are fifty or seventy-five or ninety per cent efficient.

As a pragmatic test of the way people regard you, I could obtain from Dunn and Bradstreet your rating, but this would be only the estimate that others put upon you. The values which I seek are for the most part values which you are to put upon yourself. In our desire to find out what you are really worth, we will adopt first, if you please, the lowest physical standard. You are physically composed of so many gases, liquids, and solids. On that basis, what are you worth, chemically? Some time ago *The Electric Experimenter* figured up that the average man who weighed one hundred and fifty pounds was worth, on a chemical basis, eight dollars and fifty cents. That was before the war, and chemicals are higher now. I would be willing to admit that a man who weighs as much

as I do might possibly be worth on a chemical basis twenty dollars. The figures were made up something like this:

The average man is composed of 3,500 feet of gases—oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen. Remember, this is not a lawyer or a lecturer or a life insurance agent—just any ordinary man is composed of that much gas. Reckoning gas at $1 a thousand, you see there would be a value of $3.50 in gases. Each man also has fats enough to make a candle weighing fifteen pounds. Now with so much gas and so big a candle, one would suppose that the average men would be able to illuminate any subject that he undertook to discuss.

This average man is also composed of enough carbon to make 9,360 lead pencils. When I learned that I was impressed with the fact that it would be a great advantage to the average clerk, if he only had his carbon handy. We are also informed that the average man has about him 54 ounces of phosphorus. This deadly poison would make 800,000 matches, or enough poison to kill 500 persons. When I learned that, I thought how handy it would be if only every smoker had his phosphorus where he could get at it; he would not then be obliged to carry matches in his pocket or borrow from his friends.

Your average man has sugar enough to make sixty of the ordinary cubic lumps. Of course some men are sweeter than others but even the sourest

man you know has that much sugar about him. There are some people in whom the starch seems to predominate over the sugar. Those are high church people in general, and F. F. V.'s in particular, but every chemist knows that all that is necessary to change starch to sugar is a little heat; so that if the cockles of the hearts of such men could only be warmed by some human and tender inspiration, even the stiffest and starchiest of men would reveal a sweetness hitherto entirely unsuspected.

In addition to this, there is iron enough in your blood, to say nothing of what is in your back bone, to make a ten penny nail, or a nail strong enough for one to hang you on it. There is lime enough to mark out the home plate and the batter's position at the Polo Grounds. There are twenty spoonfuls of salt—to that extent every man can become the salt of the earth. There are sundry other chemicals, and magnesia enough for a dozen doses. Water, however, makes up about one half of you and that has no special price. The other items which enter into your composition can be passed without special notice. So there you are at your chemical value!

If you object to being valued on that basis, we will go a step higher. We will ask what you are worth measured by your age and general development. A political economist figures out that the average young man of twenty-one is not worth

what it has cost to bring him up. There is a minus sign before his name in the world's statement of profit; but if he lives to be thirty, he has wiped out that minus sign and the community rates him as worth $5,000—at least that is the going price which the judge assesses when a railroad kills a man.

When you come to intellectual valuations, the figures increase rapidly. I have a friend who repairs the masterpieces of the world's artists. I was in his studio one day when two men brought in a picture less than three feet square. They had brought it from the safe deposit company and placed it on my friend's easel. I looked the picture over. The canvas was old and yellow and as I looked at it on the back I saw that the old wooden frame on which the canvas was stretched was worm-eaten. I think any man would have been cheated if he had paid a dollar for that kind of a canvas, but these gentlemen said that the owner of that picture had paid $400,000 for it. They watched my friend work for two hours and then took it back to the safe deposit vault to bring it again the following day. One dollar for the canvas, $399,999 for the brains which mixed the paint and had the ability to put it on. But even this value is small in comparison with those which have resulted from inventions such as Bell and Edison and Marconi have produced. These men have been worth hundreds of millions of dollars as an

investment to their friends, and they have made other millions for themselves.

But in the message which I seek to bring, even these values sink out of sight. After all the greatest values are not physical, nor even intellectual, nor are they financial values of any sort. May I ask you a searching question? Did you ever see a dollar mark on a gravestone? So far as I know there was never a sculptor who had the effrontery to carve a dollar mark on a grave stone and to say thereby that the man whose dust was sleeping there was distinguished supremely, not for the thing he was, but for the things he had left behind him.

What are you worth, let me ask, with character and service in view?

1. What are you worth to yourself? I know there are men who have an exaggerated ego. If you could buy them for their real value and sell them for what they think they are worth, you could make a fortune at a single trade. But I am not interested in that view of personal worth. What are you worth to *yourself?* As you sit down with your own conscience and in the light of God's Book and measure yourself in your real character, what are you worth? I do not care what the newspapers say about you, especially when you are a candidate for office; I do not care what the boys say about you on the street. I am asking, What are you worth to yourself? You know your

own purposes; you know whether you are sincere and true. People may laud you to the sky when if they knew what you really are they would cast you out as evil; or people may blame you for thoughts and purposes and acts which you have never entertained. You know when you strike on the substance of your soul whether it rings true or false.

"One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas,
And more true joy Macellus exiled feels
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels."

Why need you care about the voices of the street? They may hail you or deride you. They may lay defiling hands upon your reputation, but your character and yourself are beyond their reach. And so I ask you a question of thrilling significance—What are you worth to *yourself?*

2. What are you worth to your family? Are you a necessity there or could your wife's *second* husband do just as well as you? Is your coming a benediction and your going a sorrow? Do your children know you to love you and name you to praise you? Are the children growing up with your stamp upon them for good? Will they rise up to call you blessed when the brief day of your life is over, and when you sleep the long sleep will they moisten the grassy tent under which you rest with the tears of reverence and of love? Are

you the idol of their hearts, or are you simply the man who pays the bills once a month and grumbles over the size of them, and complains every day about the dinner and its cost? Are you genial and winsome, or are you ugly and cantankerous?

Do you recall the story of the Deacon's Week as told in those days when the book, "In His Steps," had just been printed and men were asking each other as each case presented itself, "What would Jesus do?" It is said the deacons of a church, which shall be nameless, got together and voted to see if they could not do each day just as Jesus would have them do, at least for one week. To take it for a steady contract seemed to be too exacting, but they thought it might fairly be undertaken for one week, and so this particular deacon tried. He had always been cold and gruff and aloof from his children, and dominant about the house. He ordered his children about in such a voice that they shrank from him, the cat ran when he approached and the dog looked at him with suspicion. On this particular evening when his wife came into the sitting room and asked for some apples from the cellar, instead of waiting to order the children, he arose graciously from his chair and said, "Mother, I'll get the apples." When he had taken the basin and disappeared down the cellar stairs, the children's faces grew white and one of them speaking to another said, "Something is going to happen; Father must be

struck with death!" Would it be that way in your house if you should do something very kind, unselfish and gracious? What are you worth in your own home?

3. What are you worth to your neighbors? There are some people who are simply ciphers in the community. They count for nothing so far as general service is concerned. If any one was in trouble, if anybody needed help, no one would ever think of going to them. As you name them one after another, it is simply the roll-call of the incompetents. A thousand of them would be no enrichment to the town in any worth-while enterprise. If there was a great movement for social well-being, or it was necessary to start a library, or plan for a public park, if there was any iniquity to be overthrown, no one would ever think of them or expect from them any helpful service.

But there are others who build themselves into the life of the community. I do not know much about the town in which you live, but I venture to say that if any enterprise looking toward public weal were proposed you could name a dozen or a score and possibly a hundred men who could be trusted to help such an enterprise forward. They realize that opportunity confers obligation, that capacity means service. I have known business men who were the employers of labor and they felt that their position brought with it great responsibility. They were interested in all the fami-

lies whose members were in their employ. They called their children by name. If there was any sickness, they inquired, and if necessary ministered; if there was any need or any sorrow, they were there to share it with the people of their community. Have you the same spirit? Do you interest yourself in matters which are for the public good? If a meeting is called for civic betterment of any sort, will you be found there? How long is it since you have been to the school where your boy goes, and consulted with the teacher as to how you could best help her in her task for your child and the children of other people? Is there a hospital in your town? If so, do you ever inquire if there is any friendless, suffering soul that you could help? Are there any people who have been overwhelmed with sorrow or great loss whose lives you could make more comfortable and radiant by a word or an act of sympathy? What have you done to show a neighborly and a gracious spirit, to make men happier and better in your community because you have a place in it?

4. Again, what are you worth to the state? You are a citizen of a great nation; the eyes of the world are on it. Where anybody thinks, you are bound to think. Where anybody forges weapons against the existing order of things, it is your business to know whether they are of celestial or infernal temper. There are questions world-wide facing the nation. Are you preparing yourself by

daily thought, reading, and reflection, to take your place as one of those who are fitted to have a hand in the settlement of these questions? I have been much in Washington during the last few years. I have talked with men in official positions. I know that secretaries and senators and representatives have their ears to the ground to know what the folks back home are thinking and saying. The great questions of national life are really settled not in Wall Street and not even in Washington—they are settled on the farms and in the stores and factories of America, where honest-hearted men get together to discuss the great questions which are at the front. You are sending men to your state legislature or to Congress. Men are being elected to the very highest judicial positions. The affairs of your city and town are to be administered and largely settled by the men whom you choose. Are you interesting yourself to see that men morally clean and intellectually alert are sent as your representatives, and are you yourself willing to pay the price and take your full share in the responsibility of state and national life? You must pay your taxes, and by the law of duty, you must have a hand in saying for what those taxes shall be expended and whether honest men shall have the expending of them.

5. Again, what are you worth to the church? The church is an organization vital to the life of the community and the nation. It is the church

of the living God that is going to outlast all dynasties.

"Lord, where are kings and empires now
Of old that went and came?
But Lord, Thy Church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same."

I do not say that the Methodist Church or the Baptist Church or the Roman Catholic Church or any other ecclesiastical organization will last forever, but I do say that that which the organized church is supposed to represent will last when the planets have gone to their graves, and the Milky Way is wrapped in a winding-sheet of dust. The church as an organization has had a vast place in the life of America, and will always be mighty to make or to mar the interests of mankind. In New England, every town was organized around a church. The ancient preamble to the founding of a town began something like this:

"Whereas, a certain number of families are remote from a place of worship, therefore be it enacted that a new township be set up." The church was not only the nucleus of the town, it was not only that around which government centered, but it was the center of spiritual and patriotic power. It was in the Old South Church that Hancock and Adams and Otis voiced our national aspirations. It was from the Old North Church that the warning signal was flung to the Middlesex farmers. It

was from the church at Concord and Lexington that the farmers marched to their embattled lines and so "fired the shot heard around the world." The church as an organization is the mightiest factor in the life of the community. If it were known that the church had moved out of a town and the church and that for which it stood had no place in the life of the community, no bank would loan money in such a town. You could not give away corner lots in a city where God's church was flouted and overthrown. Every business man owes it to the community to share in the life of the church. It is an institution from which he gains profit in every way and he ought to feel it a duty and delight to have a share in its support. On the low basis of gratitude for service rendered, the people in every community ought to stand by the church, and then beyond that there is that higher obligation by which every man shall seek to give himself to that institution for which Christ died and which He seeks to organize throughout the world. If you have not come into the fellowship of the church, do so at once. But if you have entered it, what does your membership amount to? Do you *belong* to the church or have you simply sent in your name?

There are many who have a name to live and are dead. That is why in the last book of the Bible the Spirit saith unto the Angel of the Church at Ephesus—"I have somewhat against thee be-

cause thou hast left thy first love." When love grows cold nothing worth while is left. Do you love the Church of the living God and is your heart wholly given to it?

Some one has said, there are three kinds of Church members—workers, jerkers and shirkers. The shirker says, "Let George do it. If there are any responsibilities, let some one else assume them. If there are midnight vigils on one's knees, let others do the praying. Let me play the part of Erasmus instead of that of Luther when by standing firm for God's truth and God's work I may lose my ease, or my reputation, or my life."

The jerker is like the seed without much depth of earth. It came up speedily and for a time seemed a thrifty plant, but the heat of the sun and its shallow rootage wrought its ruin; or the cares of life and the deceitfulness of riches choked the word and it became unfruitful. His pastor searches for him but he cannot find him; his fellow laborers long for his eager help but he pleads other engagements and comes no more. I know him well. When I was tugging at the heavy load, I thought he was pushing with all his might, but I discovered he had jumped on the gospel wagon and had taken a soft seat.

But if there are shirkers and jerkers, let it not be forgotten that there are millions of devoted workers. May his tribe increase! The love of God is in his heart and he gladly bears the burdens

which fall to his lot for Christ's sake. When Zion prospers he rejoices; when she languishes, he is in tears. It is he who makes the church to triumph by association with his Lord in uncalculating and unstinted service.

To which of these three classes do you belong? What would the church be and do if all its members were like you? Would it stagnate and cease to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world, or would it go forward to greater heights of experience and service than it has ever known? What are you worth to the Church?

6. My last inquiry and one which covers the whole range of human activity is "What are you worth to God?" You often make expression of your faith in God. Has it ever occurred to you to seriously contemplate God's faith in you?

God has put you in charge of the marvelous works of His creation. He trusts to you to see that they are utilized for the advantage of the race. He put the gold and the silver, the iron and the copper, and the coal in great veins far out of sight in the bowels of the earth, or he prisoned them in the flinty rock and unnumbered centuries went slowly by. But He said, "Some day men will find the secret hiding place of the gold and silver and they will tunnel for the iron and the carbon and will bring them forth to serve the needs of the generations of men and add power and beauty to their lives." The rivers ran aim-

lessly to the sea, but He said, "Some day men will learn how to utilize their power and will set them to turn the wheels of industry and to irrigate the waste places of the earth." The lightnings went hurtling by, smiting the earth and leaving destruction in their path, but God said, "Some day men will find out how to tame and use them. They will put a copper bit in their mouth and will drive them on errands of mercy and service. On the copper hoofs of the lightning men will travel to the ends of the earth and send their messages galloping through space."

In the heart of the earth great cisterns of oil were hidden and in subterranean vaults gases to light the world were concealed. By His providence, God seemed to say, "Some day men will find the oil and use it. It will drive engines and cars and steamers and serve men in a thousand ways. In iron pipes the gases will be led to great cities and light their streets and heat their homes."

No one knows who invented the first wedge, the first wheel, the first paddle or the first sail, and no one knows when the world first found out their use. But some one learned by experience and passed it on to help the world, and from such humble beginnings unnumbered inventions have brought power and comfort into the lives of men. Some one found the hiding place of the gold and

silver, some one unearthed the great veins of copper. Somebody learned to smelt the iron ore and shape the product to the help of men. The seas which had separated the nations became the paths over which men journeyed to bring to each other the products of every clime. The rivers were harnessed to helpful toil and were lashed into foam by the wheels of factory and mill, and millions of spindles leaped into song. The forces of steam were put into iron bands and made to turn the wheels of industry so that to-day it takes the great *Leviathan* of 50,000 tons and drives it up a mountain of water three miles high and lands it at the wharves of another continent. Measured by material conquests it looks as if God's confidence in men in that regard had been well placed. But He has far greater tasks for men than those to which we have called attention. The gold and silver might have remained hidden forever, the rivers might have run aimlessly to the sea and it would have laid no pang upon the heart of God. A brilliant Frenchman has said:

"He heard the cry of a world that was not, the cry of a measureless destitution. He said to time: Begin."

But that destitution was not one of things; it was the cry of the longing soul.

Is God's confidence in men in spiritual matters to be found as well placed as that in material things? What return will you make to Him for all His interest and concern in you? Have you ever thought of the investment which God has in you? If one has a dollar invested six cents of interest will be a fair return, but if one has millions of dollars, it will not do to talk of a return in pennies. You are the heir of all the ages. The world has traveled a long and bloody path in your interest. That you may sit here in comfort with life, liberty and opportunity as your inheritance, men have suffered and bled and gone to the graves of martyrs. From Salamis to Runnymede, from Waterloo to Gettysburg and the Argonne, men have paid for their faith by their blood and have made it possible for you to live in peace and prosperity and liberty.

"These mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet hearts hath burned
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned."

Men went willingly to the fagots and scaffold at Tyburn and at Oxford, and in the Grass Market at Edinboro for the faith that was in their hearts and for the legacy of truth that they were willing to leave at such a cost to the children who should come after them.

"But that scaffold swayed the future
And behind the dread unknown
Standeth God within the shadow
Keeping watch above His own."

What of all the enjoyments of modern life would you have if you were cast upon your own resources? Would you know how to build a home or even weave a carpet or make a pane of window glass? Could you make an engine, or even run one if it was made for you? Could you make a piano or an organ or a violin? How infinitely poorer the world would be if it had to depend upon you alone. But you share in all the gain of a thousand generations. What return are you making for these inestimable gifts?

Suppose the men who by sweat and struggle, by blood and death have blessed and saved the world, had refused to pay the price asked of them? But we ourselves will be under just as great condemnation if we refuse to do that for which God has made us.

"All that He sees in me,
All I can ever be,
That am I worth to God!"

The task of life is not simply to make a living. Alas the tragedy of full barns and an empty soul! We are here to fulfill God's plan. "Thou hast made us for thyself and the soul is restless till it

rests in Thee." We may be sure that God will not fail. His plans will at last be accomplished. He will finish every sentence He undertakes to speak.

> "God rules in all things, all obey
> His swift propulsion from the night,
> Wake thou and watch, the world is gray
> With morning light."

That is a thrilling story which Dr. Frank Gunsaulus, prince of preachers and leader of men, used to tell of the victory won by his nephew, Will McLaughlin.

It is almost a generation since the Iroquois disaster when, by the burning of that theater, scores of men and women were swept into eternity. Every time you enter a theater or a movie palace, look at the asbestos curtain that shields the stage and remember that it was the Iroquois disaster which was the occasion of that protection against fire from the stage.

When the play was in progress and many of the best people of Chicago had crowded the playhouse, the cry of "Fire!" echoed from the stage. The audience could see its progress and were mad with fright at the power of its onrush. One man of influence in the city and of great strength saw it sweep toward the audience and became fairly frantic in his effort to escape. He forgot all the obligations of manhood, his only thought was to save his own life. With the strength of a mad-

man he pushed aside women and children and dashed through the lines of struggling men. Nothing could stand in his way. He plunged toward the doors and at last, trampling down those who were ahead of him, he reached the door and emerged from the smoke into the street.

The fresh air seemed to restore his lost sense of manhood. A friend recognized him and said, "What a marvelous escape. I thank God you are safe." The man exclaimed, "Do not congratulate me on my safety. I would to God I were dead inside that theater. I had a chance to prove myself a man, but I played the part of a coward and a beast. I shall never see another happy hour as long as I live. In my sleep I shall see the agony of the faces which I pushed back to death. I shall hear their shrieks and my life will be a living hell until God in mercy ends it."

Among the crowd in the doomed theater was Will McLaughlin, nephew of Dr. Gunsaulus and at that time a student in Ohio Wesleyan University. The instant he realized the danger he rushed to meet it with all the strength and passion of a noble nature and a consecrated soul. The proper course to pursue shaped itself in his mind in a minute. The details of his famous sacrifice were something like this: Near his seat was a window opening on a narrow passage between the theater and a school building. He broke the window and his cries attracted the attention from

the window opposite. Shortly a narrow plank was thrust across in answer to his call and a bridge made from the window of the theater to that of the school.

Reaching back into the thick smoke McLaughlin found a woman who was already yielding to the stifling air and had fallen to the floor. He raised her up and placed her on the plank and she was drawn to safety by willing hands on the other side. Back into the smoke McLaughlin went to reach and save another. So he fought for the lives of those about him unmindful of himself. With hands scorched by the cruel flames and with clothing on fire he struggled on till he had passed more than a score to safety and life. At last overwhelmed by flame and smoke he fell across the plank. He was rescued and dragged out of the building, but it was too late. They laid him on the floor and worked to save him. At last his eyes opened and with a smile he said, "Some men have to wait for their chance until they are sixty and some get it at fifty, but I got mine at nineteen! I shall be grateful forever that God gave me a chance in my youth to give myself for others. I die happy. It is worth while to die for others."

With a needy world crying for help, with your kindred and your country and needy men everywhere asking for our help, what are you going to do about it? You are here not to be ministered unto but to minister. Can God depend on you to

fulfill the task which He has laid upon you? We are workers together with God and our toil will endure in its blessed results as long as eternity.

How this thought lifts life's horizon. Life is not a little thing of three score and ten, it will last through time and to all eternity. We are members one of another. He that would selfishly save his life shall lose it, and he who gives it away in prodigal, uncalculating service shall save it unto life eternal. So said Jesus and so Jesus did. What will you be worth to men and to God!

VIII

NEW MEN FOR THE NEW AGE

It was said that the trophies of Miltiades would not allow the younger Greeks to sleep. They furnished challenge to their effort and set a pace before them that sent even the laggard to do his best. Upon the young people of the present generation the attainments of their fathers lay increasing obligations as inheritors of their virtues and their tasks. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of men and nations. If we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at the hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, we shall not only lose our leadership but we shall forfeit the approval of God and men. Alas for the man, the church or the nation that has to look to the past for its renown, and usefulness, that looks to gravestones for their virtues and genealogies for their achievements. They have a great future behind them and their only light is the afterglow of a day that is done.

"'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;

They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast
of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pil-
grims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the des-
perate winter sea
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted
key."

Each age has its characteristics, its man and its work. It differs from its predecessors and its successors. It will not be otherwise in the new age which is upon us, for

"I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of
the suns."

God's sentences are sometimes long. It may be a thousand years between the subject and the predicate, but doubt not that God will finish every sentence. If He allows victory to Alexander it is only that He may have, after three hundred years, a fit vehicle for the Gospel message. If He lands the Spaniard on San Salvador, it is only that, in another century, He may land the Pilgrim on Plymouth Rock.

Ethnology and history disclose God's purpose in the development of human life, as geology discloses the evolution of the world He fitted for man to inhabit. The centuries long past lie low upon our horizon and their differences are obscured by

distance, but differences there were. Emerging from the darkness of the Middle Ages, Europe entered its Renaissance. May I ask you to notice how the great centuries since that epoch converge upon us?

The Fifteenth Century was a century of discovery. It had its storm center in Italy, with Michael Angelo to lead in art; the Humanists in learning; Savonarola in religion, with the Medicis and Machiavelli in statecraft, by turns both fair and foul. In Spain it was the age of Ferdinand and Isabella and the glorious self-denial, which lifted a new world out of the sea before the eager gaze of Columbus. In Germany, Gutenberg discovered how to multiply good books through movable type. In England it is the age of Wickliffe, morning star of the Reformation. It is true that he fell on sleep a few years before the century opened, but in 1415 they disinterred his bones and burned them, and the Bishop of Lincoln cast his dust into the river Swift.

> "Avon to the Severn runs, the Severn to the sea,
> And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
> Wide as the waters be."

Later the century saw the death of Hugh Latimer and William Tyndale, fit successors of Wickliffe. It saw the birth of Sir Thomas More, theologian, historian, statesman; and the birth of Sebastian

Cabot, the great discoverer. It was a great century, the mother of heroic men.

The Sixteenth Century is greater still. Discovery changes to construction. In Italy astrology gives place to astronomy under the hand of Galileo. Germany shakes under the tread of Martin Luther. Switzerland harbors Calvin, the father of Presbyterians, stern hater of heretics. In France it is the century of Henry of Navarre and Coligny, and of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, and the horrors of the Inquisition. What a century for England! Elizabeth is on her throne; Shakespeare is making English the language of the world and of all ages. Spain throws its Armada against the religious liberties of England. Mary rules in Scotland, and there is John Knox to face her. Tyndale and Sir Thomas More put their stamp upon liberty through their death.

The Seventeenth Century is a century of trial, the climax of the world's persecutions. It is the century of the thirty years' war for Germany. For France, Richelieu and Condé; the edict of Nantes; the persecution of the Huguenots. For England, the Pilgrim Fathers; John Bunyan and Oliver Cromwell; the Roundhead and the Cavalier.

The Eighteenth Century marks the swing of the pendulum from trial and persecution to liberty and license. In Germany, it is the age of Frederick the Great, of Goethe, the poet and phi-

losopher, of Humboldt, of Mozart, of Beethoven, of Heine. France is the storm-center of the century. It is the age of Voltaire and Napoleon. Why was Napoleon defeated at Waterloo? Let Victor Hugo answer. Not because of a superior force against him, not because a little maid said to a Prussian General in the woods: "Go this way and not that." "A little rain at an unexpected time changed the political face of Europe and the world. Napoleon was defeated because of God. He who could not be answered stretched His arm over the battle-field and the great man made way for the great age." In England it is the age of George the Third, of Hume and Pitt: the age of Wesley and Methodism. In America it is the age of Washington, of the Revolution; of the breaking forth of a new world power in which liberty takes on new life.

The Nineteenth Century is the century of development, and greater than all the centuries which went before. In the common affairs of life there had been little or no change of form for a thousand years. Washington wrote his Inaugural Address with the same kind of pen which Homer might have used when he wrote the Odyssey, and he rode to his inaugural in as clumsy a coach as any which rattled down the Appian Way. Martha Washington sat before a distaff that might have known the touch of Penelope when ardent suitors were waiting with impatience for her to have done

with her spinning. The light of Washington's home was from the same material and in nearly the same form as that which was used in prehistoric times in cave and sepulchre. He had been in his grave thirty-four years before the tinder box gave way to the lucifer match. He fought his battles with the same weapons that were used by robber knights along the Rhine. His plow was no better than that which Cincinnatus left in the furrow when Rome, centuries before, called him to service.

In the last century all this is put away. The President now rides sixty or a hundred miles an hour. The telegraph and the telephone and the radio are here and the human voice on the copper hoofs of the lightning can put a belt around the world in a moment of time. The President can sit in his office and with the lightning for his messenger can get news from China and India sooner than he can walk to the Capitol and back to the White House. The pen gives place to the typewriter, the candle to the electric light, the spinning wheel to the loom and the flintlock to the repeating gun. Under the water and through the air men travel. From dawn to dark they fly from New York to San Francisco and the barriers of space are broken down.

It would be difficult to express the changes which have taken place in the world in the last hundred years. Dynasties hoary with age and

dark with the crimes of centuries have passed away. New names appear on the scroll of national power. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat and hath exalted them of low degree." The world is thrilling now under a new thought of federation and brotherhood. With a power which cannot be resisted the whole world is crying out in its extremity for some league, offensive and defensive, by which brotherhood may be maintained, and the schemes of wicked men be brought to naught. We have had the day of struggle where might was depended upon to make right. Like the pioneers of the West, we went forward in rough-and-ready fashion, the axe on one shoulder and the rifle on the other, but the time has now come for a finer civilization. In our own America, methods that once went in political, social and church life can be tolerated no longer.

There is a new citizenship, a new scholarship, and a new Christian emphasis. Under the old struggle, strength and ability seemed to know no law except the law of the survival of the fittest. We have passed beyond that day. The word for hard conditions is courage, but when the burden is lifted the one word which we need to speak is *brotherhood.* We have been separated in the Church and in a pious way we fought against one another. We can do so no longer. We have been separated in social and business life, but we have come to understand that all our concerns and

interests are bound up together. In order that one may be truly successful all must have the advantage of that success.

The rich and the poor must bear each other's burdens. Political parties must exalt national good above simple partisanship. The city must be run not to furnish offices as rewards for party service, but for the good of all concerned. Our children will some day wonder at the political imbecility which set up as its chief requisite for official position party membership and power. They will wonder that we have allowed such greed and graft as that which has stained our time. Every honest man will feel that he has a high commission to stand for the truth and for the public weal at any cost. The wicked may flee when no man pursueth, but they make better time when the righteous are hot-footed after them.

Youth is a period of prejudice, of bigotry, of assurance. Now that we are more mature, we ought to act wiser. In the church we must begin our training at the cradle. In political life our schools must be the great center of Americanism. The men for the new age will be trained men. It will not do to enter the lists to-day, where competition is so fierce, without the fullest preparation. I do not hesitate to say that the leaders of to-morrow will be Christian men. There never was a time when the value of what is called "the common Sunday School virtues" was so widely

recognized as it is now. Character is greater than genius and a thousand times more dependable.

It is interesting to note the gradual unfolding of the idea of beauty in art. The old Greek idea was one of externals. To the Greek artist the body was the only thing, and, truth to tell, he wrought it in such fine fashion that, measured by lines of external beauty, his work has never been surpassed. But a deep student of human anatomy has declared that if we could find to-day the model of the Venus di Milo, she would be an idiot.

The next step in art was the use of the body as symbolic of the soul. That was the age that painted a halo around its Madonna and the little child. That was its way of saying, "This is Divine." But there came a time when the body was treated only as the temple of the soul. If you look at your Murillo, you will find no halo painted there. In the face of the mother is the gleam of the soul within, and her breast is the center of light because the little Child, Son of Mary and Son of God, is nestling there. We shall come to understand that the beauty of life must ever spring from the soul within.

The talents which God has given us may be variously used with returns that will be correspondingly small or great. You may use your talents selfishly if you will. The farmer with a bushel of grain has at least two courses of use open to him.

He can take his grain and feed on it himself. It may last him a week or a month. But he may cast it into the furrow, he may tend it through the spring and summer, and then in the autumn he may thrust in the sickle and reap enough to feed a village or a town.

The talents which God has given you must not be wasted upon yourself.

> "Heaven does with us as we with torches do,
> Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not."

Why not put yourself with your talents into the hands of a master that they may be developed to their utmost to bless the world?

The day that I graduated from college there stood on the platform a beautiful young woman going out to a great life and this is her history:

She was the granddaughter of a humble Methodist preacher. In the little village where she lived they noted her sweet voice and they said: "We love to hear you sing; stay with us always." But others said: "You might go to a neighboring city and take a few lessons. Perhaps they would be willing to give you a little money for singing in the Church." Others said: "If you would go to Boston and take a longer course, you might come

back to a larger church and get $100, or maybe $200 a year if you were especially good!" She went to Boston, and Eben Tourjée, the great leader of the Peace Jubilee, heard her sing. He said: "You have a marvelous voice. I have never heard one like it. If you will let me take it, I will give you the best instruction that America can offer and when that is done, I will send you to the greatest master of voice in Europe."

The day I saw her he had kept his promise so far as America was concerned. She graduated that day from Boston University College of Music. As she finished singing, three thousand people sprang to their feet and greeted her with salvos of applause. Later she left the city. I did not know what had become of her. As a matter of fact, Tourjée sent her to the greatest master of singing in Europe. Year after year she toiled on, giving herself without stint to the development of all her musical power under the direction of the master. At last America wanted the very best that the world could produce and New York said to her: "We will give you $1,000 a minute for five minutes of song!" The difference between Lillian Norton, the simple singer in the village choir, and the great Nordica, queen of song, was in the teaching of a master.

When young people come to me and ask what they shall be and what they shall do, I turn to them and say, "Put yourself in the hands of *the*

Master. Only He who gave you your powers knows their full possibilities. Only He who has fashioned your life can tell the high and holy purpose to which it may be given."

These are the days when spiritual forces are at the front. Once they used to tell us that the dualism between spirit and matter was over and that there was nothing left but matter, but now they are telling us that the dualism is over and there is no such thing as matter, but only matter braced by spiritual force. Iron you call hard, but you only use an accommodated phrase. It is cohesive force that has packed those particles together. If cohesive energy should get tired and unclinch its hand the world would fall into dust. So we tread not upon material, but upon matter braced by spiritual force.

Thus equipped, as I have indicated, for your task, undertake it with an eager and a happy heart. There was wisdom in Carlyle's statement that only two things were necessary for a successful life: "To find one's work, and do it." "What shall I do?" said Dean Stanley, and Carlyle answered, "Do your best." No man can live a truly happy or successful life unless he is in love with his work. When Roosevelt sat at the presidential desk, piled high with matters of tremendous importance and men were waiting in the lobby by the score to confer with him on matters involving national and international fortunes and reputa-

tions, a friend commiserated him on the heavy burdens which were upon his shoulders, but the President only showed his teeth and said with a smile: "I like my job. I am de-lighted to have a share in the world's work." Be sure that you like your job. It is a fearful thing when a man rises for a day's toil without heart or courage for his work and goes through his toil like a galley slave lashed to his task. But if one finds real delight in his work, then every hour is a pleasure. He hails the break of the day with delight, for it brings a new opportunity to use every power for noble purposes.

Go out into the world to do your part. That task is yours and no other's. Where anybody thinks you think; where anybody struggles with the great questions of life and toil, gird up your loins like a man and put on your armor and with stout heart go to battle.

Certain that you have found your work and that you like it, I ask you to take it up with courage. There are so many men who are defeated before they begin. Like Hamlet, they vacillate and their indecision slays them. They see the force over against them, but they do not realize that those that are for them, though they may be out of sight, are far greater than any which can oppose them. They need, like the servant of the prophet, to have their eyes opened that they may see that the mountains are filled with chariots and horse-

men of God. It stimulates one's heart to read the brave stories of the heroic devotion and high daring of the men who made their age.

There is a little Bible story that always thrills me. I never read of that old hero, Caleb, that I do not feel for the buckle of my belt that I may tighten it a little for one more heroic effort. You remember what happened when Joshua had led Israel out of the wilderness. When they entered the promised land, they proposed to divide it among the tribes. We have a way of conquering a land and then dividing it among those who have conquered; but the Hebrew way, and I am not sure but that it is the best way after all, was to give the land to the men who could conquer it. There was good fighting all along the line. When the time for division came, Caleb, who had sounded with Joshua the challenge of the faithful spies, said to his old comrade: "I have one favor to ask in the division of this land. You remember you and I said forty years ago when we brought our report to Israel, that though there were giants in the land of Anak, we were able to conquer them with God on our side. The taste of those grapes has never quite faded out of my memory, and the land 'flowing with milk and honey' seems to me now like the garden of the Lord. Though I am forty years older than I was then, I am just as strong to go out and come in as of old." Perhaps he was boasting a little, as

is the habit of the men of age. Very likely he could not have run so fast or far as he could have done forty years before, but he thought he could fight as good a fight as then, and that is half the battle. Joshua grants his request and he goes out against the giants as he wanted to and he conquered them as he said he could. The courage that counts is the courage that does not depend on time or place or numbers. Napoleon said it was "four o'clock in the morning courage" which the French soldiers must have.

Be sure also to put into your work that supreme quality of sincerity. An Englishman tells of an advertisement he saw in a shop window in London which he affirms was the saddest he ever read. Its words were these: "Artificial gems set in real gold." If a paste gem had been set in tinsel everybody would have seen what it was, but when the tests showed that the setting was pure gold every one would think that any gem in such a setting would also be genuine. In the work you have to do it must never happen that an artificial gem is set in pure gold. As a member of the Church the world would have a right to expect that your life would be as genuine and sincere as such a background would indicate; so it is no longer simply our reputation which is at issue. We are the representatives of a great body—the Church of the living God. Nothing that we do must bring a stain upon it. No act of ours must serve to

damage its influence. Only a great life and a pure one can be put into a setting like that.

He who is to do God's work must be in harmony with Him. He must think God's thoughts after Him and be in tune with the Infinite. I have a friend who kept one of the great New York china stores—a crystal palace, where glasses gleamed like diamonds and where plates sold at a thousand dollars a dozen—so few of which ever find their way to a pastor's china closet. A musician went into the store seeking musical goblets. Passing into the room where the glasses gleamed like gems, he asked for some that were pitched to various musical notes. My friend threw up his hands and said, "I can do nothing for you. I hardly know one note from another and certainly could not pick out those which harmonize." The musician smiled and said: "I'll take care of that myself." Stepping to a table in the middle of the room, he struck a tuning fork and held it on the table and every goblet in the place that was pitched to the key of C trembled into song. How can you voice God's purpose or speak the words He would have you utter if you are not in tune with Him? No man can do his best work if he has not a spirit of Christian optimism.

"Some hearts may brood upon the past,
Our eyes with smiling futures glisten,
Lo, now the dawn breaks up the sky,
Lean out your soul and listen!

"The world rolls freedom's radiant way
And brightens with our sorrow;
The bars of death are strong to-day,
The Christ shall rise to-morrow."

It was a little girl who defined an optimist as one who looks after your eyes and a pessimist as one who looks after your feet. At first it seems a confusion of the oculist and the chiropodist, but the more you think of it, the more you will perceive the wisdom of the little girl's definition. Some wicked man has said that "the optimist is the man who believes that everything is good except the pessimist, and the pessimist is the man who believes that everything is bad but himself." And another pessimist retorts that "a pessimist is one who has been too long with an optimist." The pessimist will always insist that the optimist is the man who does not think enough to be troubled, that he is intellectually but a light weight; but of this I am sure, that the lightest optimist who is tugging at the rope to help forward the car of human progress is infinitely better for the progress of the world than the heaviest pessimist who has let go. And the trouble is that one of the first principles in the creed of the pessimist is to let go.

He who is a true optimist will be hopeful for his age. God has great plans in the making. He is working out supreme purposes. He will make

this age, as every other, tributary to their consummation. In the great day when all shall be gathered before Him, He will not rise up to say to the assembled universe, "I undertook more than I could accomplish. I hoped to redeem a race but I must own to my defeat." He will not fail, nor be discouraged. The isles shall wait for His coming and the continents join in His triumphal procession. If any man or nation will not work with Him, they will be superseded by another who will. With all the imperfections of this present age, we can yet see "Excelsior!" upon His banner and watch it mount to the high places of the world's hope.

As I am hopeful for the age, so I am hopeful for the Church. A better day is dawning, and as the day breaks the shadows disappear. My hope for the Church is in the fact of the high courage of those who are in the red light of the morning. They are moved by noble impulses. Materialism and senility may go hand in hand, but high purpose and high resolves are native to the heart of youth.

Victory may come sooner than we expect. Who would have thought when Jesus sat wearily by the well, in the heat of the day, and one Samaritan woman approached to draw water, that before the shadows of the night fell, she and a whole town would be convinced of His power and converted to His purpose? Who could have thought when Bunyan went to jail, that in a few short years the

great principles for which he went to prison would dominate the nation and that there would be a harvest great enough for the sowing of another continent? It has often happened in the history of the Church that a holy triumph has

> "Burst full-blossomed
> On the thorny stem of time."

I know her past. I know that again and again she has inverted her torch and smothered its light in the ashes of her undoing, but she has always had a saving remnant. The Church may hide herself in the catacombs in the day of her persecution, but there were not wanting those who count it a holy joy to sacrifice themselves for their Lord. So it came to pass that Numidian lions were glutted with victims in the arena, and Nero rode up the avenue to his golden palace with flaming torches on either side, each one of which was a martyr, clad in his toga of flame. Bad as she has been in any age of the history of the world, the Church of that day has been the whitest thing alive and her reformation has not come from without, but from within. It was the springing up of the good seed, and each age has seen her lifted higher than the generation before.

"For humanity speeds onward; where to-day the martyr stands
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;

Far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mobs of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn."

We are often told that our cities are unspeakably corrupt and that we are hastening to the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah. I ought to know something about the life of our great metropolis, for I have toiled here for more than a quarter of a century. While it is true that there are places in New York's underworld where life is held with a careless hand and every holy thing is bartered for a mess of pottage; while there are places where vice flaunts itself and the very air reeks with moral corruption,—that does not tell the story of the real New York. For every hundred undesirable citizens she could show a thousand who fear God and work righteousness. I have known many of her rich men, and nobler men I have never seen. With one hand they are giving hundreds of thousands of dollars for the helping of every noble cause of philanthropy and religion, and I have seen them slipping the other over the shoulder of a Bowery bum at Water Street Mission to draw him to Christ.

More than once I have sat at the table of one of our great merchant princes, while his face gleamed as he talked with spiritual fervor of the salvation of men, and showed me that nothing in his career was of such importance to him as his

own spiritual life and the life of the Church. All the years, with the modesty of an unselfish heart, he gave of his fortune for every righteous cause. Only recently he fell on sleep and the papers published the fact that he had crowned his princely benefactions while living by gifts aggregating more than thirty millions of dollars for the Church and education.

Nor is this spirit confined to men of wealth. The humblest people of the city show the spirit of the Master. I have found an unselfish and matchless devotion among the poor toward those who are poorer than themselves, which has won my unbounded admiration.

Passing one day alone one of the chief boulevards of Paris I stopped at an art window. A little bronze in the center of the show case attracted and fairly chained me. It represented a knight of the Middle Ages of peerless face and form. He was clad from head to foot in chain-armor. He had on his face a look of high courage and indomitable resolution. At one side hung his good broadsword and on the other side was his shield. His hands were outstretched before him and between them stretched a scroll on which was written the single word: "Credo." I understood the artist's thought. The word and all it meant was the key to the man,—to his high daring and noble resolve. No man is fit for very much until he can say of some cause—"I believe." It is then that

a man cries out in the abandon of his soul: "This one thing I do!" It is then that he counts not his own life dear unto himself and if necessary throws his body into the chasm that the coming ages may walk over him to the land of promise and the far heights of holiness.

It is quite the fashion in our day to launch new systems of religion. There are many who would take the supernatural out of the old Book and out of the old faith, but in the great tests which life presents, they will follow those of the same ilk which have preceded them to the spiritual scrap heap. Can anything be called a religion, much less a gospel, that has in it no pardon of sin, no hope in a personal Savior, no trust in the future, where the wrongs of life shall be righted and the disappointed and downhearted find comfort, and prisoned men go free? How was it that heathen altar and votive offering and Roman banners and fasces went down before a cross of wood?

There is no religion that can dispute supremacy with the religion of the Crucified in the hearts of needy men. Talleyrand was right when he said to the French savant who asked his advice as to the founding of a new religion, "I would advise you to be crucified and rise again on the third day." It's all very well for the man who has had everything his way in this world to be quite indifferent to the next; and so long as his health and money remain, to wish to continue to grow old indefi-

nitely. But when one has a lengthening tale of sorrows and a shortening list of hopes; when one disaster has followed another as the waves chase one another on a rocky coast; when the head is racked with pain and the heart is broken,—the best thing to keep a man out of the mad-house is to be able to read and believe: "In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you."

The men of this world have never gotten on well without glimpses of the other. The two are bound together in the providence of God and what affects one affects the other. You can see that any day on this little trundling world of ours. The mistress of the night rides up in the sky in her silver chariot, oblivious to all our concerns, it would seem, but she holds us nevertheless in her strong right hand and drives the tides up and down the sandy stretches of our shores. Every wave feels the tug of the upper world.

There is a wee crimson-tipped flower blooming in Scotland, or a white daisy growing in a New England meadow. How much does it take to grow a daisy, or a sprig of heather? Why, six inches of earth will be enough. There it will get its nourishment; there its roots will bed themselves and find moisture and it will blossom like a star upon the lawn. But six inches of earth are not enough to grow a daisy. It takes a whole sun and a whole moon and all the stars; it takes atmosphere and

earth and untold ages and a great God to grow a daisy! If a daisy cannot live and grow without another world, you may be sure that no man can grow a life in three score years and ten that is good enough to last forever unless he has the light and uplift of another world. To grow such a life it takes an arching sky and an assenting heaven. It takes Mt. Sinai and Mt. Calvary and a merciful God to grow a soul and make it worthy to take its place with the lights that go not out and the forces that live for ever and ever!

It is only a little over twenty years since this century came in. What mighty lessons it has brought us! It seems far away to look back to the beginning, but do you remember whose form lay stark and dead over the threshold of this century, whose virtues loudly cried against the deep damnation of his taking off? It was the form of our martyred President, the most Christian in a long line of noble men. He fell in the day of his prime and usefulness, stricken down by the hand of Anarchy.

And who is Anarchy? Anarchy is the first-born child of Atheism. He who denies God denies all rule, human and divine. Mark the awful depths to which Russia has fallen. He who will not bow his high head before Him who sitteth in the heavens will not acknowledge the authority of men like himself. Let it be known now and forever that this is a Christian land. Let it be known that

neither atheism nor anarchy has a place here. It is too late in the day to deny the power and authority of God, and it is too late to break up the barriers which the centuries have set up to stimulate the good man and to stop the bad.

The pages of all history show us that without question any man or nation that fears God will prosper, and if any man or nation turns away from God, it is written in the nature of things that he who opposes Him shall perish. Our institutions have been nourished by Christian men. Our colleges and our asylums were founded and supported by them, and it is the spirit of Christ in the hearts of the people that makes this land favored by God's peculiar smile. I have great hope for the future. This nation was founded by Christian men; the Puritan, the Dutch, the Quaker, with their compatriots of many faiths laid the foundation of our Great Republic.

"The Pilgrim spirit has not fled;
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard our ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more."

There are grave questions in the new day which face our land. She has come to her kingdom, to

her prime and her power for a great day and nations are looking unto her. We must gird our loins if we are to play any great part in the life of the world. A Christian citizenship must be here developed, Christian principles must be taught in our schools and colleges, and exemplified in the lives of those who teach. With all our intellectual training we must realize that the training of the youth in character is after all the greatest task. If this shall be done, the men who will dominate the new age will be men of leading and light who will bless the world and make our nation the synonym of all that is true and noble in national life, May we be able to say of her with fond hope and expectation:

"Sail on, sail on, deep-freighted
With blessings and with hopes;
The saints of old with shadowy hands
Are pulling at your ropes.

"Behind ye holy martyrs
Uplift the palm and crown;
Before ye unborn ages send
Their benedictions down.

"Sail on! the morning cometh,
The port ye yet shall win;
And all the bells of God shall ring
The good ship bravely in."

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PASTOR AND EVANGELIST. II

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TO MY FRIEND

ROBERT SCOTT

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH

PREFACE

To Timothy Paul said, "Stir up the gift of God that is in thee." I would like to sound as best I may the same ringing challenge to the ministry of to-day. There are so many things that claim the pastor's time and thought that unless he is very careful the fine edge of his spiritual life will be dulled. Then, too, he is quite likely to become a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, a server of tables, a promoter and an agent instead of a prophet of God. "Fulfill thy ministry," said the apostle to his son in the Gospel. Many things enter into the pastor's ministry. He must be a student, he must be a preacher, he must be a teacher and a citizen, but everything that he does is of value only as it makes possible the one thing for which he is in the ministry. Even preaching, which is doubtless the highest function of the ministry, is only a means to an end. If the great end is not accomplished, how futile becomes the means!

In these chapters I have tried to put first things first. What is the call of the hour? What is the demand which the Church is facing? How can pastors best fulfill their function as leaders in the

spiritual life of the age? What is it which the spirit would say unto the churches? Much of our contention about formal religious truth is meaningless and void. It eventuates in nothing. "The words that I speak unto you," said Jesus, "are spirit and life."

I have much to say here on the subject of Christian nurture in the home. I am firmly convinced that there has been incalculable loss in religious life because there has been so little inculcation of prayer and Bible study at home. I wish some word of mine might help to stimulate a sane, intelligent Christian life in the home which is the center of everything that is worth while in morality and religion. I wish I might have given other chapters on the training of the Sunday School. Next to the home, this is the field of greatest usefulness in the development of Christian life, and full of unrealized possibilities. In other books of mine, notably in *Pastoral and Personal Evangelism,* I have spoken at length and with deep conviction concerning the spiritual work of the Sunday School. There I have set forth principles which I wish here to reaffirm. With improved methods of teaching, I urge that the evangelistic note which is sounded throughout this book should be especially enforced by pastors and Sunday School teachers.

Some of these chapters have been given in substance before great denominational gatherings of

the churches and before conferences and associations of ministers throughout the country. I wish to thank the *Homiletic Review* and the *Biblical Review* for permission to use articles of mine which they have published. Messages from many gatherings of pastors where some of these addresses have been given encourage me to hope that they may help to quicken the evangelistic impulse of some who have not heard the spoken word; and many have asked that they might have the message in the permanent form in which I now give it. In all this I am speaking out of a long and happy ministry spent in an honest purpose to do the things which I here set forth.

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God and to the word of His Grace which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified."

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PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

PASTOR AND EVANGELIST

CHAPTER I

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST

The swing of the pendulum to-day is toward pastoral evangelism. The church is glad to recall those great days when men with special evangelistic call went forth to do a peculiar work. She is glad to give her assent to the declaration of Paul to the Ephesians that there are men whom God has crowned with special gifts, some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, some pastors and teachers, for the common end of perfecting the saints for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ. But there is a growing feeling that the average pastor may be at the same time prophet, evangelist and teacher, that for every man signally set apart of God to some peculiar task, there are scores to whom God has given such capacity of spiritual service as to fit them to perform the full orbed task of a pastor. The principle here involved is the same

as that of the father and mother in the up-bringing of the child. Special teachers may be called in, but after all in the development of life and character no factor is so important as that of the father and mother who by turns perform the function of guide, physician and teacher.

To Timothy Paul said, do the work of an evangelist, but he also said, make full proof of thy ministry. The most fruitful field of evangelistic work is that which opens to the pastor and those whom he is to lead in life and service. If it is true that people will not go now as formerly to the great evangelistic gatherings in tent and tabernacle, then there is all the more need that the pastor into whose hands has been laid the spiritual welfare of the community, should go to his people with the blessed evangel in his soul. The truth for which the world is crying is a truth that is translated into action. It is a truth which must fall from eager lips and be prompted by a yearning heart. Here lies the success of every man's ministry and the true progress of the Church of God. The Church can live in the world only by individual transference from the natural to the spiritual kingdom. It is by the personal evangelistic appeal that the Church is to make its real advance. When things seem becalmed, when the sky is low and gray, it is then that we cry for the evangel of prophets and pastors and not for the vaporings of philosophers and liberalists.

When that spirit takes possession of the pastor, a new era dawns in his own soul and in the life of his Church. I cannot do better than to call your attention to a notable example in the life of one of the most successful pastors in America. Perhaps no man in the Congregational Church more influenced his own denomination than Constance L. Goodell. In his early ministry at New Britain, Conn., his heart was greatly burdened because he saw almost no evidences of spiritual success in his ministry. With a splendid Church behind him in the four years from '61 to '65 none were received into his Church by profession of faith.

Utterly discouraged, he seriously considered taking up some other work, but in 1865, he invited four young people, leaders in the community but not professed Christians, to come to his home. One of these now living, who served for years in the ministry, has told me what happened. The pastor was greatly burdened for these young people. When seated at the dinner table, with every evidence of deep concern and with actual emotion, he told them of his heart longing for them. It was a revelation to these young people to see the deep concern of their pastor and it resulted in the four giving themselves to Christ upon the spot, and one of the two young men took a college course and entered the ministry. But the matter did not end there. That proved to be the

first experience opening the way for a marvelous ministry.

The pastor saw that the secret of success was to be found in the personal touch and he was so enamored of the work that his heart flamed up with a zeal which was never quenched until the day of his death. As an illustration of his method, he said, I had a row of bottles that I wanted to fill from my hose. First I fired into the air, hoping that some water would fall into the bottles, but I found that every variation of the wind carried the spray away so that only a few drops entered, and I despaired of filling the bottles, but when I turned the spray directly upon the bottles one after another, they were soon filled. Sitting one day at the window of his study, he looked across the street to the beautiful home of one of the prominent citizens who was at that time Mayor of the city. He was an irregular attendant upon the services of the Church, but otherwise had manifested no interest in religious matters. As the pastor sat there wondering if there was not something he could do to reach this man, he saw a servant come out and turn the faucet by the fountain in front of the house. He watched the spray as it rose with copious stream and reflected on the fact that it was connected with the mountain reservoir and that the supply of water was inexhaustible. As he sat still meditating darkness began to fall and he saw the lamp-lighter passing

along to light the city lamps. He reflected that they were connected with the great gas supply and that as long as that continued the light would not fail.

These little instances enforced upon his thought the fact that if these things which seemed so small could receive a never-failing supply because of their connection, he too by being united with God might expect to have power and strength, not according to his own natural limits but according to the fullness of God. He resolved immediately that he would go across the street and talk with the Mayor and his wife about their souls' interests. The Mayor gave him a very kindly reception, and when he had unbosomed himself, told him that he was very glad to have a chance to talk with him about what he felt should be the greatest concern in his life. Before the evening was over, the Mayor and his wife had made the great decision and in a few days they were both received into the Church.

That was the beginning of an ingathering of 150 into the Church during the next two years. Seventy persons came in at one service, many among the most prominent in the town, including a Congressman. The young people were greatly moved and organized themselves for personal work. This marked an entire change in Dr. Goodell's ministry, a change which made him to the day of his death possibly the most efficient pastor

which the Congregational Church has ever known. Professor Currie has a thrilling book on his life's story and many of the theological schools are using him to-day as one of the greatest examples of pastoral efficiency.

There will always be a place for the vocational evangelist, but in the last analysis of his work, he must depend upon the evangelistic spirit in the hearts of the pastors to whom the training of these converts is committed. Much good was accomplished by those prophets whom God sent out with the great evangel, Finney and Moody and their ilk, and there are still with us men of the same fine spirit to whom the Church is greatly indebted and who ought to be encouraged in their work. The need is too great and the forces which are at work for righteousness are too few for the Church to minimize or set aside any of them. The results which have followed the work of evangelists are full of challenge. It was the message of Finney which led to the conversion of George Williams and so to the founding of the Young Men's Christian Association. It was the message of Moody which led Drummond and Grenfeld to give themselves to a service which changed university thought in England and lifted Labrador to light and life.

Still it is true, for the most part, that the in-gatherings into the Church, which keep the Church of God at the front, are not those which come in

a few places through the winning of thousands but through the faithful devotion of humble pastors in a hundred thousand fields, whose record is not put down in glowing head lines in the daily press, but is registered in the deepened soul life of thousands of people and is recorded only in the Lamb's Book of Life. We hear frequently that there are not many real additions to the churches from great evangelistic meetings. The same thing with few exceptions has been told through all the years. I have before me now the *Independent* of March 31st, 1881. On the first page is an article on revivals by the Rev. Newman Hall of London. In it he says, "The mission of our brothers, Moody and Sankey was followed in some places by large admissions, but this was not the case in London. I hailed that visit and took part in it, assisted in the inquiry room and occasionally preached in connection with it. Some of the services were held in our Surrey Chapel. Yet out of a membership of 1,300 we have not three who are the fruit of that mission. It did great good in many ways. I should hail another visit, but it did not in our experience show that occasional revivals are more useful as regards conversion than the steady work of the Church."

The call of the hour is for the Pastor-Evangelist, a man of the flaming heart, who will be all things to all men if he may win some for his Lord, and will never be quite content until his personal

friends in his parish are also personally devoted to the Christ whom he loves and seeks to serve. Little children will rise up to call him blessed and the dividends which come to him in later life will give him unbounded cheer as the years come and go.

CHAPTER II

EVANGELISM FOR THE TIMES

I heard Ralph Waldo Emerson give his last public lecture. The subject was "Eloquence." He said that one of the chief elements in eloquence was timeliness. I am sure we are all agreed that this element is always a factor, even in religion. Since so much is being said about that element in religion, it is necessary to discriminate. If "new occasions teach new duties" and make "ancient good uncouth," what if the old things we have treasured in religion are really evanescent habits and customs which have become obsolete? Styles of manner and dress are relegated to the limbo or the attic. To what extent will this apply in matters of religion? Must the soul be as anxious to be up to the minute in its dress as is the body? Do the angels also change fashion in their robes and will the Lamb's Bride, "clad in linen pure and white which is the righteousness of saints," be also troubled lest her garments be out of style? Let us see about that.

The evangel of the Son of God has long been in the world. The good news is both old news and new news. What part of it has been outgrown, and what part is as ageless and eternal as

gravitation? Because a thing is old is no reason why it should be laid aside. The sun is old, but the world is ceaselessly renewed by it and if it has grown less in its life-giving power, we are not sensible of it. The sea is old and the mountains, and yet they are always new.

> "Helen's lips are sifted dust,
> Illion is consumed with rust,
> All the galleons of Greece
> Drink the ocean's dreamless peace."

But love is always new. Time cuts no furrows in its brow and floods cannot destroy it. It is stronger than death. We are quite prepared to believe that this must also be supremely true of the love of God, and since the evangel is only the proclamation of that love something of the evangel must remain forever unchanged.

It is an unspeakable comfort to realize that over against the religion that is only "up-to-date" there is another that is dateless, like its author, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," one which had its place in the heart of God before the morning stars sang together and will be cherished there when the planets are borne out to their sepulcher along the dusty road where once blazed the milky way. The terrible things that destroy the soul have not changed, no new sin has been discovered and, alas, no old ones have gone out of fashion. Death is the same now as

when Cain looked into the face of his murdered brother. Sin is the same awful thing which broke the heart of Adam, of Edipus, and of Esau, and its shame is no other than that which Samson felt when, blind and in prison, he ground the grists of the Philistines. Are we not also comforted to sing:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

We call Him the God of our fathers and we love to think that He also will be the God of our children and insist that He is also our God.

When John Robinson, before the Mayflower sailed, said that new light would break out of the Scriptures, was he not thinking of the same old light which had been in the Scriptures from the beginning and which lighted every man that came into the world? We may make new adaptations of steam and electricity, but with all our study we have added no new quality to either. If religion is after all a matter of style and the robe of righteousness liable any day to go out of fashion in what shall I dress my soul? If I have to wait at the door of the professor who is most up-to-date to find what gospel I can preach, or what gospel I can live, how sad is my estate, for alas, styles differ as much in theology as in the Bon

Marché! Who can tell me what will fit me and who is final authority on what is antiquated? May I still long to have my name written in that book whose pages turn not yellow with the passing years, the golden book wherein are written in all ages the names of those who have feared God and kept their trysts with Him?

While it is true that there may be a general *zeitgeist* or spirit of the age, it is also true that we have to face different mental attitudes on the part of men. There are some who are still in the dark ages, and some are entering the Renaissance. Dr. Gilkey has called attention to the fact that some among us still personify the attitude of the days of alchemy and the black arts and perpetuate the superstitions of the age of witchcraft and the attitude of the scientific opponents of Galileo. Whom then shall we take as the representative of the age? If we have those who too literally interpret the Bible, we have also those who deny it and put up arguments which were silenced a millennium ago. We have college men who turn from religion as a thing they in their wisdom have outgrown, and who do not seem to realize that in that they are at least a century and a quarter behind the times. To find those who believed as they do, all that is necessary is to go back to the Yale of 1790, when the entire student body, with two or three notable exceptions, scouted religion as effete and

unworthy of the thought of trained men, and named themselves after the French deists of their time; but President Dwight of Yale so completely answered them as to strike them dumb. If those who share their feelings now would only study history a little, they would be spared much future mortification.

It is well for flippant criticism to listen at the study door of Prof. Borden P. Bowne. He says, "We are promised now and then a new religion. We have had several of these in the last generation. Compte gave us the 'religion of humanity,' a thing about which it is impossible to speak with gravity. Mr. Spencer gave us the 'Religion of the Unknowable' which had no altars and where the worship was mainly of the silent sort—no inspiration, no rebuke, no stimulus to right living. We have come to see that if we will not listen to Jesus Christ in His revelation of the Father, it is not worth while to listen to anybody else. We do not need higher criticism every day, but we need the living faith in God all the time and I think that students need to bear that in mind."

With these thoughts in mind, let us analyze a little the question of what kind of evangelism will be really up-to-date and applicable to present day needs. That will send us back to Pentecost. That was where the Church received its first preparation for a world revival which will not be ended until the last rebel breaks his sword at the feet of

his Lord. Something happened then the like of which had never happened before. They were all with one accord in one place. The something which happened was born of prayer and of perfect surrender; that something was so mighty that it changed a poltroon and a liar and a blasphemer and made him a very lion in courage and touched his lips with such power as to cleanse them of their falsehood and their blasphemy and make them so mighty as the vehicle of truth that thousands were turned to God by the preaching of a single sermon.

Let us hope that so great a power as that, so wonderfully displayed, was not to be confined to that age, but that if the same conditions are met to-day, the same victory, the same unspeakable miracle, will take place. The false will become true, polluted lips will speak the truth, and those who took God's name in vain will now take it to such purpose that brazen-hearted sin will flee and stout iniquity will quail before it. In some way or other we must have that old-time power. Of such a sword as that, we must say as David said concerning the sword which he had once wrested from the hand of Goliath, "There is none like it; give it to me."

We must go a step farther and say that the purpose which is to be accomplished by the evangel is not an evanescent purpose; it lays hold of the springs of life. Jesus never made much of tradi-

tions. He scattered them as no man ever did before or since. To the cry, "It was said by men of old," He answered, "Verily, verily, I say unto you." He had no sympathy with ecclesiastical millinery. Religion was not a garment to be put on; it was a life to be lived. So He said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly." It is quite evident then that so far as the evangelism of the present day seems to make itself a thing not of form but of life, the methods of the Master are in no ways antiquated or outgrown. "Ye must be born again," is a statement that fits the twentieth century as admirably as it did the first century.

Some persons have been inclined to think that this command has been abrogated. They have tried the application of externals. They have treated, not the root of the disease, but its outbreaking form. They have tried palliatives, not to say sedatives and bromides, but in some places, at least, in the awful arbitrament of the pragmatic test, these nostrums have gone into the discard and men are swinging back to the first century to take up once more that great eternal proclamation which the Lord of life has never abrogated. Men have come to find out that man by wisdom knows not God, but the things which have been concealed from the wise are revealed unto the simple-hearted, and that now, as of old, the truth is announced, "Except ye repent and become as

little children ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of God."

To the old cry, the cry of Shakespeare,

> "Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weights upon the heart?"

the old answer, Shakespeare's answer, comes back from lodge and club with infinite reiteration:

> "Therein the patient
> Must minister to himself."

But the answer of the first century was the answer of the cross and of Him who hung upon it: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest." "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." And as a prophylactic against despair the church continues to sing:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

Here I am quite aware there is ground for dispute. There are some who are saying, "You make this a sanguinary religion." To that we plead

guilty. We even make bold to say that without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins. We affirm there is no other name given under heaven whereby we must be saved but the name of Jesus, whose name was given to Him because He should be the Saviour of the world, not by His life only, but by His death.

There is a mistaken notion that there is a social gospel which is not at all dependent on a spiritual basis and is to take the place of the old-time evangel. Those who affirm this do not read aright the signs of the times, and are not sufficiently informed as to the arbitrament of fact. As if any social gospel would be of real use which did not have a throbbing spiritual power behind it! And, on the other hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that no life of the spirit can be long maintained that does not express itself in terms of daily life and helpfulness. We are members one of another; life takes on importance from our surroundings and responsibilities. We are sons or daughters, brothers or sisters, neighbors and friends, and every one of these relationships confers obligations. None of these can be truly met unless the incentive is higher than a mere matter of propinquity or human relationship. We do not come to love God through love of men, but we love and serve our fellows because we love Him who came into the world not to be ministered unto but to minister.

There is also a mistaken notion that the climax of Jesus' teaching was the sermon on the mount. The world has paid its tribute to that wonderful message, though His detractors are accustomed to say that there was nothing in that message which was new. Jewish critics have said that it was in substance to be found in the Talmud and other sacred writings. Oriental critics have said that Confucius taught the same truths. The answer to all this is that whoever may have said the same things, no one had ever *lived* them before Jesus came. He was the first to exemplify them in His own life. But the golden rule was only preliminary to something that has greater power and outreach.

Then, too, we are asked why we do not have the same physical healing as in His time. Jesus' answer is enough. He never set great store by physical healing anyway. He used it to emphasize His wonder-working power. He told them that it was immaterial to Him in what direction that power was turned, "Whether is easier to say, Thy sins which are many are forgiven thee, or rise up and walk?" If He had been inclined to declare His mission by His physical power, He would have made that as all-inclusive as His spiritual power but there were thousands of sick within His reach whom He did not heal. To His disciples, He said, "Greater things than these shall ye do," and that promise is being fulfilled. It was blessed

to heal the blind and the lame and the leper, but to open the spiritual eyes of men born blind is a greater miracle; to heal a leprous body is not half the marvel that is wrought in the cleansing of the leprous soul.

The golden rule would do for His inaugural but the message which grew with the unfolding of His life was of quite another kind in its power. It was the message of the cross. His whole life was condensed into this great thought—*He had a passion for saving the lost.* He had come to bring life and immortality to light through the gospel. His was a message of conquest over the dread thing that peoples men's lives with ghosts constantly shrieking in their ears, "Thou didst it! Thou didst it!"—that terrible thing that digs graves and breaks hearts and ruins love and honor and undermines the proudest fabric which the architect called Life has ever built. With far-reaching emphasis the record declares, "When the time that He should be received up was fully come He steadfastly set His face to go to Jerusalem." The shadow of His cross lay athwart His path, and it deepened with every passing day.

Now a man is likely to weigh his words when words can be but few. It is the last time that He will speak to His friends before He goes to the garden and the flagellation and the cross. Now, if ever, He will put first things first. Because they are slow to understand and believe, much

that He wanted to say to them He could not say. "Ye were not able to bear it; neither now are ye able," are His own words. Nevertheless He will tell them, in words which they will understand better, as they look back upon them, the great secret of His mission. There is no attempt to rehearse the sermon on the mount. Listen at the door of the upper room. No one can halt at the prison door in far off Athens in an earlier age without being moved by the words of him who holds the poison cup in his hand and of whom his jailer said, "He was the gentlest and the best that ever came here." It was high discourse which the son of Sophroniscus voiced that day, but throbbing as his message was with love and immortality, Socrates himself could not approach the surpassing love and yearning and certainty voiced by Him who was the Son of Mary and the Son of God.

The note He raised is higher than any other that ever fell from human lips; He only speaks with certainty. He left a throne for a manger that He might fill the mansions of heaven with citizens redeemed. The three short years of His prophetic life are condensed into this volcanic point and His message in the upper room has done more to fill the human heart with peace and hope than all the disquisitions of all the philosophers of all the ages. He is bidding His chosen friends good-by; here are the supreme values that

time and death do not change. Why should we seek to set up lasting standards who know nothing about eternities? The only One who knows told them and us what are the supreme values in life and to what they and we should address ourselves. Here we find what He wishes us to do. Here we find what is true enough and good enough and eternal enough to make us thrill with the call. It is the climax of all His messages to men, and we shall do well if we hush every lesser voice and listen to Him, minded to do His will.

There are some very practical things that have come to us in the aftermath of the war. They were apostles of a new set of things who said, "The old order giveth place to new." Galsworthy had said, "When the war is over mystical Christianity will be dead. It was dying before the war began. It will utterly pass away when the war is over." But the men who were looking for a corpse were disappointed. Vital religion has had always a strange capacity for coming back, and when there were added a few hundred thousand wooden crosses in Picardy and a million widows in France and England and America, mystical Christianity received a new life and from every martyr's grave and every hearthstone there arose a cry deeper than the heart of men had known before, "O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." They told us that when the boys came back from the

trenches we should have to change the work of our churches, and so in some places they tried to make the parish houses a combination of a doughnut kitchen and a dance hall; but if those accomplished the thing whereunto they set themselves, we have not heard of it. That was the worst year the Church in America has had in a hundred years, and the recollection of it is still a nightmare to us.

No, the kind of truth the world must have today is *felt* truth, the truth of experience, the truth that has so much of life that if you cut it it would bleed. Christianity is a throbbing life. It brings news that fits the hour, for the soul is the same in all ages. Of course, we do not want stale news. We light our fires with yesterday's newspapers. We want such news as Jesus gave to the disheartened on their way to Emmaus. We want sight, for God is filling all the air with light. It is sometimes asked, what has Jesus to offer to people who observe the proprieties, pay their debts, are cultivated, and belong to good society, who do not gamble very much, nor drink very much and are not in slavery to their passions? The answer is, "I am come that they might have *life.*" In Jesus' time the Pharisees said they had it, and the Pharisees in our time repeat that affirmation, but He made short shift of their claims when He said, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life."

The age is not an age of theory; it is an age that exalts practice and experience. We may not understand all mystery and all knowledge, but we must have had an experience if we are to be of service. We must have some convictions about God and duty, about sin and salvation. The world will not worship and serve a God who is simply under investigation.

Since the evangel for to-day is one of personal experience, it can only be wrought out by personal work. Men do not want to read theories. They cry, "Sayest thou this thing of thyself, or did another tell it thee?" What do you know about God? It is a time when our pastors must throttle ease in the study and go out into the streets and into the homes, with a zeal that flames in their cheeks and moistens their eyes, to solicit men to accept the salvation of Christ, without which they are undone. It is a time when laymen must cease to call religion an experience for ministers, and must go out, like the laymen who laid the foundations of the Church in the first century, to bring their brothers and their friends to Him who is the Light of the World. Vocational evangelists will always have their place, but they themselves understand that the ideal condition is that where each pastor, with his own officials and membership about him, undertakes to be what Jesus has called him, the light of the world and the salt of the earth.

CHAPTER III

THE JESUS WE FORGET

Probably the poem of Richard Watson Gilder which is most quoted is the one entitled "The Song of a Heathen." It represents the attitude of a stranger sojourning in Galilee when Jesus was preaching there, who had heard strange things about Him, possibly had seen Him perform some of His miracles. He sensed the atmosphere which was around him and this is what he says of Him:

> "If Jesus Christ is a man—
> And only a man—I say
> That of all mankind, I cleave to him
> And to Him will I cleave alway.
>
> If Jesus Christ is a God—
> And the only God—I swear
> I will follow Him through Heaven and hell,
> The earth, the sea and the air."

This is what we need to remember about Jesus. One of our great thinkers affirms: "The Bible really has very little to say as to what Jesus taught, but an immense amount to say and to imply as to what He was." It is His personality which counts. It is the glorious fact that He was

God manifest in the flesh. We are to follow Him and to cleave to Him, and if we are to be His followers we must catch His spirit. We must seek according to our capacity and opportunity to do the things which He did.

In another book, *Heralds of a Passion,* I have set forth as best I could the yearning of His soul after men. I have said that His whole life might be condensed into one phrase—"He had a passion for saving the lost." I still affirm that no man has any right to call himself a follower of Jesus who does not share that passion. It is not enough to know academic truth. The worst man you ever met knows more truth than the best man you know ever practiced, and it is the living truth that Jesus affirms is the only proper test of it. So the Jesus we need to remember is the Jesus of life and not of some doctrine. When He was here, and knowing how weak and wicked men were, He yet entrusted Himself and His message to the memory of those who loved Him through death, and in His own teachings He paid no attention whatever to critical matters, even when He quoted the Old Testament. He quoted without explanation incidents and miracles which the higher critics rule out. He quoted the story of Jonah without any glosses as to whether he was a real or a fictitious character. He quoted the miracles of the Old Testament without any fear that He should lose His reputation for scholarship. No

man can meditate on this without realizing that there was something vastly bigger than such questions in His mind.

St. Paul tells us that the great mystery of the Gospel was "God manifest in the flesh," and Matthew does not hesitate to point out all the blemishes on the human side of His family tree. So He became a man among men. He bore the sweat and travail of life. Workmen loved Him because they saw the marks of their nails in His hands both living and dead. "The plagues of Egypt," as some one has said, "are as a rule the plagues of plenty," and in that one discovers why Jesus as He went among the people was constantly telling them that they must keep their soul alive whatever happened to the body. So far as the record is concerned, Jesus only wrote once, and then He wrote on the ground, but His writing must have been so plain that the Jews who watched His finger saw their own condemnation and left one by one in shame.

His last will and testament—listen as it falls from His lips! With His disciples standing about Him—"My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you." My peace is my legacy. That is my last bequest," and with that He went home.

Recently after addressing Randolph-Macon College at Ashland, Virginia, the President, Dr. Blackwell, took me to the old Hanover Court

House. That Court House was built before Washington was born, of bricks which were brought from England. It is the building in which Patrick Henry made his celebrated speech in the Parson's cause. Not far from there Henry Clay was born. My friend obtained permission from the clerk to show me a strange will which was made in 1866. You can see how far human hate can go. This is the will:

"I have made several wills before, when I had considerable property to give my wife and children, but since the Yankees have stolen all my negroes and robbed me of a great deal of my other personal property, pillaging my house, breaking open all the doors, and stealing all the clothing they wanted, I have very little left to will. They stole a gold watch from me worth about three hundred dollars, which was a bridal present from me to my wife, when we were married half a century ago. They threatened to shoot me if I did not deliver the watch to them, and burn down my dwelling house, presenting their pistols at me frequently, and I, an old man of seventy-six that was too old and feeble to defend myself.

"I now therefore make this my last will and testament, in the manner and form following; viz:

"First, I give and bequeath to my children and grandchildren, and their descendants throughout all generations, the bitter hatred and everlasting malignity of my heart and soul against the Yankees, including all the people north of Mason's and Dixon's line: and I do hereby exhort and en-

treat my children and grandchildren, if they have any love or veneration for me, to instill in the hearts of their children and grandchildren, and all their future descendants, from their childhood, this bitter hatred and those malignant feelings, against the aforesaid people and their descendants throughout all future time and generations."

What an infinite distance between the legacy of peace and the legacy of hate! But hate cannot last. It is against the laws of God. It has in its bosom the seed of its own undoing.

With a smile President Blackwell said, "After the war this man died, his sons moved west and married Yankee girls." My friend himself was an eye witness of the horror of the war, and his own family has suffered unspeakable losses. For myself, only a few miles away at Cold Harbor, my own brother had been shot. But through Christ's legacy of peace my friend and I were one in heart under the stars and stripes. A few days later I passed, with the sons of those who had faced my brother in battle, over the grass-grown trenches of Cold Harbor, and in a cornfield I picked up a Southern rifle ball shot there fifty-eight years ago. There was no bitterness in our hearts and for Jesus' sake we were brothers beloved. Let us bury all our hatred and take our part of His legacy—"My peace I give unto you."

We must not fail to remember that Jesus was the superlative individualist of the ages. We

would like to do things by wholesale in manufacture and in efforts of every kind. We used to talk in units, but now we talk in hundreds and thousands. We have gone on with leaps and bounds. We have not failed in our organizations, our systems are admirable; but where we have failed is in our *contact,* and really the actual contact is the only thing that counts. You find that in your telephone, or your telegraph or your wireless. Now the actual contact of individual heart with individual heart is the place where life begins. We have only to recall the method of Jesus. It was Nicodemus and the woman at the well and Zacchæus and Andrew and Peter. It was the message to, and the contact with, the individual heart which laid the foundations of the Church. To spend an afternoon picking up Andrew or Philip or Peter, when one might have written an article on a new park, or a fresh article on psychology or pedagogy or theology; or to waste a whole evening with Nicodemus when one might have lectured for a hundred dollars or more on the beauties of the Yosemite or the devastation of France, would seem to be a waste of energy, but measured by His standard who sat at the wall of Samaria, discoursing to an audience of one on the water of life, such an audience and such a subject are thrilling beyond words.

Personal power can only be transmitted by personal contact, and so it was that Jesus came to

reveal God to men and He Himself picked His disciples one by one and sent them out with His blessed evangel. He wrote no book, He outlined no ritual, He Himself organized no Church. He staked the future of His cause on the going out of twelve men, whose only preparation was that they had been with Him until they had caught His spirit and after the touch of Pentecost they were able to reproduce the quality of His life in the service which they should render one by one for their people. This is how our own hearts catch the fire and this is how it is distributed throughout the world. One torch lights another, nor grows less in the lighting and behold how great a matter a single torch may kindle!

Above all, let us never forget that He is not the son of Mary with influence, but the Son of God with power. Mr. H. G. Wells has much to say about His human personality. He reminds us that the old Roman historians ignored Jesus entirely. He says, "Jesus left no impress on the historical records of His time. Yet, more than nineteen hundred years later, a historian like myself . . . finds the picture centering irresistibly around the life and character of this simple lovable man. . . . The world began to be a different world from the day His doctrine was preached, and every step toward wider understanding and tolerance and good will is a step in the direction of universal brotherhood, which He proclaimed."

So this historian, disregarding the theological significance of His life, writes the name of Jesus of Nazareth at the top of the list of the world's greatest characters. For the historian's test of greatness is not, "What did he accumulate for himself?" or, "What did he build up to tumble down at his death?" Not that at all, but this, "Was the world different because he lived?" To this I cannot do better than to add those thrilling words of John Oxenham:

"Not What, but *Whom,* I do believe;
That, in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give.

"Not What but *Whom.*
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And His full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive.

"Not What I do believe, but *Whom.*
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illume,
And bids me look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?

"Not what I do believe
But *Whom!*
Not What,
But *Whom!*"

This is the thing which we must treasure above all else. It has become quite the fashion in criti-

cal circles to disparage the deity of Jesus Christ and with it His resurrection from the dead. Critics are freely saying that it is much more difficult now, on account of new scientific facts and critical results generally, to believe in spiritual things. In answer to that I would like to quote the words of the greatest philosopher of the present generation. Hear what Prof. Borden P. Bowne, of Boston University, who, more than any man in America, has represented clear, philosophical thought in the last generation,—hear what he says. "It is only the half educated who fancy that science has made our faith more difficult. Some persons who have dwelt too long in the cave of dogmatic naturalism and who are somewhat in the hearsay and uncritical stage of intellect, have been told that belief is unusually difficult to-day. It seems to be sufficient to tell such persons in reply that they have been misinformed."

The critics are saying that the men of Christ's time realized and affirmed His divinity. It was therefore very natural for them to believe in His physical resurrection, but in our time we are impressed not with His divinity but with His humanity, and therefore the scholars of to-day find it very difficult to believe in His resurrection.

The answer of Professor Bowne to all such would seem to be conclusive: "Something must have happened to change the band of fleeing disciples into the world-defiers and world-conquerors

which they soon became. If there was no fact behind it all, whence did this new conviction and mighty courage come? If nothing had resulted, if there had been only a momentary flicker of enthusiasm, we might well believe that it was all a mistake, but when the Christian Church sprang out of it and still endures through faith in it we certainly need not be ashamed of our faith in the face of anything that science or historical criticism may say. Some will call it Christian superstition; we call it Christian faith. To some it is still a stumbling block and foolishness; to some it is the faith of God and the wisdom of God. As between these views decision must be made of the survival of the fittest, and the court has been in session for nearly two thousand years. All the religious views that for one reason or another have failed to believe in Jesus and the resurrection have likewise been with us for many centuries and they maintain only a precarious existence. These have not been great enough to command the faith or stir the hearts of men."

The destructive critics, and any others who cannot accept the physical resurrection of Jesus, are welcome to get what comfort they can out of these facts. Of course, there will always be difference of opinion among men who weigh the same evidence. Witness the Supreme Court of the United States which divides on many of the greatest questions of law and fact and by a majority

of one declares their enactment to be the law of the land. We have no desire to set up a Procrustean bed on which to stretch those who disagree with us, but we would like to make it clear that in matters of this kind no scholar has a right to assume that the scholarship of the age will not allow us to affirm that the supernatural is still the backbone of Christianity. So far as science is concerned, there have been quite as many great scientists who have believed in Christianity as have repudiated it, so that their opposition to Christianity had nothing whatever to do with the science or the philosophy which are involved in the Christian faith.

There are some who feel themselves constrained, they say, by inexorable logic and the appeal to fact to deny Bible miracles in general and the miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus in particular. This would be amusing if it were not for its effect upon those who are led thereby to lose faith in the great spiritual verities. May we be allowed to say to all such that logic and fact have nothing whatever to do with their disbelief in the miracles? The disbelief is not at all a matter to which they are forced by laws of thought or argument. I am led to say this because men of far greater intellectual power than themselves have unhesitatingly affirmed their belief in these very things. I suppose there is no theological professor in any chair of Christian evidence in America who

would not be modest enough to admit that in the matter of pure philosophy he would feel that he was not worthy to lose the latchet of the intellectual sandals of Borden P. Bowne, our greatest philosopher, to whom I have referred. Hear what he says:

"Let us then as we go about our task recall the triumphs that have been following the cross from the days of His crucifixion until now. Let us strive to get something of His passion which stopped at no self-denial that He might accomplish the thing whereunto He was sent. Let us hear Him saying 'All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Lo, I am with you always.'" Let us remember the promise which He gives to all those who are sharers with Him of His passion. Let us catch the spirit of the Apostle who, remembering all these things, reminds us that night and day with tears he warned men to accept this blessed Christ, and assures his fellow-workers that if we suffer and toil with Him here we shall be glorified together.

CHAPTER IV

THE PASTOR AND HIS OWN SOUL

No man becomes a scholar or a saint in his sleep. There is an exacting price to be paid for everything that is worth while. If one wishes spiritual power it is well for him to know at the outset that this supreme gift cannot be had unless one is willing to pay the full price. Is there a sadder chapter in the history of the apostles than that one which was enacted at the foot of the Mount of Transfiguration? An agonizing father had brought a suffering son to the disciples and asked that they relieve the suffering, but their well-meant endeavors were useless and they were impotent. On the morrow the father, with a faith that had not failed, approaches the Master and tells the sad story of a need the disciples were unable to satisfy. To him, Jesus said "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." With tears running down his face, the father cried, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief."

It would be well for us to pause a moment to catch the spirit of the agonizing father and to enter into his passion for a suffering child. The

answer of it all is not far to seek. The Master rebukes the spirit, heals the child and delivers him to his father. What do you suppose were the feelings which stirred in that father's heart? Would you blame him if he drops upon his knees and covers the Master's hand with grateful kisses?

We are very anxious that there should be no emotion about religion. Who taught us that it was a crime for a father's eyes to know the briny wash of tears, or his heart the shout of laughter when a son was plucked from the agonizing touch of pain or the bony fingers of impending death? But note what follows: The disciples, discomforted and ashamed, say to the Master, "Why could not we cast him out?" Let the Church never forget the answer: "This kind can come forth by nothing but by prayer and fasting."

It is months later. The cross has done its work. Roman soldiers, who before had never known fear, have fallen as dead men before a power which they could not understand. The door of the sepulcher has rolled away and the Master has spent those never-to-be-forgotten days with His own, and His feet are touching earth for the last time before His ascension. As He is parted from them a ringing challenge is sounded in their ears: "Go quick everywhere proclaiming this gospel. Lo, I am with you unto the end."

One can imagine impetuous Peter saying to John, "Let us hurry with this gospel. Let us

start this very moment." But John would have answered, "Said He not unto us, 'Tarry ye in Jerusalem until ye be endued with power'? Said He not, 'Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost has come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem and in all Samaria and unto the utmost part of the earth'?" So the record is that they went to an upper room and they continued in one accord in prayer and supplication, and being so circumstanced, there came at last the divine enduement. How it came and what it was we may not understand—enough for us to know that they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

And then what happened? Of that I have already spoken. I have sometimes wondered how Peter dared, after all his failures, to preach at all. One would think that ordinary modesty and the self-abasement which a contrite soul would feel would have stopped his lips, but in his own humiliation, he realized the mercy of God for sinners like himself and so he preached that matchless sermon which, in some respects, at least, has not been surpassed from that day to this.

Let us meditate on the difference between Peter in the palace of the high priest with a cock crowing in his face and Peter on the Day of Pentecost, the mouthpiece of the Holy Spirit; and that is the difference in the life of any man when he goes to his task at his own charges with no power but his

own and no wisdom but his own little ken and when he goes surcharged with the wisdom and power of God.

One of our magazine writers has taken Jonathan Edwards to task because he said "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." "That shows," the writer says, "how little Jonathan Edwards appreciated the real spirit of the Gospel. It shows how narrow a conception he had of what Christianity really is." The answer to all that is that the failure to understand is not with Jonathan Edwards but with his critic. These things are spiritually discerned and only those who understand spiritual things can properly understand them. We often quote the words of Turner, the painter, in answer to the critic who said, "I do not see any sunsets like yours," and Turner answered, "Don't you wish you could."

It is related that the poet Blake was one day walking on the beach at Brighton and saw the sun rise out of the vast deep. An old English miser, standing near, rubbed his hands and said, "Ah, what a sight! When I see the sun come up like that I seem to see a golden guinea. What do you see?" The poet answered, "I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host and they cry, 'Holy, holy, Lord God Almighty. Heaven and earth are full of thy glory. Glory be to thee O God Most High!' " Don't you wish you could

see such a vision and hear such a chorus every time the sun comes up!

Southey wrote a life of John Wesley and took the printed book to an old Wesleyan woman and asked her to read it and tell him what she thought of it. When she handed the book back, she said, "Sir, thou hast nothing to draw with and the well is deep." How could Southey understand the mind and work of Wesley? You would not expect Benedict Arnold to write the life of George Washington, nor Robert Ingersoll to write the life of Dwight L. Moody.

Jonathan Edwards was right when he said, "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." It is the same thing which Paul and John and Luther and Knox and Bunyan and Wesley had to do before they could help any other souls. How can you give if you do not possess? How can you tell others of that which you do not know yourself? The first question the inquirer propounds is, "Sayest thou this of thyself or did another tell it thee?" Are you repeating with flippant lips a twice told tale or has this been wrought by deep experience in your own soul? Here lies the secret of any Christian's power and especially that of the pastor.

Let us look further into the life of Jonathan Edwards and see what happened after he was assured of his own salvation. Wasn't Jonathan Edwards the man who preached at the little church in En-

field, Mass., on "Sinners in the hands of an angry God," from the text, "Their feet shall slide in due time," and as he preached his auditors grasped the back of the seats ahead of them lest they should fall into the bottomless pit on the spot? I may remark in passing that that sermon was a written one and read. What do you suppose would have happened if it had been given extemporaneously? "But," you say, "what utter misapprehension of the scheme of the Gospel; what ignorance concerning the truth as it is in Jesus. Of course, we know a great deal more in our time and we can state the gospel in truer terms." That we will not deny, but will content ourselves with suggesting—wouldn't it be glorious if with our greater knowledge we had Jonathan Edwards' power? Watch the unfolding of that life. No man was so responsible for the religious life of America as Jonathan Edwards. It was he who was the center of the Great Awakening which saved America in its early days. It was Jonathan Edwards who heartened Whitefield and who stood four-square against the godless spirit which would have made America a Merrymount and debauched a nascent nation at its very cradle. As it was, the enemies of righteousness had a brief triumph over that prophet of God.

Because he insisted on purity in the home and righteousness in public places, they turned him out of his pulpit in Northampton and would not

allow him to return to fill his old pulpit even on a summer's day. He goes to preach to the Stockbridge Indians, but while there he writes that treatise on the human will which the leading critics of England have said was the greatest intellectual production of the first century of American thought. Jonathan Edwards, dying President of Princeton University,—he is the man who said, "I make it my first business to look after the salvation of my own soul." Let America answer, what world-wide influences still pervade the earth which had their rise in the holy commitment of one faithful soul!

On my last visit to the churches in New Haven, I took some of the denominational Secretaries of Evangelism with me, and we went to the Registrar's office at Yale after office hours and asked permission to enter that little, low-studded room in Connecticut Hall. To me it is a holy place, and I wanted my brethren to share the inspiration of it. Opposite the door as you enter, there is a little low fireplace; a small frame hangs over it, within which this message is printed—"Horace Bushnell of the class of 1827 occupied this room in 1823-24." That would seem to be a matter of little historical interest and I have no doubt that hundreds of students and scores of professors have passed it by with a careless glance, but I knew what Horace Bushnell himself had said concerning that very room. These are his words:

"There is a little room in one of the dormitories of Yale and what happened there I hope the Recording Angel may never allow to be blotted out." It was there that the divine chrism rested upon the great man's soul. It was there in his youth at that low fireplace that he made the great surrender. It was from under the lintel of that low door that he went out into the world to carry a gospel, the blessedness of which has not faded and never will fade from the hearts of men.

It was that same Horace Bushnell who had the grace to say, "The soul of reform is the reform of the soul." When he was traveling with a friend in the White Mountains, as the shadows began to fall, they halted on the mountain side and watching the far-stretching valley and the shadows growing deeper as the sun sank behind the hills, the great preacher turned to his friend and said, "One of us ought to pray here." His friend said that they dropped upon their knees and Bushnell prayed until "I did not dare to reach out my hand in the gathering darkness lest I should touch the skirts of the Almighty."

The glory of that light never faded from Bushnell's soul. When he went up to his chamber for the last time it became the ante-chamber of heaven. Joseph H. Twitchell, coming away from Horace Bushnell's home when the seer and prophet of everlasting things was passing into

eternity, sat down and wrote in his journal: "Felt as I left the house a mighty conviction of spiritual realities and a desire to live in them."

May I also call your attention to the vindication of this great principle, which we are setting forth, in the life of John Wesley? We often speak of social service, of ministering to the sick and the unfortunate as if that were something new and modern in the history of religion. No community church or social service center has advanced one iota upon the principles which were practiced by John Wesley. In scholarly accomplishments, in sacrifice and in service, we are but belated travelers in the path where John Wesley blazed the way and still walks in the van. But all this did not bring Wesley to the place which his soul knew he must occupy in order to have the power of God. He tells us that he came over to Georgia to preach to the Indians, hoping that he might gain in such service what he was conscious he lacked, but all to no avail. "I have learned," he said, "what I least suspected, that I who went to America to convert the Indians was never myself converted to God."

When he saw the happy Moravians, Wesley asked: "What is it which they possess which I do not? Are they read in philosophy? So am I. In ancient or modern arts? So am I. Are they versed in the science of divinity? I too have studied it many years. Can they talk fluently upon

spiritual things? I can do the same. Are they plenteous in alms? Behold I give all my goods to feed the poor. I have labored more abundantly than they all. Are they willing to suffer for their brethren? I have thrown up my friends, reputation, ease, country. I have taken my life in my hands, wandered into strange lands. I have given my body to be devoured by the deep, parched up with the heat, consumed by toil and weariness. But does all this make me acceptable to God? Does all this make me a Christian? By no means. I have sinned and come short of the glory of God. I am alienated from the life of God. I have no hope."

It was in this condition of things that he came to the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten day, May 24th, 1738. Some of his Moravian friends had told him of a faith that brings joy and peace through believing. He said: "I resolved to seek it unto the end." It was on that day that he found it. Lecky, in his *History of Morals,* records that on that morning before he went out to his day's task he turned to the Bible to get some word that might cheer him. He opened at these words: "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, even that ye shall be partakers of the divine nature." And once more, these were the words that hit him in the face, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." How far? Just twelve hours. It was that very

evening that he records: "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate Street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a quarter before nine, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation, and the assurance was given me that He had taken away my sins, even mine, and saved me from the laws of sin and death."

And now Lecky takes up the pen again. He says, "What happened in that little room in Aldersgate Street on that night in May was of more importance to England than all the victories of Pitt by land or sea." Our own Woodrow Wilson declares as a historian, "The eighteenth century cried out for deliverance and light, and God prepared John Wesley to show the world the light and blessing of His salvation."

Boreham calls our attention to the fact that John Wesley was thirty-five years of age when he entered the Kingdom, and asks why Wesley's great day was so long in coming. Wesley always felt that the fault was not altogether his own. Any minister might well pray God to dig his grave before any man should face him as John Wesley faced William Law, who had been one of his ministers. "How will you answer to our common Lord," he says, "that you, sir, never led me unto

the light? Why did I scarcely ever hear you name the name of Christ? Why did you never urge me to faith in His blood? Is not Christ the first and the last? I beseech you, sir, by the mercy of God whether the true reason of you never pressing this salvation upon me was not this —that you never had it yourself?"

It is sometimes said that Methodism was born in a university, but that is not true. If nothing had happened to John Wesley but what happened to him at Oxford, Methodism would never have seen the light. Well says Lecky, "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that what took place at that humble meeting in Aldersgate Street forms an epoch in English history. The conviction which then flashed upon one of the most powerful and most active intellects in England is the true source of English Methodism." It was from that hour that Wesley went forth to pay more turnpike tolls, to preach more sermons, and to win more souls than any man who ever bestrode a beast. Because of what happened at Aldersgate Street, he became "out of breath pursuing souls," and so builded himself into the life of England that he influenced her for good more than any man of his generation.

I leave off this chapter as I began it: Any man who wishes power with God and men must pay the price. He must himself be in vital connection with Jesus Christ through a personal experi-

ence. Of all creeds, the blind man's creed is the simplest and most far-reaching. "This I know, that whereas I was once blind, I now see."

"If thou hast squandered years to grave a gem
Commissioned by thine absent Lord.
And while 'tis incomplete, others would bribe
thy needy skill to them,
Dismiss them to the street."

CHAPTER V

THE HOME-GOING PASTOR

It was Thomas Chalmers who said a home-going pastor makes a church-going people. Among the most delightful fellowships of my early ministry was my association with Theodore L. Cuyler, who perhaps more than any man in America at that time was given to systematic pastoral work. Our parishes joined and we often discussed the blessedness of pastoral work. His example greatly strengthened me in my determination to know my people personally.

At the end of his long pastorate he said to his people, "Pastoral work has always been my passion. It has been my rule to know everbody in this congregation if possible, and seldom have I allowed a day to pass without a visit to some of your homes." Dr. Cuyler said to me in his eager, breezy fashion, "My motto has been, study God's word in the morning and door plates in the afternoon. The physical exercise was a benefit and the spiritual benefits were ten times greater." A celebrated preacher once said to him, "I envy you your love for pastoral work. I would not do it if I could, and I could not do it if I would, for a single hour with a family in trouble uses up more

of my vitality than to prepare a sermon." Cuyler answered, "The business of a minister is to endure this strain upon his nervous system if he would be a comforter as well as a teacher of his people." It is a comment on the effectiveness of Dr. Cuyler's method that his church has had all these years a spirit of fellowship that was most marked, and of all the great churches that Brooklyn has delighted in, no one of them has to-day so strong a personality and so vital a family life.

Your pulpit is only a part of your ministry. One word in private may do more to win a soul to Christ than a sermon in the pulpit. There is a good deal of cheap talk and unseemly joking about pastoral work. With a sneer it is said, "The pastor spends his time in listening to the complaints of the saints about neuralgia and rheumatism, and the gossip of the town about the foibles of their neighbors, and he inquires with great solicitude if little Willie has cut his last tooth." Now if a pastor really does prostitute his opportunity and make a gossip of himself, verily he has his reward. But I wish to testify that whatever success may have come to me in a long ministry it has come more through pastoral work than by any other method. In the homes of my people, I was able to present Jesus as I could not do it in the pulpit. I was able to insist upon a personal choice of Christ and to rejoice with men and women whom God had helped me to

lead into the kingdom. I realize the difficulties that attend pastoral work in city life, but for more than twenty years I was able to do it in New York City and was greatly cheered in my soul by the doing of it.

I do not hesitate to say that the best preparation for pulpit work was obtained through pastoral work. I went to talk to my people not about the foolish things of daily gossip but about the great things of the Kingdom. I was indeed solicitous about all their interests, for the true pastor is concerned to weep with those who weep, as well as to rejoice with those who rejoice, but in that flow of heart pastor and people become so knitted together that no relationship outside the family itself is quite so tender nor so long remembered. To see the children's children of those you have led to Christ and to behold that for three generations the grace of God has signally manifested itself through devotion on your part is to set the joy bells ringing with such melody that the discords of life are unable to quench them.

CHAPTER VI

THE HOUSE OF OBED-EDOM

"The House of Obed-Edom." It comes to me across the years. In my childhood a dear old deacon somewhere in every prayer would offer the petition that our homes might be "like the house of Obed-Edom, where the ark rested." The house of Obed-Edom! I knew it well. There the day was bounded on the east by supplication and on the west by thanksgiving. There the family welcomed the voice of prayer as a dear and a sacred thing. There was no cant about it. The saint and father remembered each child by name in every morning prayer. If a boy has not gone utterly over, to stand in the way of sinners and sit in the seat of the scornful, there will be a tug at his heart when the noblest man he knows is talking to God about him as friend talketh with friend.

And the Sabbath in the House of Obed-Edom! May the memory of that never be blotted out. A day when a clean body and a clean soul had fellowship. Morning prayers a little more spiritual than on other days, and then the singing of the great hymns of the church with the family grouped around the melodeon or the piano. Then the ringing of the bell high up in the country

steeple. The fun was of a mild order, of course, but fun is a relative term, after all. After Church and Sunday School were over, it was not so bad, of a summer afternoon, to lie amid the clover with the fragrance in your nostrils and watch the fleecy clouds as God drove them like spotless flocks in azure pastures; or to count the swallows as they circled to their homes in the chimneys or their nests under the eaves; and then, if you had been good all the week, there was the promised trip to the *graveyard.* The mold is on the lips which smiled as they made the promise and the hands you clasped were folded long ago, and the gray head laid to rest in that same churchyard. But my children to this day think it is fun to have me tell the simple annals of the poor and how yonder man and woman, whose dust is sleeping there, fought the good fight of faith. They dressed in homespun but gained a victory greater than that which was ever plucked from the cannon's mouth.

"The House of Obed-Edom where the ark rested." It makes all the difference in the world whether the ark comes to the house as a sacrament or as a ceremony, whether love or necessity throws open the door. The ark had rested in the house of Abinadab for twenty years and nothing worth mentioning had happened. One member of the family looked after it, and the others went about their ordinary concerns unmindful of it. It

may be so in our time. The wife or mother may be forced to take the responsibility for the religion of the family. The motto on the wall may declare that "Christ is the head of this household," but outsiders would be inclined to think by the things that happen there that He was only a silent partner. Abinadab and Obed-Edom were evidently not the same kind of men and so the ark had a different reception in each house.

The Sabbath may be observed by law or by love. The children may be forced to go to church and hate the day and the service. On the other hand, a loving devotion in the home may sanctify the day so that until the last pulse beat of the children it will be to them

> "Day of all the week the best,
> Emblem of eternal rest."

In one home the Bible may be read as an ancient document to be criticized or ridiculed. It might better never be opened. In another, it is opened with reverence, read with delight and treasured in an honest heart. If one is not minded to know and love the truth, he will never find it. Ingersoll read the same Bible that Lincoln read prostrate on his face before God in the White House. One scoffed, the other prayed.

> "The owlet atheism
> Sailing on obscene wings athwart the noon

Drops his blue fringed lids and holds them close
And hooting at the glorious sun in heaven
Cries out 'Where is it?'"

Obed-Edom signifies obedience. To obey is better than sacrifice. He who does most for God, receives most from God. This is sensible. "Know ye not to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey; his servants ye are?"

David did not understand the fate that befell Uzziah, who with impious, or faithless, or careless hands undertook to steady the ark at the cost of his life. So the king went back to his palace dismayed and unhappy.

The record does not tell us what blessed things happened to the House of Obed-Edom after he gave asylum to the ark. We wish we knew in what way the blessing took form. It was so pronounced that it left no room for question and word of it came to the ears of David, the king. It was only there for three months, but in that time wonders had happened and it was told King David saying, "The Lord hath blessed the House of Obed-Edom and all that pertaineth to him because of the Ark of God." That was a language which David could understand. He knew what it meant. He had received some blessings from the hand of Jehovah himself, so David brought the ark from the House of Obed-Edom into the city with gladness. If you want to know how glad he was read the twenty-fourth Psalm.

The record says: "David danced before the Lord with all his might." There have always been people who have taken offense when anybody has done anything for the Lord *with all his might.* It is written, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy might and mind and strength," but in all ages men have got into trouble by doing it. David had a wife, she was Saul's daughter, and a chip of the old block. She was one of a trinity, the other two members of which were the wife of Socrates and the wife of John Wesley. When she saw the king dancing before God, "she despised him," but for once David did not budge. He got his Caudle lecture when the dancing was over, but he plucked up his spirit and said unto Michal, "It was before the Lord which chose me before thy father and before all his house to appoint me ruler over the people of the Lord." Long rued Michal the jesting of that day!

In the days of Obed-Edom only one house could have the ark. Now every home may have what the ark stood for—worship and devotion. I make my plea for a family altar in every Christian home. How can God's cause prosper when His altars are broken down? How can Christianity triumph in the nation if it fails in the home? You ask people to give one-tenth of their income to the Lord, but the Church wants praying members as well as paying members, and it will appear that

prayer will open the purse strings as nothing else can do. Prayers and alms go together. The evangelistic spirit of the pastor can find no better place for expression than in the family life. How many of your families have family prayer daily? How many bow reverently at every meal and return thanks to Him who is the giver of every good? Set up a family altar by the nursery door; that may keep Christ there, for the children are being snatched away by the enemy of their souls. It is far easier to save a child than to rescue a prodigal —and then the bitter memories of the husks and the swine, and ruined hopes and broken hearts.

You say it is impossible to have prayers in a city home amid the pressure of social and business life. I answer, we *can* do anything that *ought* to be done. Daniel in Babylon, prime minister of the realm, found time to pray, and so did Gladstone, prime minister of England. The man who represents more money than any man in the world finds time for family prayers, and even on a journey calls his family and his associates together and humbly seeks the blessing and enlightenment of God. I know a merchant prince in New York whose house has been like the House of Obed-Edom for the Ark of God has rested there and God's blessings have been multiplied thereby. Three of his sons have gone into the ministry and all his children are vital forces in the world's noblest work. He has given a half hour every morn-

ing for a quarter of a century to the study of God's word, and every morning, with his children about him, has committed them one by one to the gracious watch care of the Father. If Burns could say that old Scotia's grandeur came from the humble house where the cotter commended his family to God, so in our time such a home as I have spoken of will leave its influence for good for untold generations and in many lands.

Set up the family altar! See that your people honor God and He will honor them. The fame of one home has come out of the long ago. After almost three millenniums, we are repeating a name which had otherwise been buried and forgotten. Nobody cares about the plan or the size of the house of Obed-Edom, whether the painter had done his finest work, or the rooms had only the fresco of the smoke of years. Nobody cares how much the house cost, or who built it. One fact rises out of the dust of its timbers and will be remembered as long as stars shine and rivers run. It held the Ark of Jehovah and for that reason God blessed the house of Obed-Edom.

CHAPTER VII

ACCIDENTAL EVANGELISM

We are constantly passing through experiences which give new valuation to spiritual things. Our own people are doing the same and here is a great field of opportunity which you ought not to neglect. A layman recently in giving an address to preachers said, "I suggest that in your consideration of next Sunday's sermon you be guided by this: Suppose you knew that you had but a few days to live and next Sunday was to be your last chance to preach, what would be your message? This may seem an unfair test but I offer it for its stimulating effect."

A lady once asked Wesley, "Suppose that you knew you were to die at twelve o'clock to-morrow night, how would you spend the intervening time?" "How, madam?" he replied. "Why, just as I intend to spend it now. I should preach this night at Gloucester, and again at five to-morrow morning; after that I should ride to Tewkesbury, preach in the afternoon, and meet the societies in the evening. I should then repair to friend Martin's house, who expects to entertain me, converse and pray with the family as usual, retire to my room at ten o'clock, commend myself to my heav-

enly Father, lie down to rest, and wake up in glory."

Is it not worth while for us to ask ourselves the question now and then—ought we not to be getting the utmost possible out of life so that as we go along there would be fewest regrets and most of effectiveness?

The late Professor Bowne of Boston University has left behind him a thrilling word, addressed primarily to his students: "You are not here to be happy. If you set out with that purpose you will have a tough time of it. There is not happiness enough to go around and the kind of which there is enough is not worth having. No one can ever be built up into a crowned soul by being favored with happiness. But when you go in for the best things, the fundamental things, and keep on doing so, somehow or other you will be likely to have a good deal of trouble and pain, but it will be pain that will have something divine in it and something that you would not exchange for any so-called 'happiness' under the sun. The gates of time will spring to behind you before long—they will spring to behind some of us soon and behind all of us before long. The question then would be not—what place had we—what did men think of us—but what did God think of us and were we built into His kingdom."

The temptations in the ministry are just as great as they are in business. As ministers we

need now and then to be brought up with a round turn, to find out under some stress of circumstance just where we ought to be putting our emphasis, what kind of men we ought to be, what we ought to be doing in our own family, in our church, and in the community to make our lives most worth while. May I show you the effect of this in a typical story recorded in one of our magazines? The Editor of the *Atlantic* gives me permission to quote from an article which appeared in its columns some years ago under the title "Accidental Salvation." It is out of the ruts and it is of thrilling interest. It will be worth his time for every minister as well as every layman to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the deep message which hides in these words of wit:

"Parker was a sorehead, sullen at breakfast, surly at dinner, quarrelsome in the office, crusty on the street, a bear at the party, a hog on the road, a fly in the ointment. His wife was afraid of him, the children were afraid of him, his clerks were afraid of him, the very porter on the Pullman was afraid of him. Parker was a grouch.

"One night Parker rose at 2 a.m. to fasten a flapping shutter. Going to the window he emitted a yelp of distress which brought all hands on deck. They turned on the light. Parker was discovered sitting on the floor digging at something imbedded in the sole of his left foot. Presently it let go and Parker held up a half a needle. It was a pretty clear case that the other half had remained in his

system. Parker slept but little during the remainder of the night, fearing blood poison. Immediately after breakfast, he sought the family physician, who after patient investigation, told him he must have stepped on an already broken needle for there was no fragment of the steel to be found. But Parker knew that he was carrying in his body a deadly thing which had already started on its final mission.

"He left the office early that afternoon and went home, surprising Mrs. Parker with a display of more tenderness than she had observed in him since their honeymoon, which had long passed into total eclipse. At dinner he appeared greatly interested in the conversation of Bill and Susy about the High School party. He patted the dog, who looked at him with undisguised incredulity. All that night Parker lay awake preparing for the speedy winding up of his terrestrial affairs. He remembered the stories he had heard of similar cases, how the needle traveled through the whole body of the victim until the heart was reached and then—pouff! just like that. He saw himself sitting around in the house in dressing gown and slippers, holding his head in his hands, waiting for the fatal moment. Before dawn, however, he had resolved to face the uncertainty of the future like a gentleman, a decision which brought a warm glow of pride.

"He began to find a new interest in the plans of other people. When he went out for lunch, Parker gave a blind man a quarter, and bought a *War Cry* of a Salvation Army lassie. He called up the Trustees of the Children's Hospital, inquired how they were getting along. It appeared

that he had decided to add a cipher to his previous subscription.

"Within six months all the people who knew the old chap had recovered from their bewilderment about him—that is, they ceased to make their curiosity articulate.

"Parker had found himself. His business was doubled, his home was a temple of devotion and contentment, the local papers were speaking of him as one of our 'leading citizens.' The shadow never lifted, but it was not an unpleasant shadow. Every night he went to sleep and bade himself good-by. In the morning he rose, saying to himself, 'Perhaps this is the last day. I must pack it brimful of the things that are most worth doing.' Parker accidently achieved salvation. Sometimes his eye grew moist and his throat ached when he reflected upon the sympathetic understanding of his wife, who studiously avoided any reference to the impending tragedy and who in spite of her secret sorrow acted up to the situation in manner heroic. Whenever she pressed his hand, or patted him on the cheek, it was her way of saying, 'It is better we should not talk about it, dear.' She was a good sport, mused Parker.

"The fact that Mrs. Parker, while moving the rug in her husband's room the Friday morning following the accident discovered half of a needle the point driven into the floor may have also vouchsafed her courage to see the terrible thing through with resignation."

That seems like a facetious story, but how terribly true to life it is. What utter reversion of interests would take place if we knew our days

were numbered! When we say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years," we are ready to eat, drink and be merry, but if He in whose hands our life is should say to us "To-night!" how we would wish we had been wise in time. "A million of dollars for a moment of time!" But the bid is not taken. Can you bring the truth of it all to the careless who come within your reach before it is too late? If you do not win them they will continue to be the bond slaves of selfish, base desires and utterly lost to God, to themselves and to the world.

CHAPTER VIII

THE PASTOR AT EPHESUS

Every true pastor longs for a message from his Lord. If he has done anything worth while, he would be glad to know of it that he might comfort his heart with the message when the fire of his zeal burns low and he is like to fail. If there is any serious fault in his ministry, he would like to know that while there is time to remedy it. He does not want to be aroused too late. It is sad to learn of a loss too late to avoid it. It is a bitter thing to know of the nature of your malady when there is no chance for a recovery.

We are interested in those pastors and churches of Asia and the long ago. We know that human nature is pretty much the same in all ages and that the sins of Asia are the same sins that flourish now in Europe and in America. If I can find out what the Spirit said to pastors two thousand years ago, I shall know what He would say to me now under the same conditions.

When I read those ancient messages the years slip away and in the place of cities far distant in time and place, I hear the names of cities I know so well, and pastors too whose hearts are athrill to know just how they stand before God

and who would give everything to know just what the Spirit would say to them and to their church.

I would not venture to bring a message of my own. It would be an impertinence for me to undertake to act as mentor to my brethren, but I may in modesty and self-abasement and effacement remind myself and my brethren of the messages which came with irresistible power from Him who holds the seven stars in His hands; the first and the last, who openeth and no man shutteth who shutteth and no man openeth, who was dead and is alive again, and behold He is alive forevermore. If such an one is to speak the greatest and wisest of us all might well halt his breath to listen. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."

"Unto the Pastor of the Church at Ephesus write:" I do not know your name but I know the names of some of your parishioners. It must be a thrilling thing to be the pastor of the Church at Ephesus. When you go down the aisles and enter the pulpit there are the marks of the men in whose footsteps you walk. Men whose ability and devotion were such that their names will shine as stars in the firmament. Bishops and secretaries and pastors who have mounted to the high places of opportunity and power.

If you are not weary of the repetition and do not wish at times that you had been yourself an ancestor and a forerunner instead of a descendant

and successor, let me call the roll of some of your great predecessors. The Apostle Paul himself founded your Church at Ephesus and was pastor there for three years. He turned over his work to Timothy, his son in the Gospel and in his letter to the Ephesians, which is preserved, he urged Timothy to stay there and look after his people. Aquila, Priscilla, Apollos and Tychicus, most famous among the saints of the early Church, all laborers here. To crown its ancient list of worthies, St. John was for years its pastor, and your pulpit was his throne in the last years of his life. Standing where you stand he remembered that epitome of the Gospel: "Little children, love one another," and when his parishioners wondered why he so often repeated it, he answered, "When that is done, all is done." Before we have done perhaps we will see the reason why the present Church needs the same repetition.

Do you realize what a legacy you have and what a marvelous thing it is to stand in such a pulpit? Perhaps it may comfort you to know that even such men as I have named needed as we do to listen to the message which the Spirit gives to the churches. It is quite probable that this message which came to the Church at Ephesus was sent when Timothy was its pastor.

But you are now the "angel of the Church at Ephesus," and it is to you that this most vital and grateful message comes:

"I know thy works and thy toil and patience and that thou canst not bear evil men and didst try them which call themselves apostles and are not, and didst find them false; and thou hast patience and didst bear for my name's sake and hast not grown weary."

It ought to make you very happy to know that all you are doing for the community is appreciated. Nobody can call yours the church of the holy loafers. You are on the job. That's a fine parish house, and the Dorcas Society and the Ladies' Guild and the Men's Club and the Boy Scouts and the Civic Club keep its doors aswing from morning till night. The message gives special emphasis to your patience. You do not begin a thing and drop it. You do not stop your agitation for better laws and cleaner streets and finer parks because some of the city fathers are soon tired and let go. You bear with the frailties and foibles of the mayor and aldermen as well as the vacillating of the saints. You are patient with those who want position and you get what good you can even from those who want to see their names in the papers as the price of their subscriptions and their toil.

I was once pastor of the Church at Ephesus myself and I know just what you are up against. I knew Demas, the quitter, and Diotrephes, who loved to be noticed, and Alexander, the coppersmith. I congratulate you on your patience and

especially because your patience was shown for Christ's sake. That is the only kind of patience that will last till seventy times seven, till the going down of the sun.

And with it all you are ready to show up wicked and designing men. It takes courage to do that, and it often brings good results. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth," but they make better time when you can get an indictment by the grand jury.

I have always thought well of Martin Luther for throwing an ink bottle at the devil. That requires backbone, whether you throw it all at once or drop by drop from a fountain pen. I am glad you stand against all iniquities, whether the men who transgressed wore ermine or homespun.

And then you are commended for your orthodoxy. "Thou hatest the work of the Nicolaitans which I also hate." I do not know anything about the Nicolaitans, and all the commentators seem to be as ignorant as I am. They may have been transcendentalists or holy-rollers or plain deists, but whatever they were, the spirit says, "I hate them," and so strong a word must have indicated a pernicious doctrine and a harmful life. Thank God you stand firm against all erroneous doctrines to banish them from the earth. What a list of virtues you possess! What a record of faithful service! All this stands to your credit.

But here is a debit sheet with one entry only. "I have this against thee." Well, with a dozen entries on the credit sheet and only one on the debit side, you surely will make a great showing. What is that one fault? "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love."

Will a little thing like that make any serious trouble? "Remember therefore whence thou hast fallen and repent and do the first works, or else I will come upon thee quickly and remove the candlestick out of its place." Is it so serious as that? A ruined pastorate, a church overthrown, and Ichabod written on its walls. No light and so the candlestick thrown away! Is that true?

Yes, alas it is true. When love has gone nothing worth while is left. Brotherhood, fatherhood, motherhood mean nothing when love is gone. Here stands a woman with graying hair and pale face, her eyes have lost their luster through scalding tears. Her husband, portly and prosperous, enters the room. With deep emotion she steps toward him and says, "John I must talk to you. I cannot stand it any longer. Once I was the apple of your eye. I was more to you than all the world beside. Your kisses were on my lips. You were happy to be with me and nothing could take you from me. All that is changed now. You do not care for my company. You go your own way without regard to me. You are cold and distant; you do not kiss me and they tell me you love an-

other. I shall die if that is true," and she reaches her hands to his shoulders.

The strong man throws off the clinging hands. "What are you complaining about? Didn't I find you a poor girl, working in a factory and living in a humble house? Didn't I give myself to work for you? Look at your home now! I have clothed you in silk and given you a mansion to live in. There are diamonds on your fingers and furs on your back, there is silver and china in the closet and carpets and rugs on your floors, and a chauffeur and automobile at your call. What are you complaining about?"

How the eyes of the suffering woman blaze as she says, "What do I care about your silks or your diamonds, your silver or your china or your mansion! I would go back to the cottage where you found me and put on the calico I used to wear, I would walk the bare floors like a queen, if I could only have back the love you gave me and which made earth a heaven to my soul."

It is only a few months since London was *en fête.* Why were Piccadilly and Trafalgar Square crowded? Why were all the streets packed with the populace? Why did the titled and the great unite with the common people in glad acclaim? It was love which broke down all barriers. It was love which set the bells ringing in church and cathedral and set the people in holiday attire to vie with one another till the very heavens were

filled with shout and colors. A princess had renounced her royal title and for the love she bore the man of her choice she turned her back forever upon one of the world's greatest thrones. All England and the world hailed with glad acclaim a love which made such a surrender with bounding joy. It was the holy day of a mighty love. Suppose that when Princess Mary had left the arm of her father, the King, and had faced the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing by the side of the bridegroom, when the priest had asked the fateful question, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," the Princess had answered, "I do not love him." What would have happened? London would have been hung with shadows, the ringing bells would have been hushed. The service would have stopped, the Archbishop would have closed his book. Mary would have walked with blanched face across the nave of that great temple of silence and reconciliation leaning on the arm of the King as she entered it and the bridegroom would have gone his way alone. Only love can bind two hearts together and only love can unite the soul with the heavenly Bridegroom. He will take nothing less.

It is the same answer which the Holy Spirit makes to the pastor and the church at Ephesus and New York and Chicago. What do I care about your tall steeples and your vested choirs, your high altars and your Gothic windows? What

are your cathedrals and your stately buildings to me? I do not need your money. The gold and silver of the earth are mine. With one fulminating stroke I could split the Andes or the Himalayas and throw gold enough into the sunlight to make cathedrals for the world. What I ask is your love. If you do not give me that I do not care what else you give, it is nothing to me."

Have you forgotten, O pastor at Ephesus, when the light of God's face shone upon you, when you could say:

> "Jesus, I love thee. Thou art to me
> Dearer than ever mortal can be."

Have you forgotten how when you went into the pulpit in the old happy days your eyes kindled, your hands were cold and your head hot and your heart was ablaze with the passion of a great overwhelming love? If the fire is out upon the altar and you stand shivering where once you stood in power; if you only go through a form from which the power has gone, may God pity you and help you, for your candlestick is already empty. Services are nothing. It is *service* that God wants. No institution can take the place of a divine inspiration.

In some way we must get back the old love. "Remember from whence thou art fallen and repent and do thy first works." How did you get

that first love and how did you lose it? Did it not grow warm in fellowship and prayer? Are the hinges rusted on the closet door where once you kept your tryst with God? So many have no appetite for the things of God. Food all about but no appetite. The doctor comes to the home and goes away shaking his head. What is the matter? Heart failure—and the end.

The only question Jesus cared to ask of Peter before his ordination was "Lovest thou me?" That is the one question that the Spirit asks of the minister at Ephesus. No service is worth while without love. What avails your orthodoxy if you do not love? The devils are orthodox; they believe and tremble. What avails all your plans and schemes, your clubs and guilds? All is hollow mockery without love. It is love which makes the pulpit a flaming light. It is love which brings the wayward home, the careless from their wanderings, the prodigal from his husks. Love never faileth. O Pastor of Ephesus, come back to thy first love!

CHAPTER IX

THE PASTOR AT SARDIS

I know you will be glad to meet the pastor of the First Church in Sardis. His fame is in all the churches. Good old Alexander White of Edinburgh says of him, "Themistocles, Plutarch tells us, could not get to sleep at night so loud were all others in the praise of Miltiades, and the ministers of the other churches in Asia were like Themistocles in the matter of their sleep, so full were all their people's mouths of the name and renown of the minister of Sardis. When he went to the communion season at Ephesus and Smyrna and Pergamos and Thyatira, for years after the captivated people could tell you his text and at the very mention of his name they would break out about his preaching. His earnestness, and impressiveness and his memorable sayings all contributed to make the name of the minister at Sardis absolutely a household word up and down the whole presbytery."

This is what the people say, but what says the spirit? "I know thy works, that thou hast a name, that thou livest and thou art *dead.*" I hear the pastor stammering, "How can you say that? I have the finest church and the tallest

spire in town, and our congregations are the largest. There are more cultivated people, more millionaires and near-millionaires in our church than in any other church in the city. We have the best music and the most dignified service, and the most popular church in town."

"*Thou art dead!*" is the awful answer of the spirit. "I know thy *works.*" Men look at the form. They are pleased with externals. Their estimate is of no account with Him whose servant you are and before whom you stand. You are proud of your services. They are only painted pictures. Your Master said, "The words I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life." Measure yourself by that standard. They say you preach great sermons, but what is a great sermon? By what rule is it measured? Do homiletics and rhetoric and logic and scholarship decide the worth of a sermon? Is the sermon an end, or the means to an end? Of what use is an engine if there is no power in it? The object of your sermon is a bigger thing than its subject, and the effect of it is the test of its worth. A dead man has no conviction, not even that he is dead. How can a dead man preach a living sermon? He may go through the motions, galvanized by some passing thrill, but at best he is only one who plays upon a pleasing instrument. Your sermons are like cypress trees; they bear no fruit.

"I know thy works!" Love of praise has con-

sumed you as it did Cicero. Stern old Phocion cried, "What foolish or wicked thing have I said that the people so applaud me." But you are of another kind. You are a glutton for praise. You have to be fed upon it daily. Your soul grows faint without it. Others have walked the same path before you. That is one of the reasons why Bunyan marks a path from the pulpit steps to the city of destruction, and a sturdy old Scotsman says, "Dose a minister sufficiently with praise and you will drown his soul in perdition, if God does not interfere to save him."

"I know thy works." The inner light has failed. While you were busy here and there about things that seemed to be necessary, you forgot to nourish the holy flame. Once you knew the glory of it. If any one had told you that you would lose it, you would have said, "That can never be. I have had too deep an experience." If any one had told you you would ever be indifferent about it, you would have said, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing." But you are now in Samson's place. When you would arouse yourself to execute the old-time power, you are surprised to find it has departed and now you seek to accomplish by art what once you did by inspiration. You have "a great future behind you." It is of no use to remind yourself of the heights where you once stood. The mill will never turn again with old flood.

My heart goes out to the minister at Sardis. I know him well. He is preaching on all sorts of topics and questions that are in public thought. He has never had any diplomatic training, but he is seeking to solve the intricate questions of national diplomacy. He wants to be up-to-date. He has spent three weeks in Europe and now he is able to tell his admiring people all about how to settle the questions which the war has raised. He never worked a day in his life in a cotton factory or a steel mill, but he really wants to settle the great questions which trouble our social life, and so with the best of intentions, he rushes unafraid where wise men fear to tread. He never majored in philosophy or higher or lower criticism, but he feels he ought to bring some assertion to the settlement of Biblical criticism and what he lacks in critical scholarship, he can make up in rhetoric, so that his congregation, who are mostly uninformed, will be greatly impressed. Of course the great scholar walks softly, but the temptation to the newly-rich intellectually is almost irresistible, especially when he occupies a pulpit and no one is at liberty to talk back. When Prof. Borden P. Bowne was on trial for heresy, he was asked by the prosecutor to state his position on certain matters of Biblical criticisms. The philosopher bowed his massive head and said, "That is a matter outside of my department. I would not feel qualified to express an opinion on

a matter that only scholars after years of study are qualified to discuss."

In all these things, the pastor at Sardis is actuated by the highest motives, but in view of the message which the Spirit gives, he is making first what is only secondary at the best. He is not a diplomat, he is not a politician, nor is he primarily a professor of philosophy or social science. When his Master was on the earth he had a fine chance to preach on politics and social questions and to organize a propaganda against Rome and against the injustice of wealth and power, but He did not improve that opportunity. When John, languishing in prison and, disturbed by distempered imaginings, sent word to Him, saying, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another," He said to this messenger, "Wait here for a little." He then applied a little individualistic gospel on a blind man and a leper and a seeker for truth and said, "You go back and tell John what you have seen. The blind see, the leper is cleansed, the poor have the gospel preached unto them. That will be answer enough. John will know."

What the people in Sardis need to know is this —Have you any message from headquarters? What has God spoken? Is there any message from the Lord? You profess to be His ambassador. An ambassador cannot represent his King unless he bears some message from Him. Has

He talked with you? If so, tell us what He has said. All other voices fade in His presence.

I hope the pastor at Sardis will be mindful of the fact that he is also his brother's keeper and that he must answer both for his acts and his influence. All unknown to him, other ministers in lesser pulpits are looking to see what position the great pastor at Sardis takes that they may know what to do themselves. As there were a generation of lesser Beechers, and Talmages and Moodys and Brooks, so the pastor at Sardis is reproducing himself—others following in his steps. If he fails to lead aright, how great will be his condemnation. A young preacher, like a young lawyer or a young physician, or a young professor, is likely to regard surface conditions, the form and the technique. He will imitate the minister at Sardis in the things which are least worthy of imitation. This leader must realize that and hold himself accountable as God will also hold him.

The terrible thing about all this is that outside ministers and churches were really deceived. Sardis had a fine reputation, a reputation for being alive and successful, a model for all churches to follow. Let us thank God that the word of the Spirit to the minister at Sardis is not a judicial sentence but a warning of love. "Be thou watchful and stablish the things that re-

main which were ready to die for I have found no work of thine fulfilled before my God."

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the bed and Christ shall give thee light." No work of thine fulfilled! What then is the work of the Church? Let us be clear at that point. All things which interest humanity are of concern to the Church, but nothing of her work is completed unless it eventuates in a changed life and a Christian character. What has been your fault, O pastor of Sardis? Remember your commission. Keep it and repent. Why did I call you into the ministry? What was that high calling which you received? Said a great pastor to me, "I had worked for a crowd and a sensation and a place in the sun. I see now that I must turn to the cross of Jesus. I must carry on until my work eventuates in the great surrender of the soul to Jesus Christ." That is why you are in the ministry and you are to make full proof of that ministry in this regard.

Hold, or I will come in an hour unexpected. Carry him out! Room for the corpse! He is dead. Speak the words of love for God. There is no response. No, it must not be! Some day the tired hands of the minister of Sardis will be folded over his breast. Like the old doctor of the Bonnie Brier Bush he will be "tired to *death.*" No greater tribute can be paid him than to say

"He is worn out preaching." He did not rust out. He did not trifle. He *wore* himself out, but he did not die. He is to live forever and those whom he led to Christ will call him blessed here and hereafter.

There is good cheer at the last. "Thou hast a few names in Sardis which did not defile their garments. They shall walk with me in white." Think of it! "I will confess His name before my Father." There is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life. How small everything else looks now! Only one thing counts. O pastor of Sardis, mount your pulpit steps! It is a great hour. The eternities are bending low!

CHAPTER X

THE PASTOR AT LAODICEA

There is one challenge and asseveration made to the pastor of each of the seven churches. It is the only statement which is seven times repeated. It is enough to drive the blood back upon the heart and blanch the cheek of every careless pastor both then and now. *"I know thy works."* There is no chance for subterfuge, excuse or alibi. It is not a question of reputation, of orthodoxy or heterodoxy. I pierce all camouflage and tear aside all cloaks and coverings. Every one stands naked and alone before me. No refuge of lies can avail. *I know.*

A judge may be deceived, a jury may be suborned, a crowd may be stampeded, the people may be cajoled, a minister may be one thing in a pulpit and quite another outside of it. He may be one thing to his family and another thing to his parishioners. His speech may be of gold, his acts of clay. On the street he may be full of zeal, but sloth may lie in wait at his study door. He may talk of high ideals but he may be the slave of the rich and powerful. Let no man forget that it is the "faithful and true witness" which says to each one of us "I know thy works."

To no pastor is this declaration more heart-searching than to the pastor at Laodicea. What saith the spirit? Thou sayest "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing. I have a fine church, a big audience, a beautiful parsonage, wealthy friends, a good salary and a Pierce-Arrow car, why should I worry?"

Listen! "I know that thou are wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." If that sentence smites your ears as you cross the threshold of the country club, I had as soon be David before Nathan as to be in your place. Tradition has it that the angel of the Church at Laodicea was no other than that same Archippus to whom Paul sends a message in his letter to the Colossians, "Say to Archippus, take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord that thou fulfil it." Would it not be unspeakably sad if after these words of the Apostle Paul addressed to Archippus as a young man, he had heeded them so little that he grew old in his indifferent ministry and when his hair was turning gray, he should receive this stinging rebuke from Him who knows the hearts of men and makes no mistake? Is there a sadder sight on earth than a gray-haired minister who has laid up no rich treasure of uncalculating, unstinted, unselfish service? If the gray-haired Archippus does not want to beg in the harvest and have nothing, if he does not wish to go into the grave of the

broken-hearted, let him listen before it is too late to the words which the youthful Archippus heard from one who loved him, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord that thou fulfil it." Pilloried forever in a place of shame, Archippus and his Church have coined a word which all men shrink from and detest. To be called a Laodicean is to be cast out alike by saint and sinner, to be branded in such fashion that no man can bear it without unspeakable shame.

And what is his condemnation? "Thou art neither cold nor hot. I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." The spirit of the age is the spirit of Laodicea. The ordinances of the Church are all right, if you do not make too much fuss over them. It is well to be a little religious, but do not be insistent about it. Religion is not a thing to be talked about. It is not a thing to which a man should give his energy; it is an incidental thing; don't fret about it. Don't let your piety get the best of you, so that wicked men will not be happy when you are about. You can have some good ideas without bringing them forward. You do not need to carry anything to excess. You can be friendly without being intimate. You can be scholarly without being pedantic, and by the same token you can be religious without being enthu-

siastic. It is bad form to appear to be interested in anything religious. Interest is reserved for athletics and amusements and business and politics. It is out of place in religion.

So the men of Laodicea said to Archippus and Archippus came at last to echo the same sentences and in so doing he reversed every true method of judgment both for himself and for his Church. Here is what Archippus said of himself and of his people: "I am rich and increased with goods and have need of nothing." This is what the just judge said of him: "Thou art wretched and miserable and poor and blind and naked." You people of Laodicea are on the high road of commerce. Your gold is counted by the merchant princes and is known among the traders, but your gold is only tinsel. I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, the coin of good deeds, that thou mayest be rich. Laodicea is an emporium of trade. Fabrics fit for kings and queens are woven here. Their rare texture is the admiration of the world. You glory in that, but let me say to you that a white robe is more regal than a purple one. To be clad in righteousness is far better than to build a big barn, and you had better beg for bread in this world than to cry for water in the next. "So I exhort thee to buy of me white raiment that thou mayest be clothed and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear." You walk the streets with painted faces, with ointment and cos-

metics you anoint yourselves. There is henna on your finger nails and under your eyes. Let me anoint your eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see. O Archippus, what is going to happen with you? Will it be "like people like priest," or will you find your Pentecost and after that shall it be "like priest like people?"

It is conviction, it is devotion, it is eager zeal that alone can save you. I wish you were hot or cold. It was Father Taylor, the sailor preacher, who said "I would rather see the devil stand straight up in a man. That is some sign that he is coming out." The thing I cannot stand is indifference. The cold realize their need and stretch out their hands to Him who can furnish warmth and light and life, but the lukewarm will do nothing.

"What are your speculations?" said his friends to the dying Faraday, most devoted of Christian scientists. The Christian scholar replied, "Speculations, I have no speculations. I am resting on certainties. I know Whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."

In another book, *Heralds of a Passion,* I have set forth the passion of Jesus and have declared that Christianity being a life must be impressioned and that I reaffirm.

But with all the terrible heart searching which the spirit gives to Archippus, let the minister of

Laodicea behold the tears in the eyes of Him who speaks: "As many as I love I rebuke and chasten." These are not only the warnings of a friend, they are admonition of a father and a mother. It is because I love you that I cannot bear to see you go on indifferent to the end. It is because of what I see in you that might be mighty for God and men if once aroused that I am seeking to stir you out of your lethargy. My heart is yearning for you, but that is not all. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." With gracious importunity, he does not say to the husbandman of the fruitless tree, "Cut it down, why cumbereth you the ground?" That decree has not yet gone forth. There is a story good enough to be true of how Holman Hunt, the artist, when he had painted that famous picture where Christ is waiting outside the door, was so moved by the thought of it that he himself threw wide open the door of his own heart saying, "Come in, thou heavenly Guest."

This is His promise, "I will come in to him and will sup with him and he with me." How can two sup together except they be agreed? How can the Jesus whose tears fell upon the shingly beach at Galilee and in the fastness of the mountains, how can He consort with those who are lukewarm religiously? How can He bring the pearls of His devotion to those who by their lives will trample them under their feet? He who arose

to pray a great while before it was day; He who was so zealous that they took Him to be John the Baptist, or one of the prophets come back, how could He fellowship with the indifferent and the dilettante? No man can sup with Him who does not share His passion. "If so be that we suffer with Him that we may be also glorified together" is the ringing challenge to the Church at Laodicea.

How his heart blazes as the spirit says to Archippus, lift your eyes to the far horizon, "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my Father's throne." You must pay the price in sweat and toil, in consuming anxiety, and bloody travail, but if you will do that you may be an overcomer. All that is mine is thine. As I paid the price and overcame and am sat down with my Father in His throne, so will I grant to you to share my glory.

O Archippus, take heed to the ministry which thou hast received from the Lord that thou fulfill it. "He that hath an ear, let him hear what the spirit saith unto the churches!"

CHAPTER XI

THE PASTOR AT PHILADELPHIA

It is an interesting coincidence that the two churches which received no rebuke—the suffering church at Smyrna and the weak church at Philadelphia—are still extant, while the other five churches long since passed away. Gibbon calls attention to the fact that in his time the candlestick of Ephesus had been removed; Laodicea was peopled with wolves and foxes: Sardis was a miserable village, the god of Mohammed was invoked in the mosque, and the population of Smyrna was supported by the foreign trade of Franks and Armenians. Philadelphia alone, he said, had been saved.

We do not affirm that the preservation of a Moslem town where once a Christian pastor shepherded his flock, is the reward of his faith or the result of his self-sacrifice, but it is interesting historically to note what has happened to seven cities where once the ministers of our faith proclaimed their message. We may at least meditate with Macaulay's New Zealander on the ruins of London Bridge that the luster and glory of human pride last but a little while.

Hear the message to the pastor of Philadelphia!

The one who gives it says, "He that is holy and true, who openeth the door of opportunity and no man shutteth and shutteth and no man openeth." May each of us hear from the same lips the greeting to the pastor of Philadelphia! "I know thy works. Behold I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it." Let us thank God and take courage. We will not be exalted above measure by what follows, but it will keep us from losing heart when our faith is tried. "Thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word and hast not denied my name." Measured by the standards of ministers' meetings and conferences, it is a far cry from the stately, famous church at Sardis to the weak church at Philadelphia. There are plenty of ministers who are anxious about the health of the pastor at Sardis, or if he is still robust they wonder how long before he will be called to a secretaryship or be elected Bishop. They would gladly undertake to fill his shoes at Sardis, but Philadelphia is a bird of another feather. There is no competition for that pulpit.

When I was a stripling and was sent to my first charge a minister who had been a pastor there years before said, "I congratulate you on your appointment." "Is it then a fine field for a pastor?" "I did not say that, but I congratulate you that you have been sent to so poor a church that you can never be sent to a poorer." Ah, no,

the pastor at Philadelphia does not have to worry for fear some one will steal his job, but if he only knew it, it is infinitely better to have an open door in Philadelphia than a closed door in Sardis. That first appointment of mine furnished a field for the best that was in me and I treasure to-day the lessons I learned there, the faith I gained there and the Christian fellowship I found there. Any place where a soul can be near to God is a great place, hard by the gates of heaven.

O pastor at Philadelphia, the little church with the little strength, you are yet to save the world. The streams of influence like the springs of the river rise in quiet places. The world's great men were mostly born in humble places and cradled in want and toil. Presidents, senators, millionaires, laymen and ministers were born on the farm and in the little village. Let the little Christian chapel and schoolhouse look after them in their youth, for some day they will be seated in the seats of the mighty and they will be on the official board at Sardis.

"Thou hast a little strength and hast kept my word." You may have but a little strength but God is omnipotent and His strength is yours for the asking. Herein is your strength: "Thou hast kept my word and hast not denied my name." An old Scotch Covenantor quaintly says, "The minister at Philadelphia had but little strength of intellect and little learning, but what he lacked

on the mere mental side was more than made up to him on the moral and spiritual side. And that wisest by far of all the seven ministers of Asia soon found out where his true strength lay and threw himself with all his weakness upon his true strength. In his preaching whatever his theme was, he soon found his way to Jesus. That was the name above every name and he was never tired of proclaiming it. So it was that he received that greatest encomium: "Thou hast not denied my name."

It was lamented by a puritan preacher that the men of his time were so busy with the signs of the times and the direction of the wind called Euroclydon and the date when the Gospels were written that they had no strength left to proclaim the Gospel itself. Alexander White adds: "I have myself, to my confusion of face, I confess, wasted many a precious hour in this pulpit on Euroclydon and on the time when the Prophets and the Psalms and the Gospels were written, but I am beginning now to number my days and I am, as you will witness, turning my own attention and yours far more to the name of Jesus Christ in imitation of the minister at Philadelphia."

There are fine opportunities now and many helps so that the minister of Philadelphia can hope to develop the little strength of his mentality and of his scholarship. He must needs apply himself to these. It is God's way of increasing

his power, but let him not forget that for every hour he spends in critical study, he must spend another in holy meditation and on his knees. If you are the pastor you must feed your flock. There is no food in criticism. Your people will starve to death on it. Even were you able to undertake it after some fashion, you had better leave that to the men who spend their time at it. You give your time to the ministry. Have carved in the timber over the window in your study, where you can see it every time you lift your eyes and on the back of the pulpit where you will face it before you rise to preach, the same words that Bonar had carved in the little parsonage of his first charge and in his great city church at Glasgow—"He that winneth souls is wise." And put at the end of the church where you can see it all through the sermon the same cry which is cut on the faces of your people, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

"Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of thy temptation which shall come upon all the earth to try them that dwell upon the earth." That does not mean that a minister will have no temptations. His Master faced them in the wilderness and he will have to face them in the study, on the street, and in the pulpit. By so much as he stands for attainments of any sort, by so much his temptations will be multiplied. Is he a great

preacher? He will look over his congregation and say, "Behold this great Babylon which I myself have builded. I do not need God's help. I can go alone." If his pews are empty, he will be tempted to lose his faith and to surrender to despair. If people speak him fair, he will be puffed up, and when he has lost his simplicity and his humility there is poverty for his soul. When people are jealous of his power or repudiate his zeal in their behalf, when old friends turn away from him because he has spoken the truth—all this will hurt unspeakably, and at times he may almost be ready to curse God and die. But let him never forget that God has put an open door before him, an open door into the secret place of His own presence, where his strength may be renewed, where he may mount up on wings as eagles, run and not be weary, walk and not faint. While we are in the world we shall have temptations, but hear the Master saying, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." "Behold I come quickly."

As to the final coming of our blessed Lord to terminate the evil and diadem the right, there may be a difference in the convictions of men. That time may be nearer or farther away than we think, but this is true for every one of us—"Behold I come quickly." It may be at morn, or noon or eve; any day may be the last and we do well to ask ourselves each day, "Are there any last things I should like to have done, are there

any little odds and ends of service that I would be glad to accomplish before the shadows fall?" There is no sorrow but only joy in that sense of the immanence of Him whom our soul loveth. Since He may come at any time, therefore, "hold fast that which thou hast that no man take thy crown." I do not think that there is a selfish thought behind this exhortation to horde what one has or to see to it that nobody else gets the reputation and reward for work that we have done. The only crowning that God knows anything about is the crowning of the faithful. He did not say, "Be thou successful and I will give thee a crown of life." He only said, "Be thou faithful." Hold to thy task a little longer. The end of it may be nearer than you think. Let no one take the crown that belongs to you. See to it that you are found in your place. "He that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God and he shall go no more out." Think of it, little man, to be a part of the living temple of God forever!

Philadelphia was overthrown by earthquakes again and again. Any temple or shrine might be overwhelmed in the night, but no such cataclysm shall befall the temple of my God. Thy penny rushlight may be a star to shine forever and upon that noble column which God has called you to set up there may be written a *new name*. May I be there to see!

CHAPTER XII

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S OUTLOOK

What then is a pastor? The passage in the New Testament which we translate, "I am the good shepherd" stands in the Vulgate "Ego sum Pastor bonus." So the function of the pastor is the function of a shepherd. But when Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd," he also said, "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." So the business of the pastor is a business of life; for life and, if necessary, to the death; of life because the great Pastor said, "I am come that ye might have life and that ye might have it more abundantly;" unto death, for the good Pastor said, "The good pastor giveth his life for the sheep. An hireling will flee because he is an hireling and careth not for the sheep." Just in proportion as one is a good pastor he will, like his Master, give his life for the sheep. Now the shepherd's business is to look after those who are going astray. Jesus said in substance, "You cannot educate the world into a new life; you have to suffer for men, and if necessary die for them." Jesus was indeed a teacher, and He had to educate and instruct, but He says that what He came for was "to seek and to save that which was being lost."

The lost man, like the lost sheep does not come home of himself. He has to be sought. It is not enough to build your church and to stand in your pulpit and say "Come." You have to go out and seek, if you would save. When the passion for souls dies out then all sense of the reality of religion perishes. It is when we see Him healing men that we have faith in the great physician; it is when we see the lost being saved that we believe in Christianity, and when the passion for the lost dies out in the pulpit, men will shiver around its cold ashes instead of warming their souls at the blaze of a light which was kindled in the heavens.

Hoover said the other day that "nothing could save the soul of the nation and of the Armament Conference except to evangelize them."

Let us get then a clear conception of what the pastor is. The pastoral function is nothing more nor less than to watch over the sheep and to bring those who are straying back into the fold. Is it not time to go back to the one business for which the Church of God was organized and inspired? They are telling us that over ninety per cent of our laws are for property and ten per cent for life. How large is the proportion of our endeavor that is directed to the form of things and how much to the life which giveth form to the Church? Are we not long on church architecture and church millinery and theological dis-

quisitions and critical subtleties, and short on Christian love? Is it not certain that the only truth which amounts to anything is felt truth? Is it not sight that we need at present more than light? The world is full of light if only we have eyes to see it. What will our knowledge profit us without love. "No more," said Wesley, "than it profits the devil and his angels." Is it worth while to spend our strength on purely intellectual truths? In what church was a heresy trial ever followed by penitents crowding to the altar? It has been said that a heresy trial is like a dog fight in a flower garden; the only things that are settled are the flowers.

The world wants Christ; the Christ of purity and of sympathy, and of the passionate and yearning soul. There is a story of a mission worker speaking at a socialist meeting when a woman, with eyes aflame, cried: "Do we have to have this blankety, blank religion rammed down our throats? So far as I am concerned I wish every sky pilot could be stood up against a wall and shot." But the sky pilot, in the spirit of his Master, sparred for time until the crowd permitted him to go on, and when his address on the love of his Lord was over, the black-eyed vixen said, "Is that what the Church wants to tell us? Is that the message of Christianity? Why haven't we heard it before? Come again and tell us more about it."

Everything else has been preached from the pulpit and every nostrum has been tried. Many who thought they had some other message than the old one have at last turned to the Master and said, "Why could not we cast him out?" They have heard from the Master, "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer and devotion and the loving soul." The evangel of the cross is old news and new news and good news, and the only news that a sinner needs in any age of the world and in any condition of sin. Human nature now is the same thing that it was when Pharaoh ruled in Egypt and Attic poets sang and devotees poured their libations at the shrine of Diana and amid the mysteries of Isis. Sorrow and sin and shame and death have not gone out of fashion. In the midst of all materialism and all wanderings away from God, the great silent stars look down and seem to say, "Whither so fast, little men?" The mourners still go about the streets, and the men, who by the grace of God are saving the world, cry out—"Oh, come let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker." No modern lights can put out the old ones. You cannot cut away the azure arch with a sword, nor with all your cannonading overwhelm the stars. Why should we fool with the nostrums of little men while Jesus stands in His resurrected glory saying, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go quickly everywhere.

Lo, I am with you even unto the end of the world."

If the pastor is really the shepherd of the sheep, the one attribute which will stand out above all others is love for the sheep. If he does not love them and does not know them well enough to call them by name, he will have no influence with them. Long ago on the slope of Hermon, I said to an Arab shepherd, "Is it true that you have a name for each one of your sheep, and do they know it and will they answer it when you call?" He said, "It is true." "Then," I said, "will you please call some of them to you?" He hesitated a moment and said, "This is their feeding time. It is the worst time in the day to call them." "Ah," thought I, "is it not true with the great Shepherd that many of His sheep are so busy in the 'feeding time' that they do not hear the voice of the good Shepherd!" "But," said the Arab to me, "I think I may still be able to make them hear me." Then he called in a tone as sweet as might have been sounded at the door of Jacob's tent when he called for Rachel. On the second repetition of the name a sheep, perhaps two thirds as far away as any, lifted her head, waited a moment as if to be sure, then when the call was repeated she bounded at the top of her speed and came up to the shepherd and laid her head lovingly against him. No one but a loving shepherd could do that in Arabia or anywhere else.

What would have happened if, when Mary

came to Simon's feast with her alabaster box, Jesus had not been there? And what would have happened when the prodigal came back if there had been nobody at home but the elder brother? The pastor must care for his sheep, and *care* to care. If he wears a mask, some day it will slip; if he simulates an interest which he does not really feel, discovery is not far away; and in some stormy night or in some busy day, his self-consciousness will make itself so clear that all the world will know that he is an hireling and the sheep are not his.

With that love for the sheep there will go a solicitude which will brook no denial. If the trophies of Miltiades would not allow the younger Greeks to sleep, the pastor will realize that a battle is on greater than in the Valley of Elah; that the World is battling for the life of the pastor's flock, and is taking the Flesh and the Devil to bear him awful company. If the pastor really at heart feels there is not much difference between him who serveth God and him who serveth Him not, if he thinks that because a man lives in a three-story house and keeps an automobile and carries a cane and uses visiting cards he is, therefore, not far from the Kingdom of God, he will not be likely to give up an afternoon on the golf links to make sure that he has crossed the line into that Kingdom. But if he realizes that there is an infinite distance between those born of the

flesh and those born of the spirit, that the declaration of the Master is as true for the rich as for the poor, as true for the learned as the ignorant, "Ye must be born again," he will give up any engagement and pay any price to see that new birth accomplished. All the thirty-nine articles are condensed into three in the hour when life is trembling in the balance. "Ye must be born again," you can be born again, and now is the time.

CHAPTER XIII

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S MESSAGE

What the pastor is will always speak louder than what he says; so in any estimate of the pastor's message, let us begin with himself. There is a familiar story of an old monk who took with him a novice from the monastery and said: "Let us go down into the town and preach." They passed through the streets and the market place, saw men at their work and little children at their play, and at last took the winding road toward the monastery. "When are we going to preach?" asked the novice. "We have been preaching all the time," was the quick response.

There is an automatic influence which goes forth like an exhalation from a good life and of that the pastor may be quite unaware. Moses wist not that his face shone when he came down from the mount. The Shulamite woman, watching Elisha, said: "I perceive that this is a holy man of God that passeth by us continually." It was for that reason that she sought him when death stalked in at the door. Racing with death she crossed the great valley to Carmel. She would not be satisfied with his staff or his servants; her trust was in God's prophet. "As the Lord

liveth and as thy soul liveth, I will not leave thee." Her faith was rewarded when the prophet put his heart to the heart of the child, lip to lip and body to body, and life came back.

Here stands Tennyson with his singing robes about him and chants the story of the spotless Sir Galahad:

"While Galahad thus spoke, his eye dwelling on mine
Drew me with power upon me, till I grew one with him to believe as he believed."

Dr. W. V. Kelley quotes the stately words of Macaulay:

"It was before the deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the synagogue, and the doubts of the academy, and the pride of the Portico and the fasces of the lictor and the swords of thirty legions were humbled in the dust."

We shall now pass to consider with some definiteness the form of the evangelistic message which the pastor's lips must proclaim.

One never-to-be-forgotten day in the life of a king and of a prophet, Zedekiah took Jeremiah out of prison and brought him to the palace and

said to him secretly, "Is there any word from the Lord?" and Jeremiah answered, "There is." Now whether they own it or not, that is the query in the heart and on the lips of every thoughtful person who goes to church. The preacher's one business is to keep God before him. If I leave my home to-day and forego my books, or my games, or my friends, or my family, will it be worth while? Shall I hear an essay, or a disquisition, or a message which will be the word of a man with no more of training or experience than I have—a thing that I could evolve from my conscious or sub-conscious mind, or will it be a message which has been forged in spiritual heat and tempered of the Holy Spirit to reach my soul, so that I shall say, "It is the Lord. Let Him speak for His servant heareth?"

When one comes to think of it, is there a sight more impressive than the attitude of a hundred or a thousand people waiting quiescent to hear what another man will say about the life which is eternal? If the man who listens hears only a human voice and a human message, will he not say, "I asked for bread and have received a stone"? Do you blame him if he does not come again?

And what is the effect on the man who has spoken? He knows he had no message from the Lord; he knows he is performing a useless function, like some old sibyl who prophesied in ambiguous terms about matters concerning which she

had no knowledge. Compare such a message with Peter's on the day of Pentecost, or Paul's at Philippi, or on Mars Hill, or at Ephesus, or at the chief captain's palace, or before Festus or Agrippa at Cæsarea. Would there be any question whether there was any word from the Lord, if we had listened to him? Ought not every preacher to say:

> "Take me, who am not meet
> One word of that great story to repeat.
> Wash my lips clean that I may bring
> To men the message which the angels sing."

We are sometimes told that the modern minister must get a new vocabulary, that the old one is inadequate and outgrown. Perhaps that is true, but is it not also true that we shall have to get a new vocabulary or a new experience? The one we have been using is too big for our message. If it is inadequate, is it not because we use words whose meaning we do not know by experience? If our message is only words, are we not like birds on some telegraph wire who are all unconscious of the great messages which throb under their feet?

In "The Glass of Fashion" a "Gentleman with a Duster" quotes Goethe as saying that what saved him was "*inner earnestness.*" "It was the same thing," says the author, "that saved Mrs. Gladstone from becoming a Margot Asquith, and

for lack of which society is now driven far out of its course of right and wrong. Russia has a thousand qualities which deserve the admiration of mankind, but lacking the one quality of moral earnestness it is stricken with death.

"Philosophy sought to preserve the moral character by improving the ethics. Christianity reversed the order and by that revolutionized human thought. Thus she swept away the rank vapor which steamed up from the corrupt heart."

There are great thoughts to bear in mind when we come to bring a message to men out of the unseen holy. Until thought becomes a passion, it seldom becomes a power. It was with this in mind that Professor William James wrote:

"I believe that feeling is the deepest source of religion and that philosophical and theological formulæ are secondary products like translating into another tongue."

The message that the world is dying for is the message that has conviction in it, that *must* be delivered, that has been wrought in the hot fires of the preacher's own spiritual experience. It must be as much up-to-date as the last pang of the listener's conscience, and as dateless as the eternal love which had its birth in the heart of God.

We talk about many things that do not count. We raise men of straw for the sake of showing

how we can demolish them. We face the doubts of men with ponderous broadsides of logic and rhetoric. Most of those doubts are pure subterfuges. The New Testament wisely puts heresy among the evils of the flesh. Say ye to the righteous, "It shall be well with him." No man doubts that in this or any other world. "Say ye to the wicked, It shall be ill with him." No man doubts that in heaven or earth or hell. Why not preach it then until the wills of men are moved to act in harmony with it? No man doubts that he who walks with God walks a way that is happier than the path of dalliance, and brings the soul into delectable experiences. Even the wicked know that "the path of the just is as the shining light which shineth brighter and brighter until the perfect day." Tell men to put their doubts in their pockets and go to walking with God, and some day when they feel for their doubts they will find they have utterly vanished. Don't bother with little matters, life is too short and too big. Eternal destinies are in the balance. Doors of time and opportunity are swinging, and the last door, opening to the great Adventure which men call Death and the angels call Life, is just ahead. Preach the word!

CHAPTER XIV

THE PASTOR-EVANGELIST'S REWARD

The reward of the evangelistic pastor is threefold. First, the sense of fellowship with his Lord. He knows that his Master came to seek and to save the lost, and now at last he is certain that he can see the footprints of his Lord in the path which he treads as a seeker after those who have gone astray. Whenever his heart is burdened and his faith is like to fail, whenever his mind and body are alike weary, he recalls for himself the life-giving message, "If so be that we suffer with him that we may be glorified together." It is this feeling that will vitalize his words. They will be charged with a current that quickens and thrills. There are many men who are zealous advocates of the truth for the truth's sake. It is the truth which they apostrophize and for which they would be willing to go to the stake, but that is not the kind of truth that Jesus talked about.

Dr. Dale, speaking at the last as he looked back over his ministry, said: "I fear that the truth occupies too large a place in my thought and that I have been too much occupied with the instrument for effecting the ends of the ministry, too little with the actual persons to be restored to God,"

and so he says: "If the hearers felt that the preacher's earnestness was about themselves and not merely about what he believed to be the truth the impression would be altogether different." It is when we realize that we are giving hands and feet to take the place of those that were nailed upon the cross that we get a sense—a compelling sense—of what it means to have a passionate longing to see men brought to Christ. How glorious it is to feel that, according to our measure we are thinking the thoughts of Jesus after Him and giving ourselves to the same absorbing task which fairly consumed our Lord. Well says Dr. Jackson, "This passion to win men is the fountain of all preaching that is of the prophetic order." He calls attention to the fact that there were in Great Britain in the seventeenth century four great preachers living and working side by side—Samuel Rutherford, Joseph Alleinne, John Bunyan and Richard Baxter. They were men of widely varied gifts and attainments, but in the ministry of each the same high note of spiritual passion is heard. "Many a time I thought," writes a contemporary of Rutherford, "he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ." Infinitely and insatiably greedy for the conversion of souls, Alleinne preached his gospel with shouting voice, flashing eye and a soul on fire with love. "In my preaching," says Bunyan, "I have really been in pain

and have, as it were, travailed to bring forth children to God." Baxter questioned himself as he stepped into his pulpit, and the ring of conscience was in his ears, "Dost thou believe what thou sayest? Shouldst thou not weep over such a people and shouldst thou not with tears interpret thy words?" Long before, the same passion swept the mighty soul of Paul—a desire to be like his Lord—and so it is written that he was "constrained by the word." The urgency of his message was like fire shut up in his bones. For the space of three years, he tells the Ephesian elders, "I ceased not to admonish every one night and day with tears." When his friends, foreseeing his danger, besought him not to go to Jerusalem, he said, "What mean ye to weep and break my heart, for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem, for the name of the Lord Jesus." So utterly did his Lord's passion control him that he said, "For my brethren and companions' sake I could wish that I myself were anathema from Christ." It is glorious to feel the thrill which these great souls have known: to be sure that with unabating urgency the call which has led others to service and sacrifice unspeakably glorious is thrilling one's soul.

The second great feature in the reward of the evangelistic pastor is the evidence of changed lives—to see bad men becoming good, the blasphemer become a man of prayer, the drunkard

and libertine become a man of continence and purity. Old things pass away and all things become new. The life which once they loved they hate; the life which once they hated, they now love. Ah, these glorious transformations—miracles of grace! No man need have any troubles about the miracles of the first century, when every year brings him fresh miracles that are as much more transporting than the physical miracles of the first century as are the things of the soul superior to those of the body.

What are the things which give joy to the pastor as the shadows of the evening begin to fall? The triumphs of oratory, the "well-done" of the critics, the laudation of friends? How little and far away all this seems. The voices which spoke them have in many cases ceased and the laurels of those years are dry and rusty now. A new generation has arisen and the old triumphs are forgotten of men; but there is one thing the glory of which never fades away—to feel that there are some who are now on the way to heaven, who would not have been in the fold but for your shepherding care; to realize that some have already passed within the vale, who, so far as human wisdom can discern, would never have found the glorious reward of service if you had not led them to Jesus; to feel the joy of their own testimony ringing in your soul, and to know that for all eternity they will be drawing dividends from your faithful

service—that will make one's old age happy; that will put life under the ribs of death; that will give a joy which is unspeakable and full of glory!

The third reward, which comes to the faithful evangelistic pastor is the reflex influence which comes to him through such service in the building up of his own spiritual life. Doing God's will, he comes to know of the doctrine; seeing miracles of grace, he comes to have a faith that is utterly without question—he lives in an atmosphere of reality. His preaching is not an art; it is an incarnation. His message is not a human message; it is a message from the heart of God; it keeps his own soul alive. He never crosses the dead line of ministerial inertness and despair.

"Are you not lonely?" said some one to a lighthouse keeper, whose home was far from the shore. "Not since I saved my first man," was the thrilling answer of the watcher of the sea. Said a great preacher to me years ago, "I would go out from this elegant home of mine without a dollar, if I could only have the joy of knowing I had saved a soul."

If the only dividends which the Christian minister gets are the dividends which are current coin on the counters of the merchants, what a sad estate is his, for it is a fact which is humiliating to the saints and gives occasion to the enemies of God to blaspheme that the poorest employer of labor in America is not the Steel Trust, or the

Oil Trust, or the coal barons, but the Christian Church. It is the scandal of the age that street sweepers and ditch diggers are better paid in the coin of the realm than the men whom the Church puts into her pulpits and asks to minister to her in the holiest experiences in life. 'Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis, 'tis true!" "There was a little city and there came a great king against it and besieged it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."

The greatest dividends are those which shine with unabating brilliancy when suns and systems are no more. Giving up his life, the pastor finds it again in the changed lives of those twice-born. He need not hold his hat in his hand, or be a mendicant for any man's support. It is a shame that men may forget him, but he has meat to eat that the world knows not of. As Bunyan, in prison, still walked the delectable mountains and had white angels singing lauds for him, so the faithful pastor has evidence of God's presence and power in all the years, which gives him a faith which will not strike its colors before any onslaught which doubt can make. He cries out with the ring of eternal victory in his soul, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." Hath he not always

friends, that faithful shepherd,—himself, his Maker and the angel Life!

To his converts at Macedonia, Paul exclaims, "For what is our hope or joy or cause of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at His coming? For ye are our glory and joy."

Sixteen centuries after Paul, John Bunyan made the same acclaim. "I have counted as if I had goodly buildings in the places where my spiritual children were born. My heart has been so wrapped up in this excellent work that I account myself more honored of God than if He had made me emperor of all the world or the lord of all the glory of the earth without it."

When Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler came to the end of forty-four years of Christian ministry he took for the text of his valedictory sermon the words of Paul which I have just quoted. In that sermon, he said, "Converted souls are jewels in the caskets of faithful parents, teachers and pastors. What Lord Elton from the bar, what Webster from the Senate Chamber, what Sir Walter Scott from the realm of romance, what Darwin from the field of science, what monarch from Wall Street or Lombard Street can carry his laurels or his gold up to the judgment seat and say, 'These are my joy and crown?' The laurels and the gold will be dust—ashes. But if so humble a servant of Jesus Christ as your pastor can ever point to

the gathered flock arrayed in white before the celestial throne, then he may say, 'What is my hope, or joy or cause of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of Christ at His coming?' "

"It is not in vain that he has trod
This lonely and toilsome way.
It is not in vain that he has wrought
In the vineyard all the day,
For the soul that gives is the soul that lives;
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and shorten the way
And brighten the homeward road."

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